May 1932

Insurance That Doesn't Insure

Hygeia vs. Æsculapius

The American Mercury

Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN

Rum Row: Western	*Robert Dean Frisbie*
The Dreadful Chore of Buying	*Dorothy Garesché Holland*
The Facts in the Case	*Grant Leenhouts*
The Great Diamond Swindle	*Herbert Asbury*
Mississippi Poets	*Alice James*
Portrait of a Sovereign State	*Jorge J. Blanco*
An Awful Interposition of God	*Lloyd Lewis*
Revenge	*George Milburn*
Idyl	*Lowry Charles Wimberly*
Summer Camp	*Albert Halper*
The Naïve Ravel	*Edward Robinson*

Reviews of the New Books and Music

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

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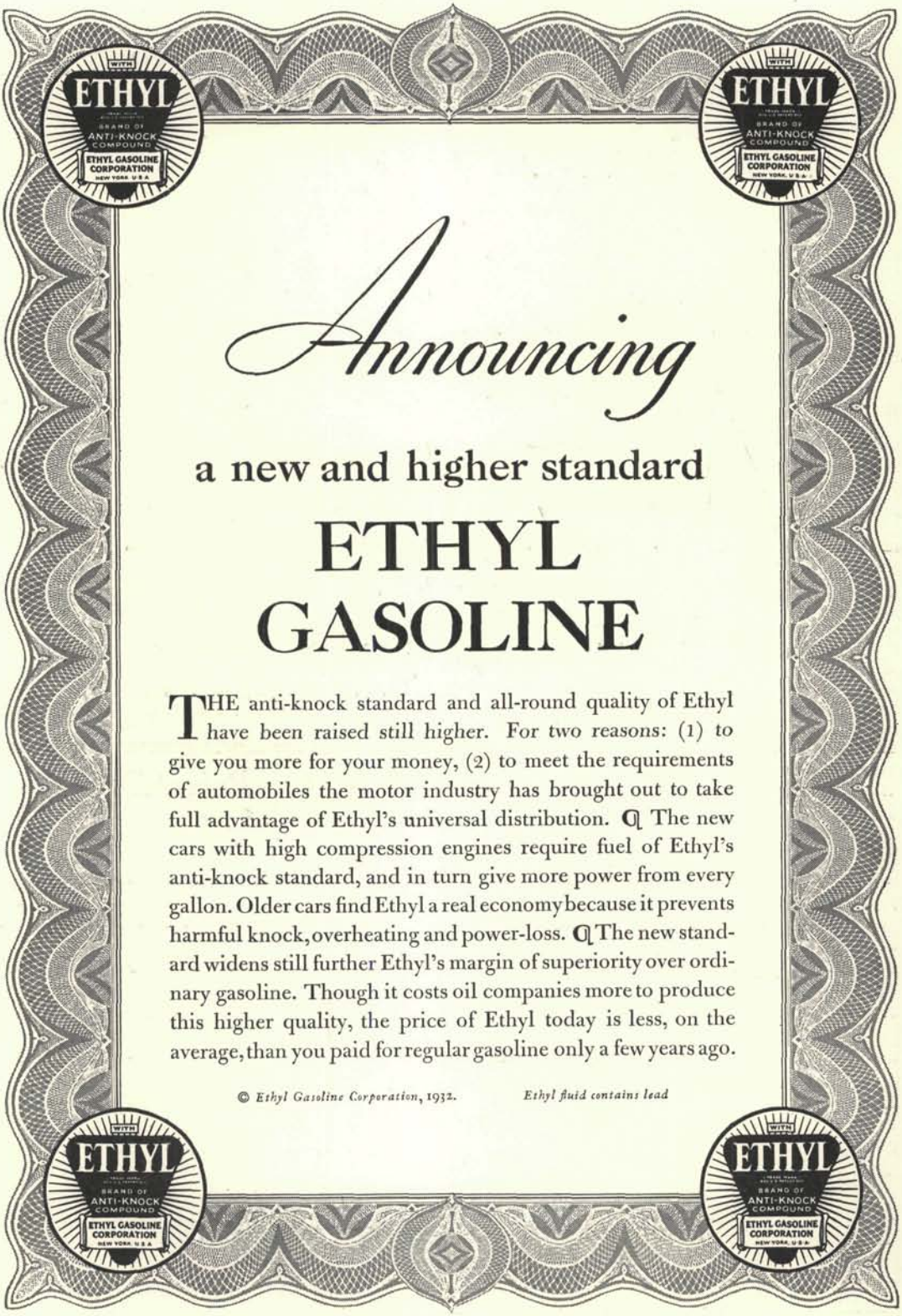

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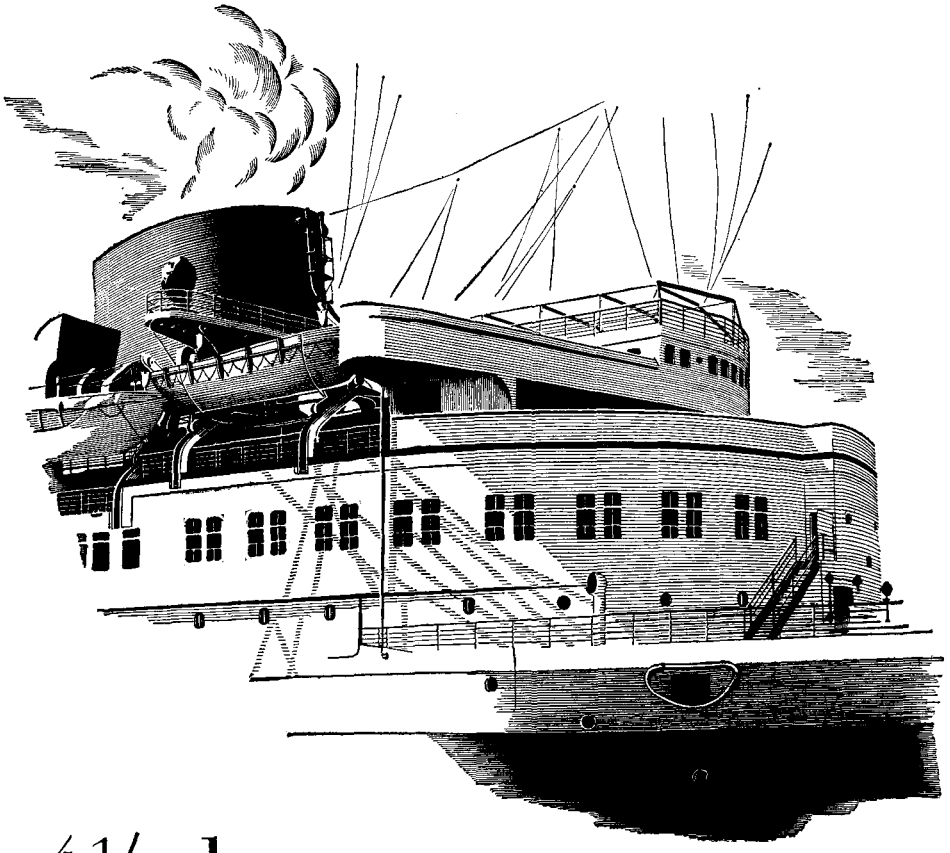

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXVI May 1932 NUMBER 101

TABLE OF CONTENTS

What Is Going On in the World		1
Insurance That Doesn't Insure	James P. Sullivan	8
The Facts in the Case	Grant Leenhouts	18
Hygeia vs. Æsculapius	Logan Clendening	28
Mississippi Poets	Alice James	38
The Great Diamond Swindle	Herbert Asbury	41
Americana		50
Portrait of a Sovereign State	Jorge J. Blanco	54
Rum Row: Western	Robert Dean Frisbie	62
The Arts and Sciences:		
Ball Lightning	Charles Fitzhugh Talman	69
Samuel F. B. Morse as a Painter	Dorothy Adlow	72
Summer Camp	Albert Halper	75
The Dreadful Chore of Buying	Dorothy Garesché Holland	84
Idyl	Lowry Charles Wimberly	90
An Awful Interposition of God	Lloyd Lewis	94
Revenge	George Milburn	105
The Old Men Speak Together	Bernice Kenyon	114
The Music Room:		
The Naïve Ravel	Edward Robinson	115
The Library	H. L. Mencken	123
The American Mercury Authors		128
Check List of New Books		iv
Editorial Notes		xviii

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE AMERICAN JITTERS. *A Year of the Slump.*
By Edmund Wilson. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7¾ x 5⅛; 313 pp. *New York*

During the time between October, 1930, and October, 1931, Mr. Wilson acted as reporter-at-large for the *New Republic*, and as such covered a great many events of interest—the Dwight Morrow campaign in New Jersey, the beginnings of the depression at Detroit, the miners' strike in Kentucky, the Scottsboro case, the opening of work on the Boulder Dam, and so on. His reports are here reprinted. They naturally "date" a bit, but they are still well worth reading, for very good reporting is in them. The author's deductions from his observations are rather less impressive. They are to the general effect that "Karl Marx's predictions are in process of coming true". Unfortunately, those predictions were also in process of coming true in 1893, 1907, 1914, and 1921, but each time the process was halted by prayer. Mr. Wilson is apparently in a very despondent state of mind. He holds that it is necessary either to swallow Communism or "to accept the creed of one of the churches."

OUR LAWLESS POLICE.
By Ernest Jerome Hopkins. *The Viking Press*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 379 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hopkins, a newspaper man of twenty-five years' experience, here presents the results of an investigation into the police departments of the following sixteen cities: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cleveland, Buffalo, Newark, Seattle, Denver, Dallas, Wichita, El Paso, and Cincinnati. His general conclusions are hardly flattering to the police. He finds that they have been engaging "in lynch methods that put government itself on the criminal plane," and that "genuine skill at law enforcement which would elicit support from courts and public alike has drifted into a state of atrophy." He offers some remedies, among which the most important are the following: that the penal code should be drastically ameliorated, that States should adopt the so-called Federal rule of evidence, and that "the defending of accused persons should be altogether a public function, as is the prosecution." The book is well documented and ably written. Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of Harvard, contributes a foreword. There is an index.

JAPAN SPEAKS ON THE SINO-JAPANESE CRISIS.
By K. K. Kawakami. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 184 pp. *New York*

Mr. Kawakami, who is the Washington correspondent of the Tokyo *Hochi Shimbun*, here undertakes a defense of his country's aggressions in Manchuria. They were forced on her, he says, by Chinese duplicity. It was Japan that saved China from a break-up in 1904, by attacking Russia, but in the midst of the ensuing war the Chinese gave aid and comfort to the Russians, and were sworn foes of Japan afterward. A safe and well-governed Manchuria is necessary to Japan's existence, but so long as China had a hand on the country security was impossible. Mr. Kawakami does not undertake to defend the Shanghai adventure. In fact, he calls it "a blunder of the first magnitude", and hints that Japan was seduced into it by the foreign business men at Shanghai. His book is well documented, and presents the Japanese case in a plausible and well-tempered manner. There is an introduction by Tsuyoshi Inukai, the Japanese prime minister. Important documents are printed in an appendix, and there is a folding sketch map of Manchuria.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN POLITICAL THOUGHT.
By J. Mark Jacobson. *The Century Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 723 pp. *New York*

Dr. Jacobson, who belongs to the University of Wisconsin, has put together a useful book, and one that was long needed. His sub-title, "A Documentary History," explains its plan. The development of political theory in the United States is described in a running narrative, but it is interrupted at intervals to present the ideas of salient publicists in their own words, beginning with Rogers Williams's "Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience" and the *Mayflower* Compact, and running down to the theorizings of Woodrow Wilson, Roscoe Pound, Robert M. LaFollette and Walter Lippmann. Dr. Jacobson is a firm believer in the influence of the material environment upon ideas, and offers many instructive examples of its workings, but he also shows how ideas, once they are accepted, tend to persist beyond their time. His book is carefully documented, and has bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, and a good index.

Continued on page vi

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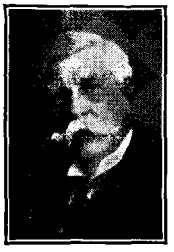

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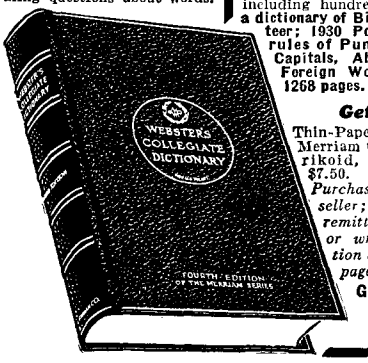

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

AMERICA FACES THE FUTURE.
Edited by Charles A. Beard.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3 8¼ x 5½; 416 pp. *Boston*

About twenty authors participate in this symposium on "the new intellectual and moral climate" and on "blue-prints for a planned economy." Among them are Nicholas Murray Butler, William Trufant Foster, Waddill Catchings, Edward Angly, Charles R. Walker, André Maurois, James Truslow Adams, Gerard Swope, John T. Flynn, William C. Ewing, Walter B. Pitkin, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor Philip F. LaFollette, and the editor. Most of their papers had appeared in one magazine or another before. They vary greatly in merit, from the highly dubious chapter on "The Stabilization of Industry," by Mr. Swope, to the able discussion of "The Monetary Factor in Business Depression," by Dr. Ewing. The book as a whole is disappointing, and leaves a great deal to be desired. It is full of confused and uninformed thinking, and there are pages of sheer ignorance and blah. Dr. Beard's introductory chapter on "Challenges to the Social Order" is hardly illuminating, and his running comments could be better informed and far more helpful.

A CENTURY OF GUNMEN. *A Study in Lawlessness.*
By Frederick Watson. *Ivor Nicholson & Watson*
10s.6d. 8½ x 5⅜; 296 pp. *London*

Mr. Watson's book is not to be confused with the familiar sensational prints about Al Capone and the other Chicago gorillas; it is a serious study of outlawry in America since the earliest days. The author believes that an impatience with legal restraints was a mark of nearly all the American pioneers, and that it was at least partly responsible for the Revolution. The advance into the West, with which organized government could not keep up, greatly accentuated it, and it survives to this day in the city gangs. Moreover, it survives also in the unsqueamish methods of American business. Mr. Watson is not too optimistic about the future. The spirit of rebellion, he says, is now deeply ingrained in the American character, and every effort to repress it, as by Prohibition, for example, is bound to come to grief. The book is thoughtful, and coördinates very effectively a mass of scattered material. It is briskly and pleasantly written. There is a brief and useful bibliography, followed by an index.

THE GERMANS.
By George N. Shuster. *The Dial Press*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 326 pp. *New York*

Mr. Shuster, who is managing editor of the *Commonweal*, recently made two fairly extensive visits to Germany, and is of the opinion that "possibly there is no other American writer who has read more of Germany than myself." He begins his book with a general survey of German history, and then discusses in detail the economics, politics, and general culture of the land since the founding of the Republic. In the main, his facts are accurate and his opinions are pretty safe, but he is far from profound, and his writing could be very much better. There is no index.

THE SCIENCES

INVENTION & THE UNCONSCIOUS.
By Joseph-Marie Montmasson.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$4 8½ x 5 ¼; 338 pp. *New York*

M. Montmasson is primarily concerned with the part that unconscious mental processes have in the formulation of novel ideas, but his inquiry goes much further than that. He deals also, *inter alia*, with the rôle of desire in speculation, and with the influence of mass thinking upon the individual. An invention, he believes, is a sort of social product. "There is not more in the human mind than in the external world. There is no spontaneous generation." An inventor is simply the custodian of a series of ideas and desires that have been in circulation for a long while, and when they combine in his mind to form a new idea the process is largely beyond his conscious control. M. Montmasson illustrates his argument with many examples, drawn not only from the sciences properly so called but also from moral speculation and the fine arts. His book, which contains much original matter, is translated by H. Stafford Hatfield, who also contributes a preface. There is a bibliography, chiefly of French works, followed by an index. The volume belongs to the excellent International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, edited by C. K. Ogden.

THE CARE & FEEDING OF ADULTS.
By Logan Clendening. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 327 pp. *New York*

"The main purpose of this book," says Dr. Clendening, "is to explain that meat and bread and salt will not hurt you. That whiskey and wine and tobacco in moderation will do you good. That if you

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

do not like exercise its neglect will not seriously harm you." On this triple text he delivers an amusing and devastating counterblast against all the varieties of "ethical" quackery which now rage. It was high time. The hygienists, who are primarily moralists, not medical men, have been having it all their own way in medicine for a generation past. Every third person one encounters is on a diet, or grinding away at some banal form of exercise, or worrying absurdly about some natural symptom of advancing years. To all these victims of the medical uplift Dr. Clendening offers comfort. He assures them that the best way to live long is to lead a normal life, with reasonable pleasures in it. He disposes effectively of a whole category of false fears. And he does it very ingratiatingly, for he is one of the rare medical men who know how to write. Parts of his book have appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY as articles. Other parts have been printed in *Collier's*, the *Forum* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. There is an index.

SCIENCE TODAY.
Edited by Watson Davis.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 310 pp. *New York*

It is rather surprising to learn that all of the excellent papers in this volume were prepared as radio talks. They went out from Washington over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and must have afforded a pleasant relief to the victims of the prevailing crooners, sports announcers and bellowing politicians. There is no systematic attempt to cover the whole field of current scientific progress. Instead a number of salient achievements are chosen, and explaining them is given over to men specially competent to deal with them. The result is an unusually interesting and valuable collection. Some of the scientists heard from are Dr. S. G. Morley on the Maya civilization, Dr. C. G. Abbott on the sun, Dr. Charles P. Oliver on meteors, Capt. N. H. Heck on earthquakes, Dr. Frank E. Lutz on the utility of insects, and the Rev. John M. Cooper on the Indian. The expositions are elementary, but they cover the ground very well. The editor of the volume is managing editor of Science Service.

CANCER: *What Everyone Should Know About It.*
By James A. Tobey. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8⅛ x 5½; 323 pp. *New York*

Dr. Tobey here addresses himself to the intelligent layman. He sets forth what is known about the causes of cancer at the present time, and describes at length the means employed by surgeons and radiologists to combat the disease. In the strict sense, it remains incurable, but there is a large and increasing possibility of removing or destroying the affected tissue before it is too late, and so a great many victims are surviving who would have died only a few years ago. Moreover, the prevention of the disease is making rapid progress, and even more lives are being saved in that direction. Dr. Tobey disposes of many of the superstitions about the causes and treatment of cancer that still prevail and shows how quacks exploit sufferers from it. His book is clearly written and well illustrated, and contains a brief bibliography and a good index. There is an introduction by Dr. J. C. Bloodgood, of the Johns Hopkins.

ESSAYS

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, *Editor & Essayist.*
Edited by Julia Collier Harris.
The University of North Carolina Press
$4 9 x 5⅞; 429 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Mrs. Harris, in 1918, published a memoir of her father-in-law, with selections from his letters. In the present volume she brings together, with a running commentary, a large number of his newspaper editorials and other minor pieces, most of them never before reprinted. They reveal an intelligent and forceful journalist, and a man of high character. First in the Savannah *News*, then in the Atlanta *Constitution*, and finally in *Uncle Remus's Magazine*, Harris addressed himself over a period of nearly forty years to the difficulties of his people. He was courageous enough, so early as 1882, to denounce the romantic *revanche* nonsense of Jefferson Davis, and he was one of the first to lend a hand to Booker T. Washington. He succumbed to the Free Silver craze, but in general he was a skeptic in politics, and frequently warned the South against the venality and imbecility of its politicians. His model and mentor was always Samuel Bowles of the Springfield *Republican*. Mrs. Harris has done her editing very skillfully. Out of a great mass of material she has selected specimens that are both representative and interesting. The volume has nine full-page illustrations, and a good index.

MORE LAY THOUGHTS OF A DEAN.
By William Ralph Inge. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$2.75 8⅝ x 5⅜; 316 pp. *New York*

The thirty-four little essays in this volume were all written for the London *Evening Standard* during

Continued on page x

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

1928, 1929 and 1930. To them Dean Inge appends three lectures, two delivered in London and one in Baltimore. The stuff is mildly amusing, but certainly very far from profound. The author discusses such things as crime and punishment, the limitation of population, women in politics, the game of cricket, and Summer vacations from the standpoint of a good-humored, common-sense, middle-class Englishman. What he says is remarkable only on the ground that one scarcely expects a dignitary of the English Established Church to be intelligent, even on so modest a scale. In one of the essays he attempts some epigrams. A specimen: "Ebb and flow in the spiritual life, as in the sea, are necessary, and are a sign of life, not of death." Another: "The vulgar mind always mistakes the exceptional for the important." And so on. There is no index.

ECONOMICS

INVESTING IN WAGES. *A Plan for Eliminating the Lean Years.*
By Albert L. Deane & Henry Kittredge Norton.
The Macmillan Company
$1.75 7½ x 5¼; 155 pp. *New York*

Messrs. Deane and Norton have here formulated a plan to do away with the horrors of depressions. Its essentials are these: By an act of Congress there would be formed a National Employment Reserve Board, whose primary purpose would be "to stabilize purchasing power." It would establish State branches, accumulate labor statistics, and manage a reserve fund to which the Federal government would contribute. Then there would be formed State Employment Reserve Boards in each of the forty-eight States. The State boards would have charge of reserve funds made up of contributions from the employers within each State. The contributions would amount to about 1% of the payroll of each employer. "It is immaterial" whether this 1% be charged to employer, employé, or divided between them. In normal times all employés would work "normal" hours, and receive "normal" wages. In times of depression they would work less hours, but they would receive from their respective State boards, in addition to their wages, 50% of their regular compensation for the hours lost. This plan, say the authors, would insure steady employment at all times, would preserve initiative, and would save us from Communism. Unfortunately, the plan betrays a careless disregard of economics and of psychology that is rare even in the United States.

ESSAYS IN PERSUASION.
By John Maynard Keynes.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2.50 8 x 5⅜; 373 pp. *New York*

The twenty-five essays here were first printed, in somewhat more extended form, as magazine articles or as chapters in books during the years 1919-1931. Among the subjects treated are the economic consequences of the Versailles Treaty, the inflation and deflation, the future of the gold standard, the English tariff, reparations and allied debts, and Communism's power to survive. Mr. Keynes writes brilliantly and often persuasively. His ideas about the debt and reparations questions are very definite. "America will not carry through to a conclusion the collection of Allied debt, any more than the Allies will carry through the collection of their present reparations demands." A Liberal in politics, Mr. Keynes has little use for the economic ideas of Winston Churchill. He thinks that they are "of the feather-brained order," and that the man himself "has no instinctive judgment to prevent him from making mistakes." He is dubious about the future of the present system in Russia, though he shows some sympathy with it. He "cannot perceive that Russian Communism has made any contribution to our economic problems of intellectual interest or scientific value." There is no index, but the table of contents is sufficiently detailed to make it unnecessary.

ECONOMICS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
The History of Its International Development.
By Theo. Suranyi-Unger.
W. W. Norton & Company
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 397 pp. *New York*

Dr. Suranyi-Unger, who is professor of economics at Szeged University, Hungary, deals only with the principal works on economics that have appeared in German, French, Italian, and English during the past twenty-five years, because "these contain the most important contributions to the modern development of our science." He confines himself almost wholly to the discussion of so-called pure economic theory, and gives only slight mention to theories of money. His survey presupposes a considerable knowledge of economic literature. It will prove, however, of much value to the specialist since it includes also an analysis of the monographs and periodicals. The American theorists, especially Taussig, Carver, Veblen, and Mitchell, are treated at some length. There is a foreword by

Continued on page xii

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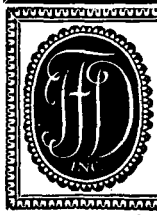

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Continued from page x

Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia, who says of the author, "There is, to my knowledge, no other living economist who has such a complete mastery of the world literature." There is an index. The translation from the German is by Noel D. Moulton.

MEN, MONEY & MERGERS.
By George L. Hoxie. *The Macmillan Company*
$2 8¾ x 5¾; 231 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hoxie here considers "the theories of government-with-limited-powers vs. government-in-commercial business." He deals at length with the history of and propaganda for government ownership, with State and Federal regulation of industry, and with the general problem of present-day economic unrest. He is in favor of the government serving merely as a sort of umpire of business. So long as we have a democratic form of government, he argues, there is no danger of industrial monopolies becoming public menaces. All talk to the contrary is "sheer demagoguery." What the radicals call the Power Trust is "a non-existent fantasy." Socialism is against human nature and detrimental to character-building, and Socialists "are indeed unwitting enemies of society." It has been a well-established fact of history, he concludes, that "countries have hitherto progressed in inverse ratio to their Socialistic practices." There is an index. Mr. Hoxie has been a practising engineer for more than thirty years, and for a time was on the staff of Westinghouse.

LAW

CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN ENGLAND.
By Pendleton Howard. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 7¾ x 5¼; 436 pp. *New York*

English and American criminal law and practise have the same origin, but they have developed differently. The ways of the English courts are at once more archaic and more revolutionary than our own. On the one hand, it is still the theory over there that a criminal prosecution is a private matter, so that even the London police employ private lawyers to aid them. On the other hand, the procedure in criminal cases is much simpler than in this country, and the Court of Criminal Appeal has powers of review and revision that are quite unknown here. Dr. Howard, who is professor of law at the University of Idaho, went to England to study these differences, and his report is admirably clear and comprehensive. He not only sets forth what is the law, but also what is the custom. His

Continued on page xiv

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book is full of useful information and shrewd reflection, and throws a light upon the causes which make all the English law-enforcing agencies so much more effective than our own. It is well arranged and well documented. There is an index.

COURTS & DOCTORS.
By Lloyd Paul Stryker. *The Macmillan Company*
$2 7½ x 4¾; 236 pp. *New York*

Mr. Stryker was formerly general counsel to the Medical Society of the State of New York, and is a specialist in the law relating to medical practise. In this little volume he sets forth briefly but clearly the law (including the salient decisions) dealing with the relationship of patient and physician, the nature of malpractise, the function of expert testimony in medical cases, and the liability of medical men under the countless "moral" acts which now burden the statute-books. His discussion is made the more cogent and illuminating by the citation of cases from his own experience. The book is designed chiefly for lawyers and physicians, but it will also interest laymen. At the end there is a list of the cases cited, followed by an index.

SOCIOLOGY

CONSTITUTION-TYPES IN DELINQUENCY.
By W. A. Willemse. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5½; 266 pp. *New York*

Dr. Willemse is lecturer in psychology at the University of Pretoria. Here he attempts "to establish . . . how the various qualities such as autism, preservation, sociable integration with the environment, insensitivity, driveness, etc., are manifested in all the mental dispositions and functions connected with crime." He takes up such general subjects as race, heredity, and emotional disturbances, but his main concern is the search for the temperament-types and body-types of criminals. He discusses at great length the researches of Kretschmer, Jaensch, Pende, Berman, Wiersma, Lenz, Schneider, Enke, Burt, Healy, and Goddard, and tries to sort out and correlate the best in all of them. The analysis throughout is highly technical, and will be of most use to specialists. There are thirty-two plates and nineteen diagrams. There is no bibliography, but the documentation is quite full. The table of contents is sufficiently detailed to make the lack of an index a small inconvenience. The volume belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, of which C. K. Ogden is general editor.

Continued in back advertising section, page xxii

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VOLUME XXVI NUMBER 101

MAY 1932

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

Now that the boss Bolsheviks of Moscow, having learned by hard experience that it is a condition and not a theory that confronts them, have begun to recover from the pure and ineffable gospel of Communism, it fetches a number of the more advanced and innocent of the American *intelligentsia*, and anon one hears that a dozen or so of these converts, usually supported by encouraging females, have gone down into the Total Immersion Belt, preached the deliverance of the local wage-slaves, and got themselves jailed or beaten up for their pains.

Just what such gallantries achieve for the slaves is more than I can make out. There is not the slightest evidence that the blood spilled and the gasoline burned have any effect on the hard hearts of the Southern Andy Mellons, or that the general conscience of the nation is in any wise alarmed. The Mellons keep on grinding down the slaves in the very teeth of the visitors, usually with loud shouts of defiance, and the press associations, obviously mirroring public opinion, treat the whole business as a farce. When the visitors have departed, often between days, such of the slaves as were observed to fraternize with them are put on the spot by the village bashi-bazooks. Not a soul seems to be any better off, save maybe the stockholders of the Arnica Trust.

One hears commonly in the speakeasies—which are quite as Tory in politics as the old-time saloons—that what moves the missionaries is simply a desire to make the first pages, but in that doctrine, I believe, there is no support in the facts. They are, in the main, quite honest fellows, full of a rage against injustice, and the risks they take are anything but trivial, for the brave Christians who rough them always do it at the ancient "Anglo-Saxon" odds of 100 to 1, and resistance

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is thus almost hopeless. Moreover, a good half of them are literati to whom making the front pages is anything but a novelty, and they know very well how to do it without playing with suicide. Let one of them announce tomorrow that he will vote for Hoover in November, or that he has been converted to Presbyterianism, or that he has married a respectable colored woman, and he will get far more space from Brother Walker of the *Herald Tribune* than he has ever been able to wangle by baring his scalp to revolver butts. I believe, in brief, that they are all, or nearly all, perfectly straightforward and without guile, including even their *vivandières*—that they have actually swallowed the whole appalling Communist bolus, and found it as sweet as their assassins find the theory that Jonah swallowed the whale. The fires of a great conviction roar within them: the sound is audible at a considerable distance. If, fried by those fires, they run amuck, then it is only one more proof that passionate convictions are fatal to cool ratiocination.

Logically, these crusaders haven't a leg to stand on. What is it, specifically, that the majority of them seem to fight for? Plainly enough, the rights of free assemblage and free speech—two very precious rights, and well worth a certain amount of hemorrhage. But try to imagine anything more absurd than fighting for them in the name of Communism! Where in all the world are they less in effect than where Communism is supposed to prevail? I do not, of course, believe every tale that comes from Moscow, and I believe even fewer of those that come from Riga and Warsaw, but surely one thing has been established beyond a doubt, and that is that the Bolsheviki are completely intolerant of dissent, however honest, however apposite. They not only butcher or heave out all persons who oppose their fundamental imbecilities; they also heave out or butcher all true believers who venture to differ from them on any detail of policy, however unimportant and unintelligible.

And yet the Red literati, coming home from Kentucky or North Carolina with their heads in towels, ask us to believe that it would improve matters to introduce this system into the United States! To state the fact is almost sufficient answer to it. Try to imagine the situation of the miners and mill-hands if Communism were actually in force among us. The moment they went on strike they would become rebels against the state, with no more rights than a biologist now has in Mississippi. It would be a felony to offer them any aid or comfort, whether in their own forlorn hills, or in New York. No one could send them any money, or print any account of their wrongs, or argue against their barbaric oppressors. Not only the mine-guards and complaisant country sheriffs would proceed against everyone who offered them solace, but also the police of the whole nation, backed up by the Army and Navy.

It seems to me that it is quite irrelevant to argue, as some of the returned pilgrims seem to be doing, that under Communism such strikes as those lately in progress in the South would be impossible. True enough, they might be impossible, but certainly not on the ground that the wage-slaves would have no grievances. They would be impossible simply because they would be forbidden altogether—a point to which we have certainly not yet come in the United States, despite the heroic efforts of many learned Federal judges to bring us to it. No one really knows whether the slaves in Russia are con-

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tented with their lot or not, and no one seems to care. If they are like other workingmen they no doubt have plenty of grievances—against their wages, against their quarters and victuals, against their bosses, against the leaders of their unions. If so, they can only grin and bear it. They have absolutely no rights in the premises, not even the right of remonstrance. And the Russian literati have no right to whoop up the story of their wrongs.

Suppose Communism prevailed in Kentucky, and the embattled miners down there, retaining some spark of their primeval hill-billy bellicosity, nevertheless went on strike. In what way would their situation be better than it is now? They would starve just as surely as they are starving today, and every avenue of escape would be cut off: they could not even hitch-hike for the breadlines of New York, resigning Kentucky to the Hoover Prosperity. Every literary gentleman who now harrows the country with their sorrows would be roaring against them—or sitting silent in some unpleasant jail. The *New Republic* itself, if it were coming out at all, would be depicting them as it now depicts investment bankers, and all the children in the schools would be hearing of them as scoundrels comparable to the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby.

The truth is that the intervention of the Communist and pseudo-Communist brethren in the Kentucky uproars has only served to badger and burden the poor strikers. It has given the strike a faintly theatrical and preposterous tinge without making any ponderable propaganda for Communism. The thing began as a revolt against intolerable working conditions, and as such it enlisted the sympathy of every American not wholly lost to common decency, but now it resolves itself into a lugubrious political mountebankery, with incompetent amateurs in the shining rôles. What the public hears about it is no longer tragic, but dismally laughable. The starving miners are forgotten, and the center of the stage is held by novelists shinning out of God-forsaken towns with sheriffs after them, and essayists emerging from clouds of smoke with bloody noses.

All this doesn't help the miners in the slightest. They are still starving, and they are still serving as targets for the bullets of imported and domestic gunmen. Their children have no shoes, and their wives grow more gaunt and unappetizing day by day. The only change they notice is that some of the friends who once gave them aid (including a few brave spirits at home) are now falling away. Their just and righteous cause has been converted by volunteer allies into hollow nonsense, and they are being damned for idiocies that they do not share and have probably never heard of.

It seems to me that it is no defense of the Communist literati to say that their hearts are in the right place, whatever the defects of their heads—that they are animated by a noble moral passion, and deserve to be treated politely. Precisely the same defense has been offered for the Prohibitionists, and by no less a sage than Lord Hoover himself. But, as everyone knows, all that the Prohibitionists have accomplished by their holy crusade is to augment vastly the number of boozers in the United States, and to convert the trade in alcohol, once a lawful business, into a criminal racket. In the same way the Communists who horn fatuously into every strike and rape trial are augmenting the number of enemies of the Bill of Rights, and disheartening and dispersing its honest advocates. Wherever they inter-

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vene the battle to restore the imperiled constitutional rights of the people is at once forgotten, and all that remains is a witless debate over the question whether the few rights that remain shall be thrown away also, and a despotism of puerile doctrinaires set up in their place.

The ideology (to use a favorite Socialist term) of the literary gentlemen of the Left is so feeble that it is almost incredible. The essence of their argument is that the capitalistic system is bankrupt and helpless, and that there must be a revolution if the world is to be saved from disaster. This may be true, or it may be not true. All the available evidence seems to indicate that it is nonsense, but that evidence need not detain us. Let us assume that it is the soundest kind of sense. Well, what reason is there for believing that Communism would be any better? Absolutely none. Despite all the optimistic reports that are brought home from Moscow by trembling sentimentalists, it has manifestly failed there, and it would fail even more ingloriously anywhere else.

In Russia everything was in favor of it. The old government was in complete ruins, and all of the men who might have conceivably rehabilitated it were either dead or in exile. The Bolsheviki thus had a clean slate. There was no serious opposition to them from above, and there was none at all from below. They were free to impose their brummagem evangel upon a populace too stupid to see the fallacies in it and too weak and dispirited to resist it. Certainly here was a chance for revolutionists if there ever was one in the world. But all the Bolsheviki have accomplished to date is to quarrel among themselves, abandon Communism for a grandiose and childish imitation of Fordism, and lay the foundations for the worst wage-slavery ever seen on earth.

That the victims of this grotesque comedy make no audible complaint against it is plainly no adequate defense of it. If they complained they would be turned out of their jobs and left to starve, to say nothing of being jailed or shot. It may even be true, as one hears, that they have all been converted to the cruel exploitation which now passes in Russia as Communism, and cherish it with an affecting devotion, but in that fact there is no relevance. In exactly the same way the majority of mill-hands in the South cherish and adore the wage-slavery which makes wrecks of them: only a small minority of them ever venture to protest against it. A short time ago, indeed, a large number of them were assuring us that they were all good Methodists, and hence enemies of every sort of subversion. Surely it is not news that men on the lowest levels always make a religion of their necessities. The astonishing thing is that what is plainly seen to be their stupidity in the United States is gravely regarded as their sagacity in Russia. It is as if believing in Genesis, which would ruin any self-respecting man in New York, were accepted as proof of the scientific dignity of the Tennesseeans.

In the alleged material accomplishments of the Bolsheviki there is even less support for their gospel, either in its pure form or in the degraded form to which they have brought it. Their miracles, in point of fact, are mainly imaginary. Their railroads are still in chaos, their huge factories are only half built and produce next to nothing, and their management of the food supply in a great natural granary is so incompetent that their victims remain on rations that would make even a Southern linthead rebel. Their whole system is based on the principle that every

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technician shall have a politician at his side, to boss him and inspire him. If we had that system in the United States, then everything in the country would be run as badly as the Postoffice is run. But in most fields we dispense with the politician, and so, despite all the defects and crimes of capitalism, we get things done. Under the Russian plan the Pennsylvania tunnel beneath the Hudson river would have taken fifteen years to build, and when it was opened there would have been only one train ready to run through it, and for that train only politicians would have had tickets.

There is, of course, no chance that this astounding congeries of imbecilities will ever be transplanted to the United States. The American people, because of the great and special love that Yahweh has for them, have been dowered with a high degree of folly, but they are not foolish enough for that. If Communism were actually in the offing, in fact, most of the literati who now begin to pant for it would be against it, for what really attracts them to it is not its corpus of ideas but simply the fact that it is hopeless. They have a natural inclination toward lost and impossible causes, and cherish them to the last ditch. Only a year or two ago some of those who undertake the current invasions of Moronia Felix were still sound Liberals, and ardent customers of Ramsay MacDonald: he had to betray them on an heroic scale and three or four times running before they were ready to give up.

I find something exhilarating and even admirable about such devotion; it is at least as praiseworthy as the devotion of a soldier who loses his leg in a war that he can't understand. Unfortunately, it seems to be but little esteemed by the American masses, who show no more sign of being converted to Communism by the sufferings of the literati than they showed when all the blood was being shed by East Side soap-boxers. They enjoy the show, I suppose, but that is as far as they go. There is no evidence that they are reading Marx, or giving any serious thought to the class war. When a Communist evangelist appears in a milltown with the news that on some near tomorrow the boss's Packard will be free to all there is naturally a buzz of interest, but it dies down as soon as the town chief of police cracks a few heads and the Baptist preacher gets into action. And when the same evangelist, proceeding to the adjacent Darktown, lets it be known that marriage to rich and handsome white ladies is about to be legalized there is naturally some talk, but it quickly succumbs to the congenital cynicism of the Aframerican.

Communism, in fact, comes into collision with two ideas that are so deeply American that it would take years of persuasion to dispose of them. One is the idea that property is a true gauge of the human worth and dignity of its owner, and that taking it away from him is thus a sort of mayhem. The other is the idea that Christianity, whatever its defects, is at least lovely in theory, and ought to be spoken of with deference. The opponents of Communism—mainly, it must be confessed sadly, quacks—have contrived very ingeniously to throw into bold relief its contempt of both these ideas, and so they have made every Communist a suspicious character. Facing an audience of potential customers, he never finds himself on a level with the other tolerated eccentrics of their menagerie—for example, Seventh Day Adventists, sex hygienists and astrologers. All of these hawkers of novelty remain safely within the traditional

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bounds of the lawful and bearable: they are shocking but not downright revolting. But the Communist evangelist, once he has opened his argument, is classed instantly with Darwinians, nigger-lovers, pacifists and other such abhorrent shapes, and is lucky if he gets out of town without losing an ear.

I believe that the old charge about the nationalization of women did very little harm to the Communist cause in the United States; in fact, it probably brought in a great many seekers, especially in the rural regions, where women age almost as quickly as cows, and any change would be an improvement. But when the Reds over in the Marxian Utopia began hanging priests and converting churches into laundries and pool-halls, they cooked their goose in America. No true American, white or black, ever wants to be mistaken for an atheist, even when he is consciously subversive. The Klan itself had formal ecclesiastical approval, and all the other pietistic orders, from the Freemasons down, are heavily orthodox. Thus Communism, colliding with two ineradicable American prejudices, encounters hard sledding, and I doubt that it is making any considerable progress.

This is a pity, for the ideas underlying it, though chiefly insane, are at all events interesting, and deserve to be heard freely. At their worst they are surely quite as rational as the ideas behind chiropractic, Christian Science, Farm Relief and the Single Tax. Democracy itself, in fact, is but little better supported. Yet democracy is preached day in and day out by whole herds of eminent and respectable men, including bishops and archbishops, Senators and Presidents, whereas Communism has to depend for exposition upon greasy nobodies from the East Side, and literary daredevils who also believe, two times out of three, in table-tapping, the New Humanism and the cosmogony of Charles Fort, and were but lately ready to bleed and die for Liberalism.

Thus it takes on a subterranean and unreal character, and its potential usefulness as a means of alarming and chastening the Babbitts of the land, whether industrial, political or ecclesiastical, is not realized. They yell more or less, to be sure, even now, but their yells are plainly falsetto: there is no genuine terror in them. Life would be much more amusing among us if the Communist grand wizards were propagandists of greater dignity and skill, and could thus spread a greater uneasiness. Until the death of the late Victor L. Berger there was always a Socialist in Congress—usually, alas, only one, and that one a mild one. But though he was mild and unsupported, he often gave very good shows, and made the black headlines. As for me, I'd like to see thirty or forty head of Communists there, well organized, their tongues oiled, and full of sin. Certainly they would do better than the bogus Liberals who now operate under the name of Progressives.

Congress, in fact, has no effective Opposition, and suffers greatly from the lack. The Democrats and Republicans are simply two gangs of professional politicians quarrelling over jobs and loot, and the Progressives are mainly idiots. A Communist *bloc* would be good for a circus two or three times a week. It would greatly agitate both the Democrats and the Republicans, it would set Lord Hoover to trembling on his throne, and it would do no real harm to anyone—save maybe the rev. chaplains of the two Houses. Their daily prayers, so full of hope and unction, would make capital targets for

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Communist harangues, and when they began to pray back there would be entertainment and edification for all of us.

But it will probably be a long, long while before either House sees a Red, save maybe in the Press Gallery. Communism in the United States remains a low comedy evangel, monopolized by humorless and incompetent men. If the D.A.R., the American Legion and other such silly organizations ceased bellowing against it, it would scarcely be heard of at all. It has made little if any impression on the American labor movement. The unions that carry on their incantations in English avoid it as they would the pestilence, and it has failed dismally to organize the unorganized. Even its Hunger Marches have been complete failures. The white serfs in the mines and mills, when they appear transiently to be flustered by it, yet distrust it as infidel and against God, and the colored brethren, once they discover that no white ladies are actually ready to accept them as suitors, depart with cynical laughs according to the ancient pattern of their race. For a few brief months after the war Communism seemed likely to take on the formidable proportions of Free Silver, but now it fades into the limbo of the Klan.

Nor is there any sign that it is making better progress elsewhere. It came a cropper in Italy so long ago as 1919, it failed soon afterward in Hungary, it has been going downhill steadily in England, it is sick unto death in France, and Fascism is making palpable gains against it in Germany, Austria, the Scandinavian countries and Finland. The Chinese played with it for a while, and then gave it up. It has got no foothold in Japan. The Balkan countries, with Russia just across the street, seem to be immune to it. In Spain it had little share in the overthrow of the monarchy, and is now proscribed by the new government. In Latin America it has got nowhere.

There remains Russia. What has it accomplished there? Virtually nothing. In good years the average Russian lives about as well as an Arkansas share-cropper; in bad years he has to be fed by the charity of capitalism. There is, to be sure, no unemployment in the country, but neither, in the rational sense, is there any employment. Everyone simply struggles desperately for a bare and mean living, and whatever is accumulated, of money or of goods, is seized and wasted by the politicians. No one has any rights that those politicians are bound to respect. Free speech and free assemblage are abolished. It is a felony to protest against the unendurable, or to doubt the incredible. The Moscow Tammany converts its sachems, many of them not even Russians, into bishops and archbishops, patriarchs and metropolitans. It canonizes new saints and orders their adoration. It concocts devils, and bids the populace to shiver. The opium of Christianity is prohibited, but in every crust of bread there is the cocaine of Communism.

One hears that the boss Bolsheviki now propose to educate their victims. Schools are being set up, soup is on tap, and there is a great buzzing of the ABC's. Well, if this education ever goes beyond them the bosses will be opening the way for their own downfall. For the moment the Russian masses discover that there is anything to read in the world save government propaganda they will discover how they have been swindled, and proceed to butcher their exploiters. H. L. M.

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INSURANCE THAT DOESN'T INSURE

BY JAMES P. SULLIVAN

Were the business of life insurance in this country practically in the hands of scientific men, the practical errors would soon be corrected. What little science has been turned in this direction is all right, but it is very little regarded. The man who controls the biggest pile of policyholders' money regards scientific men not as guides but as tools. If one does not suit him he tries another. As to the men who control the smaller piles, they look to the bellwethers, and not to the stars, for their courses. *The only hope of improvement is in the growing intelligence of the people themselves.*

There was included in life insurance, at the start, too much falsehood, not by evil intention, but by want of thought. It was immensely increased on this side of the water when we made our policies, as we had good reason to do, more *accumulative*, and this was for want of thought. But a falsehood which creeps in unwittingly may be adopted by men of mercenary motives, and used wittingly, with high pretensions, for a mean purpose. This has been done.
—Elizur Wright: *Politics and Mysteries of Life Insurance.*

With more than 65,000,000 insurance policies in effect in the United States, more than $105,000,000,000 of insurance in force, and more than $15,000,000,000 of new insurance bought each year, it must be plain that the average American has a keen desire to care for, adequately and unselfishly, the dependents and responsibilities which death will force him to leave behind.

Since October, 1929, a new Big Number has shown up in the statements: loans on policies run to more than $3,000,000,000, with more than 15,000,000 policies pawned. Interest amounting to nearly $200,000,000 must be paid each year hereafter. And the end is not yet, nor in prospect, for competent authorities say that the demand for such loans is much greater today than it has been at any time in the past.

With the development of this new Big Number, the following questions become pertinent: 1) How and why has this extensive pawning of policies developed? 2) What will be the effect on policyholders? 3) What are the companies and agents doing to solve the problem? 4) What, if anything, could they do, scientifically and practically, to solve it? 5) Why do they not do it? 6) How can the policyholder help himself on his own initiative?

The limits of this paper will not permit a detailed discussion of how and why this situation has developed. Suffice it to let two company presidents testify. In February, 1931, one said:

> We sold policy loans, and now we are meeting the demand for them.

In January, 1932, another said:

> We have been so backward about instructing agents in the selling of the benefits of life insurance that we have let them sell on the basis of policy loans and cash values, thus putting into the prospect's mind the seed of the loan, and its almost inevitable consequence, a lapse.

For more than twenty-five years, but more especially in the past ten or twelve

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years, the loan privilege has been so overemphasized, and the protection of beneficiaries has been so neglected, that when the Depression brought financial stress millions of policyholders, having become only too well acquainted with the ease with which money might be obtained by pawning their policies, forgot the protection of their widows and orphans. It was too much to expect of weak human nature, remembering the agent's enthusiastic talk and the company's glowing literature about the facility of getting money on policy loans, that it would be unselfish enough to resist the temptation.

The results affect four parties—the companies, the agents, the policyholders, and their beneficiaries. It is unnecessary to discuss the position of the companies and agents, for judging from past history, they can be depended upon to take the best care of their own interests. But what of the policyholders and beneficiaries, who, after all, are by far the most important parties in the transaction?

Summarizing the opinions which have been expressed in the past two years by company executives and actuaries, and the views of disinterested but qualified investigators, the consensus is that a policy loan means an almost inevitable lapse, or loss of policy, with deplorable results for the beneficiaries—in other words, that such loans are seldom repaid. Here, for example, is the testimony of an actuary of one of the largest companies:

> The company's offer to accept $5 installments [in repayment of policy loans] was made about 1922. Repayments increased immediately subsequent to the granting of this concession. In 1923 repayments were made on 3.6% of all loans. This increased until in 1929 repayments were made on 6.5% of all outstanding loans, the number on which repayments were made being in excess of 62,000.

Notice that he does not say that 6.5% of all the loans were repaid, but only that *some* repayment, of $5 or more, was made on 62,000 loans. Those loans, though the figure at first glance seems high, amounted to only 6.5% of the 954,000 policies with loans outstanding.

Now get the picture. That one company had almost 1,000,000 policies borrowed against in 1929. Its official and agency personnel apparently labored strenuously to induce its policyholders to repay their loans. The company was even willing to accept $5 instalment repayments on $10,000 loans! Yet only 62,000 of the 954,000 borrowers saw fit, during the entire year, to make any repayment whatever, even so little as $5!

Evidently the authorities who say that policy loans today mean lost policies tomorrow know whereof they speak.

II

Why is it that policy loans thus almost inevitably result in lapses? Why is it that such loans are seldom repaid?

A recent editorial in a leading trade paper answers these questions by giving the following reasons: the decreased death benefit that follows a loan; the increased annual outlay; the fictitious nature of the transaction; the policyholder's lack of understanding of what is being done to him; certain logical objections of the policyholder; the illogical defense of the companies; the exorbitant interest rate charged; and the particular unfairness in cases of large loans.

Faced by the consequent lapse of millions of policies, with the loss of billions of dollars in death estates by widows, orphans, and other beneficiaries, what are the companies doing to remedy the situation? The fact is that so far as can be

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learned on careful investigation, nothing that is either "practical" or "scientific," by Elizur Wright's definitions, is being done. The device which is being most widely adopted is, briefly, as follows:

The companies are reiterating, through the press, over the radio, through their agents, and by means of company literature, the suggestion and advice that the policyholder pay back his loan. Then they sit back and wait to see what he will do. If he continues to pay his premium and interest, all is well; the companies have lent money on the best security, and are getting, as one actuary said, a "lucrative" rate of interest. (An editorial in an insurance magazine calls it "exorbitant".) Usually the interest need not even be paid, for if the premium is paid, the interest will be added to the principal of the loan, to be compounded at the same "lucrative" rate—and paid in cash some day by the widow and orphans.

But if signs develop that the policyholder is becoming critical and restless, some of the companies send an agent to suggest that he can lighten the burden by purchasing a new policy and then dropping the old hypothecated policy. However, even the companies which do this admit that they do not like it. As one president put it, they do it only to prevent some competing agent or company from "twisting" the client away from them; they are simply afraid that if the financial benefit of a change of policies is not offered by them it will be offered by some competitor, and the business lost.

But most companies do not offer the plan of changing policies until after the old one has actually lapsed. They prefer to chance losing the pawned policies, and to make up the loss by writing new policies for the lapsed policyholders of other companies. The advisability of such methods from the point of view of the companies and agents will not be discussed here. But what of the outcome of such practices for policyholders and beneficiaries? The answer must come first; and then the explanation.

The answer is that the very beneficiaries—widows and orphans—who need the protection of life insurance most of all, will find, when death shall have taken the father and husband, that there is no protection for those he leaves behind. *A policy loan, and an iniquitous company system, took away the life insurance just before death took the provider.*

The explanation: thousands of policies are lapsing every day—millions in total. After the lapse, the company sends an agent to offer the policyholder a chance to obtain a new policy, clear of loans and interest, on a lower rate plan, the expense of which he can stand even in these panic years. Or, if the old company does not send its man, some other company will make such an offer. Many lapsed policyholders, feeling more poignantly than ever the need of protection, accept, sign the application, and undergo the medical examination.

If the applicant passes the examination, all is well with him. He has merely, in fact, cashed in his old policy, recovered his cash value, and bought a new policy to replace it; a process which, barring suicide in the next year or two, is nearly always a financial gain to the buyer, if intelligently and honestly handled.

But what of the man who, when examined, fails to pass? Now comes the tragedy. When the company advises him that he cannot have a new policy, such advice is simply notice that some impairment in his health has been found which leads the experienced medical director to believe that the applicant will die prema-

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turely, before his time. So the new policy is refused. In panic, with no protection for his family, worried over the discovery of his impaired health, the policyholder tries to reinstate and pay the premium on his old lapsed policy. But to do so he must be in good health. The company has just found his health bad; so he cannot have the old policy back at any price. Now, in greater panic, he tries to buy a new policy from some other company. But he finds that when the first company rejected him it immediately notified every other company in the country that he was a bad risk; that he had been rejected. Therefore no other company will accept him.

So here is the answer again: the result of the unconscionable treatment now being accorded the badly worried policyholder who has had to fall back on his last line of defense against the horrors of poverty—the loan value of his life insurance policies—is that *millions of widows and orphans of men whose health has become impaired, for one reason or another, will be robbed utterly of the protection of life insurance,* even though for years the husband and father has scrimped to pay premiums to avert just such a disaster.

The saddest part of this iniquitous transaction is that the companies have within their power an entirely practicable and scientifically sound method of handling the situation without forcing any single policyholder to run any risk of losing his life insurance. Some men, of course, would lose their life insurance even were the companies operating a scientific and practical plan, but if such a plan were being carried out by all the companies, no man, no widow or orphan, could ever say that the loss of insurance was forced upon them by any company's failure to give them willingly the utmost equitable assistance in the difficulty.

III

The sound actuarial plan, the practical method of handling the situation, is this: Every company should advise every policyholder, when he makes his loan, that if he so desires the company will, without medical examination, give him a new policy, at his attained age rate, for the face amount of the policy minus the amount of the loan, on the same plan as the old policy. The company should make that offer when he makes the loan, and again at least thirty days before each succeeding premium falls due.

The company should go further, and tell the policyholder that in making the change he can have the new policy on any of the company's offered plans which carry lower rates per thousand than the old, provided he can pass a medical examination. He can then survey his financial condition and the needs which demand protection, and decide what is best. Then, *before* putting himself outside the pale by letting his old policy lapse, he can do what seems best, considering the company's offer, his condition, and his needs.

For instance, consider a man who in 1922, at age 30, bought $10,000 life insurance on the Ordinary Life Plan, at a premium of $171.90 a year. During the past year he needed money and applied for a loan of the full amount available. The company lent him $1,040, and advised him at the time of his right to change his policy. His next premium is now due. He receives a notice to pay a premium of $171.90, plus $62.40 interest on his loan at 6%. He sits considering. He knows he has three possible methods of procedure. First, he can pay the total of $234.30 in cash, and know that in case of death his beneficiary will receive $8,960—the amount of his policy less his $1,040 loan. Second, he can

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on his own motion, unrestricted, have a new ordinary life policy, amount $8,960, for 8.96 times the age 40 rate of $23.50 a thousand. He calculates, and finds that by changing in accordance with this offer he can pay out only $210.56 a year and have his beneficiary receive the same amount, $8,960, as if he kept the old policy. He does not have to be clever to see that this second option saves $23.74 over the first. Third, he learns that the company writes what it calls a Five-Year Term Policy, the rate on which at age 40 is $9.91 a thousand. If he can pass the examination he can have a new policy for $8,960 on this plan, and his premium outlay for the next five years will be only $88.79.

He realizes, of course, that even if he can obtain this last named policy the premium rate will go up after five years. But like all other good Americans in the midst of this panic, he does not expect it to last forever; he feels that at some time in the next five years things will right themselves, and he will again be able to carry insurance for his family without worry. The thing that looms big now is that under this third option he can continue to give his family $8,960 of protection for $88.79, which is $145.51 less than the premium and interest on his old policy. So he applies for a change from the old form to the new five-year term plan, which will reduce his outlay from $234 to $89. In accordance with the company's legitimate and fair requirement, he undergoes the examination. If he passes, he is given the new policy. He has never for one day been without protection, and he has relieved his mind of a very burdensome worry, enabling him to face the problem of current living with more courage than ever.

On the other hand, if he fails to pass, he receives notice *before his old policy has lapsed,* and can then select the second option—namely, a new policy on the same plan, for the same amount of actual protection, with a reduction in outlay of more than 10%. Having received notice that the doctor finds him a bad risk, he will bend every effort to keep his policy, and the reduction in expense will assist him. His only misfortune then will be that he bought a policy on a plan of high-rate insurance originally, and cannot get away from it now that he is no longer in good health.

There is no practical or technical objection to the above plan. In fact, in the January issue of one of the leading insurance papers one substantially similar was recommended editorially. In June, 1930, one of the legal reserve companies offered to the insurance buying public a policy which included in its terms a special clause guaranteeing the benefit of such a change as the first outlined above, free of restriction. The natural and logical question, then, is: Why do the companies not adopt such a plan in the present very evil policy-loan situation?

It is impossible for one who does not sit in at the conferences of the overlords, the "bellwethers," to know all the reasons why they do not, but it is possible to state a few of the basic reasons. They may be grouped under one general head; namely, the overwhelming desire of the insurance dictators to perpetuate things as they are. As C. F. Kettering says, the average man abhors change, and the average business man abhors it a little more than others. But it is doubtful whether any other set of business men abhors it as do the big business men of life insurance.

Elizur Wright long ago said that there was a great deal of falsehood included in the whole theory of life insurance at its beginnings in Europe, and that this vol-

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ume of falsehood was vastly increased in this country when policies were made "more accumulative"—in other words, when the companies began to use the natural human desire to protect forlorn dependents as a pretext to engage in the investment-banking business on a large scale. The predicament of millions of men today who used their policies as investments or savings accounts is all the proof needed that savings-banking or investment-banking has no legitimate right to be hooked up to life insurance.

But the masters of the big piles of money are now securely in the banking business, and so far as can be learned they are glad they are in it—they do not want to be separated from their function as bankers—they will fight to the last against such separation. One important president said, in February, 1931:

> The sales force [he should have said the officers as well] of legal reserve life companies has for many years emphasized "loan values in cases of emergency," at a low commercial rate of interest [he does not use the actuary's word, "lucrative"], with no security other than the assignment of the policy [what more could be desired?]. The emergency arose and policyholders are taking advantage of it. One of the gratifying [*sic*] features to me is that the demands are being promptly and satisfactorily met, and *the life companies are thus doing a major portion of the banking business in the country today,* and have been for the past two years.

The companies, of course, all face a serious problem. It would be hard to believe that there are not some among their executives who have seen enough in the past two years to make them wish heartily that they could forever divorce their business from the banking business. But these are a small minority, and they cannot have their wish, for they are bound on the wheel with the majority who blindly continue to desire that the banking end of the business be preserved as is—even that it be progressively enlarged. Indeed, some of these dictators and their hired technicians have actually been known to envision the time when *all* the people will put *all* their savings into life insurance companies, and the dictators will do the financing of the entire continent!

IV

But how does the plan I have outlined to help borrowed-up policyholders interfere with the banking function of the companies? Let us consider. It would be hard to imagine a policyholder, learning today that he might have $8,960 of protection for his widow and orphans for $234 on one plan, for $210 on another plan, or for $89 on a third, who would not at once select the last named plan. And if he were found to be a bad risk and could not have the third plan, certainly he'd help himself somewhat by taking the second plan, which he could choose regardless of his health. Well, if the millions of policyholders who now owe policy loan notes of over $3,000,000,000 were offered—and accepted—either the second or the third plan, that would mean the cancellation of $3,000,000,000 of notes, a reduction of the companies' banking assets by just so much, and the end of the "lucrative" interest income of $180,000,000 *per annum* which the banker-dictators of the business expect to receive on these notes.

If it be argued that these policies will nearly all lapse, and that the loan notes will thus be canceled anyhow, the answer is that the "bellwethers" are still hoping against hope that a great many of the borrowing policyholders will continue to carry the burden of premiums plus "lucra-

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tive" interest on their depreciated policies. The future profits from those who will struggle along in ignorance must not be hazarded by the broadcasting of any such plan as I have recommended!

But, after all, it is not the fear of losing $3,000,000,000 of policy loan notes that is the big fear of the magnates. Their big fear is what the effect of broadcasting such a plan might be on those policyholders who have not yet borrowed. Though the number who have already borrowed is great, it is probably not so great as the number who would very promptly borrow after they learned of a plan to obtain their money, pay no interest, and yet continue to keep their net amount of insurance, at an annual cost many dollars lower than their cash outlay if they had to borrow on the old plan.

Further, the announcement of this plan would herald the sweeping away of some of the old delusions which companies and agents, for selfish purposes, have woven into the business. For instance, there is the delusion that dropping an old policy and taking a new one to replace it always means loss to the insured. A short calculation will convince any man that if money is worth 6%—or even only 5%—he can gain financially by changing, even though the change is only from the old policy to a new one on the same plan in the same company.

Let us take the man whose case was illustrated above. He is now forty. He has a policy of $10,000, bought at age 30. He pays $171.90 a year. He has not borrowed, but now, at the end of the tenth year, there is $1,040 which he may have if he surrenders. He owes $5,000 on a mortgage on his home at 6%, or he owes his bank $1,040, at 5%. The plan herein recommended is announced; he learns he can get $1,040 cash from his policy, and keep his $8,960 of life insurance at a premium of $210.56. He calculates. If he changes, takes the $1,040, and pays it on his mortgage, he will raise his insurance outlay $38.66 (from $171.90 to $210.56); but he will reduce his mortgage interest $62.40 (6% on $1,040) —a net gain of $23.74. If he dies his widow receives $8,960 instead of $10,000, but she will have a mortgage of only $3,960 to carry, instead of $5,000. He is pretty apt to change policies—if he is intelligent.

Again, he figures that if he changes policies, takes the $1,040 and pays the bank, he will raise his insurance outlay the same $38.66, but he will be rid of the bank loan entirely, reducing his expense by $52.00 (5% on $1,040)—a net gain of $13.34. If he dies his widow receives only $8,960, but she will owe no bank—which is the same as getting $10,000 insurance and paying the bank $1,040. Again he is pretty apt to change policies—if he is intelligent.

The above presumes throughout that the change to the new policy is in the same company on the same plan as the old. But suppose our man discovers that his company has another plan, about which the agent, in his anxiety to obtain a "spiff," does not tell him—it often happens so—and that this plan calls for a premium $5 lower a thousand than the old. He sees a further reduction of $44.80 (8.96 times $5), and he is more than ever apt to change policies—if he is intelligent.

Suppose, further, that his growing intelligence discovers that some other company is offering a policy on the same plan as the old, but at a rate $1.50 a thousand lower. He sees a further reduction of $13.44 (8.96 times $1.50). He is more than ever apt to change policies—if he is intelligent.

Remember that the idea which starts our man on the road to his new wisdom about the benefits to be obtained by changing

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old policies for new, is the announcement of the plan herein proposed for the solution of the policy loan evil. It will then be seen how that plan sweeps away the old delusion that changing policies means financial loss; it will be seen why the dictators of the insurance business have not proposed some such plan for helping their borrowing policyholders. If all policyholders, borrowing or not, or even any considerable proportion, cashed in and changed, what would become of the fondly cherished banking-investment end of the business and its "lucrative" interest return?

Another delusion which this plan would sweep away is the belief that the way to carry insurance cheaply is to buy it when young. On any of the changes above described, the policyholder has the same actual protection at age 40 for a smaller outlay than on the old policy bought at age 30! This delusion is a particularly vicious one, as it has resulted in men continuing to carry policies in inferior companies, or on inferior plans, or both, for many years after other considerations than mere cash outlay should have dictated a change of policy, or of company, or both.

V

In addition to the "bellwethers" there is another very powerfully organized force which opposes the above plan—the agents. In many companies the agents, directly or indirectly, dictate the business methods of the organization. Why would they oppose this recommended plan? Two principal reasons can be named. Very possibly there are others.

First, the greed of the agents for big commissions. If the policyholder finds a plan for reducing his premium outlay, that means reduction in the agent's commission dollar—the commission being a percentage of the premium, and that percentage being smaller and smaller as the premium grows smaller. For instance, on a policy calling for $23.50 a thousand at age 40, the agent receives $12.92 (55%) the first year, and $1.76 (7.5%) for nine more years, whereas on a policy calling for $9.91 a thousand at age 40, the agent receives $2.48 (25%) the first year, and $.50 (5%) for four more years. Who would not fight for $12.92 instead of $2.48; for $1.76 nine times instead of fifty cents four times?

The agents' second reason for opposing the plan recommended is that such a plan, offered by the companies to their overburdened policyholders, would eliminate a vast number of future prospects among lapsed policyholders, who, after financial recovery, will buy new insurance, probably on old high rate plans, with consequent high commissions to agents.

So, opposed by two such powers, it is no surprise that the practical plan here recommended has not been offered by any company (though one company made a short step toward it); nor is it likely that any such plan will be offered hereafter. What, then, is the policyholder to do? How is he to be helped? The remedy was prescribed, years ago, by Elizur Wright—the most scientific actuary the business has yet produced—when he said:

> The only hope of improvement is in the growing intelligence of the people themselves. . . . Life insurance will be good for society when the policy conceals nothing, but speaks so plainly on every point as to leave the agent no opportunity to lie, if so disposed, nor the policyholder any claim to be dissatisfied, unless it be with himself.

More particularly, any intelligent policyholder can proceed, by the following method, to secure the benefits of the plan

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proposed. First, if he is satisfied with his company, he should write to it a month before his next premium falls due, and find out if the company will give him, for his loaned-up policy, a new one on the same plan as the old, at his present age, for an amount equal to the old one minus the loan—without examination. (If he has not borrowed all his cash value he should also be given the unborrowed balance, in cash.) If the company will do that, he should find what the new premium will be, and compare it with the total outlay of premium and interest for carrying the old policy. He should further inquire whether the company issues any plan of policy at a lower rate than his old plan, and if so, what its terms and benefits are, and whether the company will give him that plan; also, what the premium for such new policy will be. (With entire justice, he will have to pass an examination to secure the lower rate plan.)

Assuming that all the information requested of the company has been received, the policyholder should consider, first, the current annual outlay on each of the three possible procedures; second, his present financial condition and his beneficiaries' need for protection. After such consideration he should be able to decide intelligently which of the three plans he wishes to adopt.

Assume that he decides to go ahead on the change to the lower rate plan. He applies for the change, and takes the examination. If he passes, all is well; his problem is solved. Later, when times improve, he can change back to the higher rate plan if he desires; the companies will make that change freely, without another examination.

But if he fails to pass—then what? Failing to pass for the new low-rate policy, he can still take the second choice; that is, a change to a new policy on the same plan, in the same company. Thus he will be rid of the worry of the loan; he will make some considerable saving in annual outlay; and—best of all—he will have discovered, in advance of a lapse, that he is a bad risk, and can redouble his efforts to carry life insurance the few years the medical director says he is to live.

Suppose that in his efforts to help himself he meets with opposition. For instance, the company may tell him he cannot change to a new policy on the same old plan without passing an examination. If so, that will be grossly unfair treatment, and the best thing he can do is seek another company, and try to secure his new policy there. The old company is treating him so unfairly in asking him to pass an examination for a change to a new policy on the same old plan that it can safely be assumed that his beneficiary will be treated unfairly after his death, if opportunity offers. When he goes to the new company he must pass an examination in order to secure a policy. But if he passes he will reduce his outlay, and he will also get away from the old, unfair company. And if he is rejected, he is warned in time, and can redouble his efforts to keep the old loaned-up policy for the few years he has to live.

Suppose the old company says that it does not issue any policy on a lower rate per thousand than the old plan. Again he must seek a new company, if his financial condition is such that he needs a change to a lower rate to keep his insurance. The only difficulty in shifting from one company to another is caused by an unwritten, and probably illegal, understanding on which more and more companies daily are operating—an agreement that no company will knowingly issue a new policy to replace another company's old

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one, no matter how intelligently the policyholder desires the change. To make this agreement effective, many companies question an applicant, during examination, as to how much insurance he already carries, in what companies, and whether—if he secures the new policy—he intends to drop any old policy. If he answers, Yes, he will drop such a one, it may be difficult to secure the new policy, even though his examination be perfect. In some cases the new company has refused outright to consider the application, for no reason other than a desire to force the applicant to remain where he is—to sink or swim as best he may. For that reason the policyholder, when changing companies, had best seek an intelligent and impartial counsellor.

To close, nothing better can be found than the conclusion of the quotation from Elizur Wright with which this paper opened:

> Let us suppose that an institution, intended to promote a universal regard for truth, should use a lie to frighten people from lying; plainly, whatever might be its temporary success, it could not be permanent. Organized falsehood, no matter how good its motive, grows into certain failure. Power without justice proves its own executioner. Truth is, after all, the vital force of society, transmuting itself into forms of justice, order, and happiness. Falsehood, father and mother of ignorance, is the principle of social disease and death. Nothing which is good for society courts concealment. Life insurance will be good for society when the policy conceals nothing.

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THE FACTS IN THE CASE

BY GRANT LEENHOUTS

Friend Phoebe:

WHEN you sent the sheriff up to the mine to serve them papers on me you claimed I made you leave a big paying dressmaking shop. A fine business that you had built up in Tacoma. Yeah, a swell place it was.

Jimmy Newcomer let you have a corner of his cleaning shop at St. Helens avenue for $10.00 a month rent, and I had to pay the rent for you.

Remember the cards you had printed?

MADAM PHOEBE

You didn't know how silly it looked. I'll tell you a joke. All you got to do is go down in the district and you'll see such names as Madam so and so. Not your name of course. I never did hear of a name like yours before. I think it is nice, the name.

Putting the card out was alright, but where you got in bad with the Brocks, Nelsons, Greens and Newcomers was they thought you was running the shop for a blind the way you was drinking and chasing around nights. You had so many men hanging around the shop that Newcomers were glad when I came and took you back to Idaho. They didn't want anything like you was carrying on around their business and was going to put you out. They tried to tell you to behave but you wouldn't hear. You told our friends I had left you and you was going to get a divorce from me.

I was in Idaho then glad I had a good job, and you would soon be with me. The night I left you at Pacific City I had little Raymond with me. When I left we hadn't no trouble. We didn't have much dough. I took only enough to buy gas on the way over, and you was to stay at Brocks until I sent for you.

Our little girls was at Missus Giddings boarding and that left you most free, didn't it? I still had faith in you though I was told to watch you as you was running around nights with a young fellow. I laughed about it and told the party my wife was regular.

Well, after I heard this so much I did wonder. I thought of my father and all the trouble he caused by running around with women. I thought of all your sisters and how they turned out and how I helped you with Janet in Missoula when your own mother and father wouldn't go to the jail or have nothing to do with her. Remember how she made the front pages of the papers and how ashamed you was of her? Remember how I went down to Missus Greens the sheriffs wife who had custody of her and helped her out of trouble?

The officers wouldn't let her come near the fort. She had the same thing your other sister Grace had in Spokane when she was in the hospital.

Remember how the nurse treated us with contempt when we called on your sister in the hospital? Remember Ethel in Tacoma when we put her up at 2003 after your own family had thrown her out and all her fair

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weather friends left her like they always do? You haven't forgotten what I done to get a name for her child have you? And again your sister Janet got the same sickness in Tacoma and was put in the detention home by the city and army officials. Then your younger sister was picked up and examined. She didn't have anything wrong but the doctor told your mother that she had better keep her home for awhile.

I didn't turn you down. I thought what of Ethel and how Captain Booth treated her when he came back from France. I heard you was running around nights with her when I was working nights in the shipyard. Where did you go the night you knocked the door off the garage? Who did you have in the car with you? I was told lots of things about you but I thought it was all gossip because you and I was in love, and you couldn't do nothing wrong. You have been running true to the form of your sisters and my father though. Just a poor weak fool of a girl with a couple of sugar papas.

When we started I had faith in you. We had children, you was different, I was the lucky fellow in the Koehler tribe because you was regular and on the square. But later on came the dances at 2003 where as a damn working stiff as you later called me I built us a little home. It was only a start but it was a good one and I was ambitious and you was my inspiration. How I used to like making things for you and engrave your name on them and bring them to you, but you didn't seem to care so much.

Those were the happy days for me. I didn't know that you were not playing the game square. At those dances you hurt me many times with your flirtations with other men. But I loved you, and, I guess you loved me a little at that time.

It was at one of these dances I heard a remark that comes back to me tonight. It was from Chet. He was drunk, everybody was having a good time. Chet, you and another girl had gone to get more liquor. Where you went I don't know. I was mad at you for going as I didn't want you going out in cars with men that were drunk. You hadn't asked me, you just went. I never could do anything with you or tell you anything. After Chet got back he was sort of mad and I heard him tell someone that she wouldn't have anything to do with a man unless he ponied up first. Now that didn't mean anything to me then, but I heard you make that same speech yourself two years later in a house at Pacific City when you was full of beer.

I was in Idaho at the time with Raymond. The girls were at Missus Giddings boarding, and you was to stay at Missus Brocks in Pacific City. We kissed goodbye and left you there and Ray and I went over the mountain. When I kissed you you looked so funny at me like you had done something that hurt you. You seemed to say with your eyes that you wouldn't see me any more. I didn't know that you were thinking of your lover while Ray and I was sitting in the car looking at you. Your eyes said now you could love him without any danger from me.

Why didn't you come to me and say that you wanted to marry the boy? We could have come to a better agreement than we are at now. Instead, you went out at night in cars with him and loved him in secret. Ray sat alongside me in the Essex. We tore up the mountain with the engine humming. She did go along good, the little pile of junk. The first payment wasn't due yet. They will stand up for a while. Ray had a five cent musical kasuke or whatever you call it, and was playing on it. When he got tired I would play it.

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That night going over the mountain little did I know that some night soon I would find the girl I loved and trusted in the back seat of that very car with some other man.

We arrived back at the Bealor Hotel where Grace and George were, and I went back to work in the mine thinking of how in a month or two I would have my girl with me and we would be happy. I sent you my first pay and never got any answer. After that I wrote you many letters and would look and look for one from you but none ever came. In them letters I told of my love for you and how I was making $200 a month. They promised to build me a house and raise my wages to $250 and give us free wood and lights.

Then one day you sent me a very cold letter telling how busy you were at the shop. Yes, from looking back you must have been swamped.

Grace and George were fighting continuously. I guess it made me homesick for you. One night I came home from the mine and Grace had a big black eye and her better half was in jail. The crowd milled around the cook house that night. If they could only get George there would be a hanging sure. The big stiff, busting the best cook in Pine Creek in the eye!

The advice that flew around was plenty, and what they would do. I went outside and sat on a stump and says you fellows don't know nothing.

Grace was the big show around them parts that night and the honkeytonk across the road was empty. All the men were helping Grace including myself, washing dishes, scrubbing floors, and some were cutting wood by lantern light. They had teams hauling logs off the mountain side.

She didn't need George no more. The men would take care of her and the kid. Money was posted for a divorce, and the landlady from the honkeytonk came over to make a lease with Grace while the iron was hot. If she could do that the men would have a place to eat and the honkeytonk would go over big.

I told Grace this is no place for you, get out. She thought so too. Then in a few days darned if she didn't want to get George out of jail. It was O.K. by me as Raymond and I was doing all the work now. The men had got wise to her and figured her for a hell cat. She wasn't the big show any more.

She wanted to get poor George out of jail. They wasn't treating him right, he was losing weight. She wanted to drive to Wallace at night and see him. Wanted to take their car. When I went to start it it wouldn't go. Seems like every time they had a fight they would rush the car and take a part off it. That night I found George had part of the carburetor in jail with him and Grace had taken part of the timer and had lost that.

We sent to town with your paramour for parts. Excuse me you hadn't met him yet. It was Dr. Bergman the truck driver. He got tired of shoveling rocks and took a correspondence course in pulling teeth. We called him Dr. after that. After he brought the parts Grace changed her mind and wanted to go in my car. That night when all was quiet we sneaked out so the men would not see us and drove to Wallace.

She said how mean they must be treating him in jail and how sorry she was for him. My God, she said, he is losing weight and they say he looks awful. You lose weight alright because I have lost eighteen pounds myself the last thirty days, the same trouble you see, love.

We got to the jail alright and saw George. The same kind of a dramatic

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meeting you would expect, only George looked mean and said, By God you had better get me out of here or I'll spill something and we'll trade places.

It worked, and in a few days George was back at the eating place. Business fell off at the joint and things didn't look so good. I got one letter from you telling me how busy you were. It has taken me four years to find out just what kind of busy you meant.

On my next pay day, after I had not seen you for six weeks I decided to drive over and see what was the matter with you. I started out through a light snow storm. Ray stayed with Grace.

Before I left Mister Dempsy said that he would build us a five room house and we would be alright. I was going over big on the job and was beginning to see daylight through all my debts now and we would be happy.

Here is where I hurt the little pile of junk, the Essex. I wanted to see my girl so bad and what she was doing that I drove too fast. I went to Madam Phoebe's place and was glad to see you.

You had that awful scared look on your face. You looked surprised and scared to see me. Had you forgotten me in six short weeks? Why didn't you write and let me know you was coming, you said. My God if I had only known what you had done since I had left you there things would be different today.

Right away you introduced the girl Lillian to me. Kind of put yourself out doing it. Why? Then you wanted to go right home and close up your part of the joint. I was sent out to the car with some things you wanted to take with you home. When I came back you was telling this girl something in a low voice and you turned around. Your eyes looked awful scared as if you had done something wrong.

You said let us go home, I am staying at Newcomers now. You didn't look like the same girl I left when I went to Idaho. You looked hard and seemed like you been pulled through a knot hole.

We got out to Missus Newcomer and she didn't seem so awful glad to see me. Had you been telling lies about me? I guess it was just me she didn't like. I don't know. Some day I'll find out.

We got supper and after awhile Jimmy Newcomer came home and he was glad to see me. A little later I met him in the hall and he said in a low voice boy it's a good thing you came back, you wouldn't have any wife pretty soon if you stayed away much longer. I didn't get what he meant then but when I see him again he will tell me for he is O.K. you know, the same as the letters on my fathers vault. Kinda funny aint it? But let that part of it go, we are ahead of the parade.

That night when we retired you told me how sick you had been and how old Dr. Roberts had told you you couldn't have no more babies. You told me that Dr. Roberts had performed an operation on you and it was all my fault. I was so crazy about you that if I had been up to the North Pole for three months I couldn't have fell any harder.

You said three days before I came you got awful sick and in the middle of the night everything went black and you thought you was going to die. When I think back to then I wonder how cheap you must have felt. Here was me back to get you as we planned and here was you flat on your back sick. You know now that I knew you were untrue to me and our children. I knew nothing about it then, but I do know that I had not seen you for seven weeks. I was too much in love with you then to stop and figure it all out.

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My pay check will show when I left and when I returned to you.

When I spoke of your sickness to Missus Newcomer she saw that I knew and told how one night about 2 A.M. she heard someone moaning and in great pain. She went down the hall and the noise came from your room and she went in and found you in bad shape. She recognized your trouble at once because she had the same thing herself years ago and you both thought you was going to die. She got you to tell the name of the doctor and went to the phone to call him up, then she told him to come out to the house as his patient was very low but he wouldn't come out. If he came out and you died he would be sent to the pen.

Now Phoebe when you look back over them seven weeks in Tacoma when you was alone and told your friends you was only beginning to know what life was, and just beginning to live and you wasn't going to need any more baby clothes, and to hell with Andy he is only a damn working stiff, what do you think?

Yes, you told your friend and his wife, he is married and has 2 babies and his wife is only 19 years old, but she treats him cold, and he loves me. He is true to me and I'm going to get a divorce from Andy and marry him. He don't love his wife, he had to marry her. He told me that I had swell legs and he liked them and his wife didn't look good to him.

I didn't know at the time that the Newcomers, who are my friends, tried to tell you to live right and you said they wasn't going to preach morality to you and you was going to live your life like you wanted.

They called up my brother to come and take you away from their house as they didn't want men bringing you home in the early hours drunk and leaving you on the front porch. They didn't want you in their place of business where you had the shop as you was hurting their trade with all your men hanging around. I didn't know all this when I came after my little girl, but I know it now.

That morning I paid all your debts except the printers bill. You didn't want me to go down to the printers for some reason. I didn't care because I was just about broke. Finally you told me to wait and you would go in and see the printer, he was so nice to you and had helped you with the cards you had printed. I didn't know your game then but I do now. That printer was one of your paramours. Not the twenty-three year old slicker but his friend.

Now if you could turn back the wheels of those seven weeks when you were in heaven as you said, I wonder if you wouldn't have been better off with the damn working stiff. If you felt that way about it why didn't you come to me and ask for a release from that bum contract we made on May 14, 1912? It could have been arranged better than it is now and your health would have been a lot better. If you don't know what I mean it is this, One man and one woman is alright, but one woman and lots of men are no good.

We will now go back to the Newcomers when we paid some bills and left Tacoma. We went out to Missus Giddings in South Tacoma to see the children where they were boarding. I paid her all the money except $5.00 and she was awful mad at you and treated us both with contempt. I didn't know what the trouble was at the time but she made some remark about a lady that came there in the middle of the night in a car with some men and they were all drunk and swearing outside and

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she wanted to see the children. That remark went clear over my head then. I didn't think anything about your wrongdoing at that time but I found out the next night and I have been going down hill ever since.

Now after we leave there I ask you what was the matter with the old lady. You know she was a real good soul and always was good to the kids when we had her working for you in Tacoma after her old man killed his self. Somebody must have got her wild and you didn't have much to say about it and changed the subject.

Then you told me about a dance Janet was going to give out in the woods. You wanted to have me take you out there. It was a Halloween party with lanterns and everything. I said I dont want to go to no party I want to get some sleep and get back on the job in Idaho as soon as I can. I didn't know that the party had been planned weeks before and that you wasn't figuring on me being there.

That afternoon we went out to your sisters place in the woods. I brought some records for the phonograph. About twenty I guess, but we never used them and left them in the back of the car. The party wasn't at Janets but in an old shack in the woods, a couple of miles from her place. We had quite a time to find it but you seemed to know the road as if you might have been there before.

It is more of a booze party than anything else as I can see when we get there at about three thirty in the afternoon. Several of the men were already drunk on moonshine.

It soon got dark and foggy and the only light around was oil lamps. My Essex was parked in a kind of a clearing in the brush. You seemed awful anxious about a certain party whether they would be able to find the place and you wanted to go out to the main road and guide them in. I thought you were regular and that you was expecting some of your girl friends.

After awhile your friends showed up. You introduced them and we danced. He was a good dancer and you seemed to like to dance with him. I didn't dance very much as I was thinking of you and the children and our future in Idaho. I didn't drink much moonshine, never did like it. There wasn't any beer.

When things slowed down a little Janet sang one of her songs she used to sing in the cabaret when she was supposed to be a dancer in one of them joints before she got religion. Some of the men were quite drunk and you had been going outside and drinking from some man's bottle and was acting crazy.

I stayed up until 3.30 A.M. and wanted you to turn in and get some sleep but you wouldn't do it. You told me to lay down in Walters house and you would stay the dance out. After awhile I said alright and we went over to Walters house and I lay down and was tucked in by you. In the other room was a oil light burning and outside about a hundred feet was the folks yelling around at the party.

I lay there about a half an hour and I heard the door open quietly and somebody came in and it was you. You came into the room softly like you didn't want to wake me up. Then you came closer and I spoke to you and then you wanted to know was I alright and tucked me in some more and kissed me. Go to sleep and I will be in soon you said. Your breath was awful bad and you was drunk and you tiptoed out again and closed the door behind you.

I lay there about another half an hour more and something made me feel that everything was not alright. You could hear the people hollering in the next shack. I

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got up, put on my clothes and went out in the fog and stumbled around towards the dance hall. Passing the car I heard somebody in it. I stopped about three or four feet from the rear fender and somebody was getting loved up. Somebody has a hell of a lot of crust to use my new car I thought. I looked in my pocket for a match and didn't have any.

In the meantime they was moving around in the car and I stepped back as the woman got out. The man got out saying something in a low voice and walked away in the fog. All the time I was wondering who it could be. I lost the man but stayed right behind the woman and when we got to the light my God, it was my wife Phoebe. My God what a blow.

I wanted to get a gun and kill every man in there. I rushed around to the window. It couldn't be Walter. It couldn't be Frenchy. Not the old man playing the fiddle and jigging around. Who was the man? I couldn't make a move and could've killed you like a spider. I was crazy.

I cried like a baby. You didn't love me like you said you did. How long had you been doing this? Now I knew that you was just like your sisters. Weak and unable to say no or take care of yourself.

Going back to the house I wanted to kill you in front of everybody and then kill myself. I sat there on the bed and somebody was talking outside. I took off my shoes and pants and jumped in bed and acted like I was asleep. I would wait my chance and watch you. There must be some mistake I thought. You was drunk and I was to blame for letting you stay alone.

I should never of worked nights, never left you alone any place. Never threw my check at your feet and let you spend it. You was only a poor weak girl and should have been watched as one. But my God, wasn't we married? Wasn't you my pal? Didn't we always go together when I was not working? Fishing, hunting, digging clams, picking berries together? Didn't you always come to the yard after me when you could? Wasn't you and our children always together?

Who was that guy that came to see you when I was away? Who was that man that jumped and run away down the street and swerved into the alley at 7426 Washington? When I was going to chase him you said no, he might hurt you. You was afraid I might catch him. You remember the fellow I caught? When I brought him back you didn't know him, did you?

Well, that's all now. We are leaving the shack in the woods saying goodbye to Janet and Marge and the rest. It is the day after Halloween. I'm a good actor you say, a poker face as you claim. I don't say anything but my heart is busted and we go to Tacoma to my mothers house to say goodbye and take the records back and get the little girls.

We are now at the Bealor Hotel with Grace and George. You had hardly arrived at the hotel when you met this man Dr. Bergman and was flirting with him in the hotel. Your own sister was jealous and gave you away how you flirted with him when I was up to the mine working for you.

You sure was running true to the family name. I felt sorry for you. I loved you and I hated you. Some times when you would do me a good turn I would love you and try to forget, and when you would do something to hurt me I could choke the life out of you.

Dr. Bergman could easily have passed for a Cholo or a half-breed nigger, but you

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fell for him. You told how you loved him up on the dance floor until he got all hot and bothered.

I knew I didn't have a real true wife but a poor weak simple girl that had to be watched like a crazy person. I forbid you to dance with him any more after you told me that. You had been dancing with him for several months then and had gone out to dances with him alone and what you done I don't know but I hope you was regular.

Do you remember the day I came home to our little cabin and I was about 150 feet away and you didn't know I was there? Dr. Bergman's truck was standing out in front in the road and my cabin door was closed. Funny it was closed being warm weather and the truck in the road. You'd usually be out in front talking as you was when other people happened to stop. Old Joe was sitting in the truck waiting. He was going up to the mine looking for work. I found out later that he'd been there about 10 or 15 minutes.

It took me 1½ minutes to get to the door and I walked fast when I saw the door closed, and that truck in the road. You probably saw me from the window, you know it was a one room cabin with a partition across one end for a bed room.

I'm now coming down the road and when I get about 10 feet from my cabin door it was jerked open and here rushes past Dr. Bergman. He was running crouched way over and had a piece of apple pie in his hand and tried to look like a preacher. Kind of bewildered.

I pass up the truck driver and comes in the house where you look at me with that same scared look I have seen many times before with no color in your face and shaking like a leaf. I knew I had a weak woman for a wife and used my poker face which you say I have. I didn't blow up but let on like you was regular and said what are you doing and where is Mary. When you said you sent our little girl up that mountain road alone I damn near blow up but walk into the other room. She has gone to meet the other children from school you said.

Now let's go to the next dance at the Constitution Mine. Your boy friend, the truck driver, was there as usual. But he was kinda shy, not so bold, tried to slip around to you after each dance you had with somebody else. I would wait until he was about to ask you to dance with him and take you myself and you didn't like dancing with me.

From then on I wouldn't let you go to no dances alone and we had many fights. I didn't mind taking you 2 or 3 times a month but you wanted to go 4 nights a week. I had to work days and couldn't get much sleep. You know that my work was handling 22,000 to 23,000 volts and I had to handle it hot. I had to take care of myself or I wouldn't live. You didn't seem to care and I got my own breakfast and you stayed in bed.

Now we move on to the time you start to sell socks to the miners and underwear to the women. I didn't want you to do this. I will do this to help you you said. I finally gave in and you became the agent for the Beal Silk Company. It gave you just what you wanted. A roving job and you could go any place and see anybody and talk to anybody. As a saleslady among the muckers you was good and among the miners and truck drivers you was good. You had all them guys wearing silk socks for the first time in their life. You went to the honkeytonk and sold some stuff and you know I didn't want you around there.

Yes, you could've sold socks to a wooden legged man but the decent women wouldn't have nothing to do with you or

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your silk. Why? Because they saw what I didn't. How you was deceiving me and carrying on with men again and raising hell. I didn't know this at the time because I thought you was regular and wouldn't do no wrong on account of the children.

When Missus Dempsy the mine superintendents wife and Missus Dooly the mine foremans wife found out you was staying in hotels in town they came in and watched you. When you went into a room they rushed in on you without waiting long enough and your paramour went out on the fire escape. Mister Dempsy told me about it and I laughed. My wife is from the city and is regular and yours is from the sticks and is jealous I said. He said I am only telling you this to keep your family together.

I will tell you now why you went down that muddy road to the store every day to get the mail. You wanted to get the letters from that slicker in Tacoma. The one with the 19 year old wife and the two kids. You'd never go down no road like that for me would you, Phoebe?

Now I see why you moved away from the new house we had at the mine with no rent to pay and no light bill and water and wood and only our groceries. You moved in a shack 15 miles away and paid $35.00 a month rent and I paid it most of the time. No wonder I felt blue, my wife fifteen miles away and going to every chippy dance in the country alone with your truck driver.

Then came that guy from the silk factory. He had a good line. I am the head guy in our business knocking out 500 bucks a month he said. You sure look good to me girlie you got a fine shape and swell legs and swell eyes. Why fool around with the sap of a husband you got, he is only a damn working stiff he said. I'm tired of the thing I married he said she is cold to me and ain't got no class like you got. Say you're a fine dancer, I'm in heaven when I'm dancing with you baby. I'm going to take you away from that guy and give them little girls of yours a chance to be something he said. How about a little ride if the old man works tonight, eh baby? Say you're getting better looking every day he said how do you do it? My God, I hate these fat women who weigh about 130 don't you? Yes that is what I thought he said, I could tell by your slim figure. You took all this line from him and where is he now?

I would like to see somebody try and hand Janet a line like that. She would tell them where to head in and to take the air and beat it. They would have better sense than to try it on her because you can always tell if a woman is easy.

Phoebe, you might think this letter is kinda balled up but I got so many things on my mind I aint got everything straight yet. You know the day we got put out of the little house and you had big tears in your eyes. If you hadn't treated me so good I wouldn't have lived so long you said. It hurt me to see you there crying and I went in the other room and felt like crying myself and did cry.

Then I thought how Dr. Roberts in Tacoma put his arm around you and you pushed him away, you said. Oh, Andy aint been gone long enough yet he said. He was your doctor for years. He sold me that sound film stock the day I left and took you to Pacific City. Also he knew when he operated on you that you had been stepping out on me and he didn't want me to know. If I'd stayed away a little longer it would have all blowed over like the money in the stock.

I forgive the other things. Janet's party and Dr. Bergman and the nights you went

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to dances when I told you no and me living alone at the mine with you in Tacoma. Then I went into One Eyed Staneys place and found out you and him was guilty and all the rest.

Then that divorce complaint you filed took all my money. The lawyer said you said to put in all the complaints he could think of to help the case. You tried to get some women mixed up in it but it was not in the complaint the sheriff served on me.

When I lost my job and everything and came to town to see the lawyer I didn't have a suit of clothes. I had on a pair of kids pants and a raggety coat and told him how I tried to make you happy. After the lawyer heard my side of the story he said you're different from what I had you figured. She has caused me so many troubles let her go, I said. That's fine I will, he said. I didn't know that him and you had fixed this kind of an agreement up months before.

All I want to do now is to find the man that made you sick and ruined both our lives and broke up our home. If you knew how much I loved you with all this against you, you would tell me the man's name so I can get him. Always remember that I can't shake your power over me. I got it the moment I saw you in Spokane and I still got it.

You can understand why I blew up the other day when I found out you had been out with Brock when you was staying with him and his wife. I went to see him myself but lost the address and had to find Bones and find out from him but he didn't know. This was in Frisco and I found him in a funny way.

I went to a barber shop to take a bath and left my coat there. That night I wanted my coat but had forgotten where the shop was. I walked up and down the street for over an hour and it got dark and I could not find the place where I took my bath. I was about to give up when a car started to turn in an alley and very near run over me. The fender touched me there in the middle of the sidewalk and I stood in the glare of the headlights as they backed away. The car stopped in the street and I started down the sidewalk thinking that they thought they pretty near hit me.

I got to the next corner when I heard the driver of the car run up to me and he stopped. My God, aint you Andy Koehler he said. And I looked and it was Brock your friend that you told in Pacific City For God's sake Brock don't tell Andy, he'll kill you, and you know the rest.

ANDY.

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HYGEIA vs. ÆSCULAPIUS

BY LOGAN CLENDENING

THE insidious encroachment by public health administrators into the field of private medical practice is a movement increasingly evident in the United States, and of deep significance. It is typical, on the one hand, of that paternalistic attitude of government which is seen in such activities as Prohibition and censorship, and typical also of that tendency to vulgarization, seen conspicuously in radio and the talkies, which overtakes the arts whenever they are directed into channels of wholesale consumption. And since it affects something far more vital than any of the things mentioned, it is proportionately more serious.

Nothing better illustrates all the elements in the movement than the fantastic, and almost incredible, events which occurred in Cattaraugus county, New York, from 1922 to 1929. The Milbank Memorial Fund was established by Elizabeth Milbank Anderson in 1905 "to improve the physical, mental and moral condition of humanity." In 1922 the directors of the Fund announced that they were about to "demonstrate . . . whether by intensive application of known health measures" sickness and death could be further substantially reduced. One of the areas chosen for this purpose was Cattaraugus county, and $500,000 was appropriated for the work there.

Cattaraugus county, if one may believe the pictures and accounts in the official defense of the "demonstration" ("Health on the Farm and in the Village" by C.-E. A. Winslow, Dr. P. H., professor of public health, Yale School of Medicine), was a charming countryside with pleasant paths, rustics mounted on hay wagons, and towns resembling very much Goldsmith's village before the visitation of the destroyer. But things apparently were not as they seemed: there was a canker eating at the heart of this happy community which threatened utterly to destroy it. With this canker the local medical profession not only was entirely unable to cope; its members were actually unaware, if the Milbank demonstrators can be believed, of its very existence.

If so, they were soon informed. The Milbank demonstrators set up practice in Cattaraugus county in a Big Way. They began to examine everybody, no matter whose patient he was, for tuberculosis, diphtheria, flat feet, impacted molars, and other maladies. They cleaned up the milk supply and harassed the school children. They began efforts to improve the maternal and infant mortality. The tarnished ideal of venereal prophylaxis was invoked, but the usual reluctance of the rude forefathers of the hamlet to divulge their secrets was encountered, and caused a great deal of caustic talk about hypocrisy.

The local medical men concurred at first, at least in a general way, in these arrangements. There was little else they could do. They had not invited the "demonstration." They were not consulted

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very much about it: they were not asked to participate in it. They looked on bewildered as lay secretaries with a glib command of medical nomenclature, and starched, efficient nurses, and brisk directors of public health swooped down upon them and began to fill filing cases with cards, and gather data, and assemble statistics.

But this state of desuetude on the part of the local profession was not long in giving way to a violence of opposition that was reminiscent of their colonial forefathers' objection to the well intentioned political operations of George III. Quoting the official defense, "it was apparent that many of the physicians had gained the impression that the demonstration was to deal only with tuberculosis and resented its extension into wider fields."

There is a perhaps unconscious poignancy about this remark which illuminates whole areas of the soul. The doctor who divulged the views of himself and his colleagues had probably had some experience with tuberculosis surveys: they have a bustling appearance of busyness, and they do little harm and some good. Besides, he probably was not much interested in tuberculosis anyway. But when he found that the demonstrators were treating asthma and gastric ulcer and fibroids he up and did a little resenting.

So all parties seem to have had a high old time—the public health demonstrators on the one hand, with forced smiles, manfully carrying through their appointed tasks, while the private practitioners jumped up and down, deriding, scoffing, jeering, laughing at them, hanging on to their own prerogatives and raising hell generally.

The "demonstrators" planned a great parade which was called a Health Caravan. This consisted of a long line of automobiles for "distinguished lay health leaders from New York City" and "executive directors, publicity directors, nursing directors, and statistical directors". The scheme was to go across country to a small village which had been reported by scouts to be full of foul-smelling pig pens and barnyards reeking with manure, where children were being reared by their peasant parents in utter ignorance of the laws of hygiene. The demonstrators anticipated showing the leaders from New York the necessity for the demonstration and the peasantry the way of life by cleaning up the pig pens before their very eyes.

The plan miscarried only because on the afternoon the caravan arrived practically every able-bodied inhabitant of the village had gone to a circus thirty miles away. Even the local filling station was closed and placarded "Gone to the Circus —Back Tonight." Still the visitors learned something. "The Great Visitor from Europe," writes my informant, "remarked upon the inconvenience of the clothes lines" which he saw on the roofs of the peasant houses, and which, as no one bothered to tell him, were radio antennæ. (The Great Visitor I guess to be Sir Arthur Newsholme, former chief medical officer of the Local Government Board of England and Wales—a very modern public health worker indeed, who has been hand in glove with the Milbank Fund and who is quoted in the New York *Times*, May 11, 1931, as prophesying the coming of the government-paid medical practitioner in the United States.)

Much more serious were some of the other activities of the "demonstrators" as reported by the private practitioners of Cattaraugus county. For example:

> A former deputy health officer here recently reported a case of contagion. The Milbank

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nurse came as usual to "give instructions." She suggested a serum treatment by a member of the demonstration staff. The mother suggested, "I will speak to my family doctor first." The nurse replied, "Why bother with him? Surely he doesn't know as much about these cases as our specialist?" The specialist is presumably a youthful graduate whose practical experience is limited to work under lay bodies. The mother urged: "I guess you don't know who my doctor is! He was health officer here for years, and is an official of the county medical society." This had no effect on the nurse, who responded quite casually, "Well, I never heard his name even: I don't think he can amount to much."

The actual purposes of the "demonstration" are not particularly easy to define because they apparently kept changing during the years it went on. The basic idea seems to have been that "an isolated rural community cannot possibly develop a self-sufficient health unit"—because it cannot provide adequate funds. An effective sanitary organization "includes a full-time health officer, at least three public health nurses, and a sanitary inspector, which will cost $15,000. Therefore, no population group of less than 6000 persons can possibly develop an adequate health service at reasonable cost." The appropriation from the Milbank Fund was to make such a service possible and study its results.

The programme did not skimp anything—even mental hygiene was tackled. Tuberculosis surveys, prenatal care, visiting nurses, defects in school children and communicable diseases were some of the main divisions of the work. As to the benefits, the directors of the Fund profess to be much gratified. They suggest that eight years is too short a period for the full effects of a health programme to be registered, but claim that the mortality rates for diphtheria, tuberculosis and diseases of infancy have been lowered as a direct result of the campaign and that many valuable lessons have been learned for future guidance. The Cattaraugus doctors admit that a service of this sort is needed, but believe that it should be under the control of the local medical profession. Their greatest objection to the Milbank demonstration is that it was under lay control. This is denied by Dr. Winslow but not, I think, very convincingly.

Dr. Winslow believes that the opposition of the medical profession was largely due to the fact that they were on the outside and that their incomes were endangered. It does not seem to have occurred to him that this was quite a reasonable basis of objection—that the physicians were licensed by the State and guaranteed freedom to earn a living, and that making money by the practice of medicine is entirely legitimate, even honorable.

But far deeper is an element that Dr. Winslow does not appear to sense at all: the conflict of two entirely different systems. And it is quite evident that he does not believe that private medical practice is the way to manage a community's health; he does not seem to see that private practitioners or their patients have any rights the public health administrator is bound to respect. If that is his view, then he shares it with most other public health uplifters. There is no more use arguing with them than there is in whipping a dog for chasing automobiles. The dog knows he is right: the automobile is an enemy. Dr. Winslow knows he is right.

Whether he is or not, or whether his view has some correctness, it is not my immediate purpose to examine. The only point I wish to make is that there exists a serious conflict between public health and private practice, when public health enters the other's field. That the Milbank Demonstration demonstrated abundantly.

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II

The next example illustrates by what subtle means the line between legitimate public health work and private practice is crossed.

The medical inspection of school children arises as a natural—nay, inevitable—function of public school boards. Schools are distributing points for contagious diseases and such preventive measures as are sound must be enforced. Some children will fall behind in their studies for physical reasons—defective eyesight, or hearing, or malnutrition. The segregation of partially deaf pupils in special classes, for instance, can be accomplished only after proper examination. School inspectors have a splendid opportunity to gain the confidence of parents and to augment the legitimate work of the family physician or pediatrician. But that they do not always recognize the limits of their powers and duties is evidenced by the great tonsil question.

To the layman this subject must present some puzzling features, and yet it rests upon a few extremely simple facts of nature. One is that the tonsils atrophy as age advances. In babies they are enormous masses almost filling the back of the throat: in children up to ten or twelve years they are plainly visible, bulging into view when the child merely opens its mouth: in people of twenty-five years the tonsils, unless diseased, have retreated behind the pillars of the soft palate and cannot be seen by casual methods.

This is a natural evolution, but it leads to serious consequences for the school child, because it is a short way for the school nurse or doctor, whenever there is anything at all puzzling or irregular in the child's condition, to say "Open your mouth" and then to cry triumphantly, "Just look at those tonsils!" The teacher can see them, the mother can see them, the cook can see them—all are convinced of a great diagnostic triumph. So when Johnny is unable to abstract the cube root of 3,928,632 it is generally laid at the door of the tonsils.

A mother brought her boy to his physician for an examination of his tonsils. They were moderately enlarged, but not infected, and the physician saw no good reason for advising removal. At this verdict the child strangely burst into tears.

"They tell him at school he won't get his nine-point button unless he has his tonsils out," explained the mother.

Now, think of it! The verdict of his own physician, who was competent and who had the best interests of the child at heart, was that a painful operation with a definite risk attached was unnecessary. Yet a school nurse or doctor hurriedly examining hundreds of children decreed that even if the boy knew the date of the Battle of Balaclava, and could spell *separate,* and calculate 5½% interest on $78.90 for 123 days, and was loyal in attendance at all inter-scholastic tug-of-war contests, he could not get the nine-point button with his tonsils intact!

Several years ago two little Jewish children kept turning up at my office with a written request from their parents for a complete physical examination. I could never find anything the matter with them. They were undersized for their age, but sound as walnuts and mentally miles ahead of the Cabinet. It developed that they were constantly sent home by the school nurse. The family was highly coöperative (I believe that is the correct social service word): they obediently had the tonsils and adenoids removed, the children's teeth straightened, and arch supports arranged in their shoes—but still they did not grow.

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Finally, the grandmother brought them and their parents to the office and all five lined up in front of my desk. Not one of the five was much more than a head taller than the desk. The grandmother delivered herself of an impassioned harangue, ending with "What do they expect, doctor—rats out of mice?"

Of course, the situation differs in different communities and in different school districts of the same community. But as I shall show later, it is always the teaching of public health administrators that such things should be taken out of the hands of the private practitioner and turned over to the State, where they will be accomplished in a more orderly manner, with good card indexing. They may disguise it with honeyed words, as in the case of the Milbank demonstrators, but deep in their hearts is the conviction that the private practitioner is a careless bungler, and that conviction takes root deeply in many an enthusiastic young school inspector.

III

My third illustration is afforded by the operation of the Sheppard-Towner Act. It is brought forward to show the difficulties that even the best meant schemes encounter when no intelligent plan is laid down, and the incredible amounts of money that can be wasted by enthusiastic public hygienists when they are allowed to go their own willful ways.

The purpose of the Sheppard-Towner Act as it was passed by Congress in 1921 was to promote the "welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy." It appropriated $1,240,000 to be paid annually to the several States as a subsidy to help them in their health work with mothers and children. The reason such an act was considered necessary was that the death-rate at childbirth reported in the United States was very high. It was stated that the rate among mothers ranked us sixteenth in this respect among civilized countries. We had, it appeared, 65 maternal deaths per 10,000 live births, whereas Denmark had but 24, Norway 32, and England and Wales 41.

Such statements, of course, do not take into consideration that they are comparing a small country of homogeneous population with a large country with a heterogeneous and scattered population. The puerperal statistics of New York and Illinois are quite as good as those for Europe. But Mississippi, with a predominant Negro population, poor, ignorant, inaccessible in times of emergency, and attended by midwives who begin practice at forty with no more training than the experience of bearing a family of their own, has almost twice the maternal mortality of New York.

But what is the effect of such pronouncements? What is the effect on a young woman of sound health, intelligence and education, in good average financial circumstances, who is about to be delivered at a modern urban or rural hospital or in a good home? The effect is quite unnecessarily to scare the wits out of her. She immediately figures that she is likely to die in the ordeal.

Of course, no sober person is against attempting a reduction in the death rate of mothers and infants. Nor do I argue that such a reduction is not possible: it is. There are obvious ways of accomplishing it which the medical profession is now and has for years been furthering. If the Sheppard-Towner Act had put forward any definite plan which had any reasonable prospect of reducing the maternal and infant death-rates in the more pestilential districts, it would have won the support of the entire medical profession. But what did it actually plan and what did it do?

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One would like to write a series of pellucid paragraphs, the first one showing how the work was organized and set in motion, the next what the results were, and the last, what the difficulties and failures were. It must seem strange to outsiders that this is impossible. At my local medical library I have had all the available literature on the subject laid out and I have read it for weeks. Apparently I would look up from this perusal with a strange glint in my eye, because at the hour of closing the attendant (one of my own students in medicine) would come over and tug at my sleeve and lead me compassionately out into the night. The plain fact is that I have read reams of paper purporting to describe what went on, and not one actual concrete accomplishment can I formulate.

A critic of the bill early in its career said that the people of the States which were to be benefited thought they were going to get something real but that all they were going to get was talk. And so far as I can discover, that prophecy was quite exact. From reports of workers in various States I cull the following:

> Colorado provided for special work with *boys and girls* at the State fair.
>
> California distributed three pamphlets—one on smallpox prevention, one on diphtheria immunity, and one on the hazard of tonsils and adenoids.
>
> Oregon had addresses and talks before clubs and other organizations telling them of the work of the Bureau.
>
> South Dakota: "Entire series of prenatal letters have been sent to 2229 expectant mothers. They seem to fill a need."
>
> Texas: A. N. Barnett in the *Women's Medical Journal*: "We send a letter to every mother whose child's birth is registered in Texas, informing her of the registration of her child and asking if she wishes to have literature on infant and child care, and inclosing a card."

What were the actual results of the operation of the Sheppard-Towner Act? If it had any, the States which accepted the subsidy should have shown a diminution in their maternal and infant death-rates. Well, let us see.

The maternal death-rate in the entire registration area in 1915 (six years before the act was passed) was 6.08; in 1927 (when it had been operating six years) it was 6.47. In Mississippi in 1922 the maternal death-rate was 8.3; in 1924 it was 9.5. New York had a maternal death-rate of 5.4 in 1916, and one of 5.9 in 1924. Illinois did not accept the terms of the act. The infant death-rate in the State fell from 7.6 in 1922 to 6.4 in 1927. Indiana, Illinois' neighbor, did adopt the act. Its infant death-rate fell from 6.7 in 1922 to 5.9 in 1927. Connecticut did not adopt. Its rate fell from 7.3 to 5.9. New Jersey did adopt. Its rate fell from 7.4 to 6.1.

These figures have been selected at random. They do no injustice to the total results. So careful a publication as the *Journal of the American Medical Association* says:

> During the seven and one-half years that the Sheppard-Towner Act was in effect, it cost the people about $11,000,000 in taxes. During that entire time it did not develop a single new idea in the field of maternal and infant hygiene. As shown by official mortality statistics, it did not accelerate the rate of decline in either the maternal or the infant death-rates by even a fraction of a point *per annum*.

IV

Finally, by quotation, I should like to show the real viewpoint of the public health official.

It is very difficult to sit through an address by such a functionary before a medical society without hearing a series of

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sneering criticisms of the general practitioner. This is the more significant in that it is probably quite unconscious on the part of the public health officer: it simply shows his state of mind. I have such an address before me. The following incidents are the only ones he uses to illustrate his points:

> A tuberculosis specialist told a patient he could be cured at home when the health department wanted to send him to a State sanitarium.
>
> "A fellow out in the provinces who doesn't know ——"
>
> "A medical intellectual giant" said there was no organic calcium in pasteurized milk.
>
> A doctor kept calling many successive cases of scarlet fever lobster rash.
>
> "The outstanding medical Socrates" of a community told a woman that to immunize her children would be to make them test guinea pigs.
>
> A doctor refused to collect specimens from a suspected typhoid carrier.
>
> A physician said undulant fever was an industrial disease.
>
> A doctor gave diphtheria antitoxin on a lump of sugar.
>
> A doctor delayed in a case of cancer of the breast until there were lymph-node metastases in the axilla.

Where the hygienist gathered together this collection is a puzzle, but a stranger from abroad would conclude on reading it that the average practitioner in the United States is lazy, dishonest, ignorant and incompetent. And that, I believe, is exactly what the average public health officer thinks. He has to. It is the only argument he has to support his advocacy of the State entering the practice of medicine. There can be only two reasons for such action on the part of the State: one is that the public cannot afford the expense of private practitioners, which applies only to a small proportion of the people, and the other is that private practitioners are lazy, dishonest, ignorant and incompetent.

As a further example of the real state of mind of public health officials, I submit some correspondence in which I recently engaged with the commissioner of health of one of the sovereign States. The commissioner objected to some remarks of mine published in a newspaper which were rather lukewarm toward the campaign for cancer control. My reservations about this campaign are several but, briefly, they come down to a very grave doubt as to whether it will accomplish its object, *i.e.*, whether it will reduce cancer mortality. Then, I object to the medical profession going before the public blatantly announcing the half truth—which is the foundation of the cancer campaign—that every cancer is "curable" if detected early enough. There seem to me several possibilities of harm in this propaganda. One is that the removal of precancerous tissue becomes more and more a matter of borderline diagnosis, until finally operations are being performed in the name of prevention on tissues that could by no stretch of the imagination be called potentially cancerous or dangerous.

Also, even the most sincere and respectable of the physicians who carry on this campaign find it very profitable—in short, their talks before women's clubs get them patients—and in the hands of the cheapskate specialists, rallying to the public's aid becomes a veritable gold mine.

The young commissioner took this disagreement with his own considered opinion as an example of moral turpitude on my part, as if I were a sort of human metastasis in league with all the powers of neoplastic malignancy, and advised me that my writings were "detrimental to the best interests of the people." He pointed out that he had put on a State-wide educational campaign against cancer, and that following it, attendance at fifteen State-

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aided clinics tripled. I replied to him as follows:

> Of course, if you really want to know what is wrong with the plan for the public control of cancer, I will tell you.
>
> Let us take the control of typhoid fever by vaccination for comparison. Everyone agrees as to the advisability of this. Why? In the first place, we are sure of our ground: we know the cause of typhoid. We can make a plain, forceful statement to the public that is all absolutely true. The results of the treatment attain the object in almost 100% of instances. The treatment itself causes so little hazard to the patient as to be negligible. It is preventive and not curative. It involves no diagnostic procedure and hence involves no diagnostic errors. The individual, if left alone, would be a menace to the community. The procedure is well adapted to public and wholesale administration; in other words, it involves no necessary or complicated individual relationship between physician and patient. Lastly, it does not lend itself to exploitation by quacks or ignoramuses.
>
> None of these features obtain in the case of cancer and cancer control. Our address to the public cannot be frank, but must either be full of qualifications or full of dogmatic half-truths. It is *not* true that all cancers can be cured if taken early enough.
>
> There is no assurance that your treatment will be a success in any individual case, and the treatment carries a distinct individual hazard. The patients have no assurance that if they are told they need treatment, they really need it: there may be mistakes in diagnosis: many a cancer has recovered on potassium iodide: quite as many people have died as a result of surgical exploitation when no cancer existed.
>
> But more important than any other feature of the matter is the fact that a patient with cancer is no menace to the community. My cancer is my own damn business. If I want to risk lack of detection, or an Indian medicine man, or surgery, or diathermy, that is my affair. In other words, it is a matter for private practice and not public interference. Cancer control has no public health facets whatever.
>
> If you go into this, why not a campaign for control of ulcer of the stomach? Or of psoriasis? Since the recent report of the Rheumatism Committee indicates that every member disagrees with every other member about the etiology, classification and treatment of chronic arthritis, I should think that would be an ideal subject for public health intervention.

The commissioner replied as follows:

> Incidentally, I was amused at your statement that rheumatism was a suitably vague and indefinite subject for a stupid health officer to get involved in. We have already asked for an appropriation in this State for service to rheumatism patients.

V

Such are a few of the many examples that could be amassed to show that the field of private practice is being invaded by an interested and determined group of Communistic radicals. Their eventual objective is obviously, whether they admit it or not, to engulf the whole domain of clinical medicine.

The question immediately arises whether such a state of affairs is desirable. It must be admitted at once that there are many in and out of the profession who think it is. I quote President Angell of Yale:

> I am by no means unaware of the narrow-minded and exclusively self-seeking attitude of a good many practitioners who see in every social movement affecting medicine simply one more effort to rob them of a livelihood and forthwith devote all their energies to digging in where they are. Their position is like that of Labor, which has traditionally opposed all labor-saving machinery—and always in the long run, in vain.

Parenthetically, it may be said that with large industrial corporations postponing

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the installation of labor-saving devices so that more men may be employed in this sad year of grace, it is not entirely certain that labor was so wrong as the learned idealist seems to assume. Perhaps the "good many practitioners" are not so terribly wrong either.

State medicine has been frequently proposed of late years for the solution of all the social and economic problems of modern medicine. That such problems exist it would be silly to deny. For years nearly every issue of every popular magazine has carried some complaint about the profession, and the presidential addresses to most medical societies have been devoted to some phase of medical economics. Medicine has not been alone in this: the rapid and puzzling changes in the manner of living in our time has created the necessity for adjustment and reorganization in every profession and business.

In medicine, however, the situation is more pressing than in any other field and this for two reasons. The first is that modern invention, modern industrial changes, have affected the practice, the business, of medicine more directly. The automobile, the telephone, electricalization have obviously and notably changed the whole field of practice. The spread of populations, the migration and shifting of peoples have changed its quality. More than that, its internal advancement has been as dizzy as the external changes. More than any other profession, more than nearly any business, medicine has made its own progress, by an avalanche of invention, discovery and eager application of the new. By contrast, the modes of procedure of the law have hardly changed a whit in a hundred years. The practitioner of medicine has been compelled to accept both changes in his methods and changes in his environment.

Many tired souls, weary of the energy required to carry on such a fatiguing burden, have turned to the nostrum of State medicine for relief. It presents a fascinating lure—if only one could bring one's self to believe that by the magic of becoming a public servant an inefficient man can suddenly become an efficient man. It is generally supposed that organized medicine would naturally and on *a priori* ground resent the introduction of State medicine: but, indeed, it claims almost as many advocates in the profession itself as in the ranks of the public: proportionately more. It is, therefore, germane to the discussion to inquire what the proper field and function of private medical practice are, and what the proper field and function of public medicine.

The essence of medical practice is privacy. Many people do not care to have their physical ills known: sometimes this is reasonable, sometimes it appears to be only a personal idiosyncracy. But in either case it carries the right to be respected. Most women do not care to have it broadcasted that they are to give birth to a child: it may be illogical but it is nevertheless real. They do not care to have a tumbril with State Maternity Department emblazoned on it draw up to their doors during the prenatal period. Or to be seen, while their figures are still svelte, entering the building of the National Obstetrical Bureau. The private physician, if he is successful, usually has some regard for the young mother's modesty.

But many situations arise in which privacy and secrecy can by no stretch of the imagination be called sentimental. The advocates of State medicine always assume that the typical medical case is something like this: The patient has an obscure ailment which requires all the resources of science to diagnose, and he

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cannot afford to pay for these; therefore, the State will provide him with an ophthalmologist, a urologist, a radiologist, a rhinologist, an immunologist, a chemist, a cardiologist, a gynecologist, an endocrinologist, etc. By these means the diagnosis is definitely established and treatment in a sanitarium, by the conjoined powers of surgery, pharmacology, dietetics, radio-therapy, massage, hydrotherapy and vaccination, restores the patient to health.

But such situations are really rarities in practice. A much more typical situation is that a father brings his unmarried daughter, who has become pregnant or addicted to morphine, for advice and care. Or a married man during his wife's vacation acquires gonorrhœa. Or a young man who has had syphilis wants to know whether he can marry. Or a burn must be dressed interminably. Or a prospective mother is certain that if her husband comes home drunk any more the baby will be marked. Or a grandfather has crackling joints and needs to be babied along for a week or two. All these situations call for qualities that are always eminent in the efficient medical practitioner.

The other especial feature of private practice is the responsibility of the practitioner. A thing that is often forgotten is that he takes responsibility when he advises against a therapeutic procedure and assures the patient that it is not needed, just as much as when he performs some positive act. More. If a physician advises a woman that a lump in her breast is not cancer and need not be removed the possibilities of its developing into cancer places more responsibility on him than if he advises surgical removal. Surgical removal is, in fact, an easy way of evading responsibility. And realizing that, it gets to be more and more the habit of the large impersonal clinic. If the question of terminating a pregnancy because the prospective mother has tuberculosis is decided by a man who says, "No, the pregnancy will not activate the tuberculosis", he assumes more responsibility than if he advises abortion. That is the easy way.

The question whether private practice has any functions that constitute an advantage over public medicine is one that should be decided on only one issue: What would be for the best interests of the patient? The advocates of public medicine argue that many people are financially unable to afford the fees of the private practitioner. Granted, but medicine has always taken care of them. To hear the prevailing talk one might think that no physician ever adjusted his fee, that there were no free clinics or agencies for free service.

The public health brethren have a very subtle way of advancing their position. First, they offer services to the poor, then to the moderately well-to-do, then to everybody, and then they have a bill passed to make it compulsory for everyone to go to the State clinic. They haven't done that last yet, but it is easy to sense the impending possibility.

They also argue that it is the business of the State to treat the sick and save lives. But that is just where the danger lies. That is *not* the business of the State: that function has been delegated by the State to private practitioners. The State licenses them, controls them, examines into their qualifications, and even offers to educate them. And there its functions stop.

Or did, while we were living under the constitutional ideas of the Fathers of the Republic.

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MISSISSIPPI POETS

EDITED BY ALICE JAMES

MARY EFFIE CAMERON

Further in the Night

I STAND on the edge of the world but can see no further into the night than the grasp of my hand.

I strain my eyes to see behind shadows but can only picture palaces in the empty spaces out there.

Compensation in an Insane Asylum

YEARS she toiled, washed, boiled, ironed linen, rich folks' underpining.
She ate cabbage and bread when there was any; hungry days were many.

She bore eight frail children (six early graves); two left to misbehave.
Now she is Cleopatra in a court of brocade eating peacock tongues brought by an adoring slave.

FRANCES GIBSON

Night Rain

NIGHT, like a heavy mist,
Drifts along the streets
In a wet silence.
There is not a shadow in the rain;
And the sullen night,
The mists and streaming trees
Have made me drunk
With bitterness.
I have forgotten how the stars gleam
In silverescent points
Behind their screen of clouds,
I can remember only
The little I am,
And ask myself—
Can this be beautiful:
This bitter rain,
This bitter night,
This bitter heart?

Spell

ONE dark night I regarded the Spring.
She had lost the golden thunder of her sun;
She had lost the emerald fountains of her trees;
She had lost her seven-petaled flame of color—
But all were there.

She had found the scent of jasmine in unseen mists;
She had found the sleeping silver bird that awoke
When the moon shed her crystal moonlight dust
From a cloud.

YVONNE GRAHAM

Today

THE biggest rôle to play,"
I've heard them say,
"Is yours.
You know that of the two,

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Inevitably you
Will lose.
You stay
Because today
He has a need for you—
Yours is the bravest, and the biggest
Thing to do."

But they
Who say it do not know I stay
Because I do
Want you—
All I can have of you—
Today.
If tomorrow
Your need for me is gone,
And I'm replaced by quiet and peace—
What can I gain by going
Now, and throwing
Away,
Because I cannot have tomorrow,

Today
And yesterday?

MARJORIE JACKSON

Pines

I'VE heard that pines go down to meet the sea,
But never have I glimpsed their sombre green
Against the white of breakers. Yet I've seen
Them standing guard in tall, straight dignity
Upon a hill, and then it seems to me
They did not need the diamond-glittered sheen
Of fluking, blue-foamed waves to foil their lean,
Gaunt hardness, or show their strong beauty.
Always they watch, and, watching, breathe a sigh,
As if the duty were a weary woe,
Shift tired arms a moment, then are still.
What dark, impending perils they think lie
Beyond the horizon, I do not know.—
I am content with green pines on a hill.

Remembrance

I DID
Not know how sweet
Was youth until I caught
The scent of locust blooms when I
Was old.

CALVIN S. BROWN

The Martyrs

THEY fell in ashes on the blackened sod
Of Nero's gardens, while about their pyre
The pagans mocked a faith that dared aspire
To life eternal. Neither rack nor rod
Could turn them from the path their Master trod:
They heard the hymning of a heavenly choir,
And louder than the godless tyrant's lyre
Crashed the avenging thunders of their God.
The tumult in the circus died away—
The splendor of the Empire fell in dust—
The catacombs are tenantless, and deep
Beneath the ruins, in the silent clay,
Forgetful of a god who broke his trust,
Beside the priests and infidels, they sleep.

On Händel's "Messiah"

O SECT of Christ, when time's relentless tread
Has crushed your scattered embers into dust;
When gods as yet unknown are held in trust,

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And those whom you adored are past and dead;
When you appear before the judgment seat
Of strange historians of stranger creed,
And when your empty claims you vainly plead,
And speak of ransomed souls and sin's retreat;
When your accusers throng about the throne
Proclaiming far and wide your vast misdeeds:
The inquisitions of dissenting creeds;
The scattered lives with which your path is strown;
When heaven and earth accuse, and none defend,
Let Händel speak—not all your works offend!

PAUL M. WEST

Solace

BEING young, I said,
I would not be consoled for loss of love
By God, or man or maid:
The last bitter dregs of sorrow,
Go down to Hell and sit
Disillusioned, with the damned!

Being old, and having looked on life
With quiet eyes, and known
The finite littleness of men and years,
Having seen the weathering of rocks
And the smoothing of the ridges on the dunes,
I look to the vastness of the seas
And the silence of gray sky
And solace take from these.

Unremembered Days

I ALSO sing to unremembered days
Which no great joy nor blinding
Sorrow from its fellows set apart:
Days when I idled, well content
And knew a certain peace of mind and heart.
Days which unachieving came and went
And on the morrow straightway I forgot!

FREDERIC FRANCIS MELLEN

Sanctity

I HEARD you when you called, my sweet,
And I am here;
Now help me wipe
Those golden cobwebs from my feet.

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THE GREAT DIAMOND SWINDLE

BY HERBERT ASBURY

One of the most extraordinary frauds in the history of American finance began to take form in the late afternoon of a sunshiny day in the Summer of 1871, when two weather-beaten men, clad in the rough apparel of the mining camps, appeared at a teller's window of the Bank of California in San Francisco, then the most powerful financial institution on the Pacific Coast.

Identifying themselves as Philip Arnold and John Slack, prospectors, they asked diffidently if they could deposit some valuable property for safe-keeping. Expecting to see gold dust or nuggets, the teller was amazed when the two men produced a small buckskin bag filled with rough diamonds, and another containing emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. As he pocketed a receipt for the treasure, Arnold remarked casually that they had found what appeared to be a rich diamond field in one of the desert sections of the West, and wanted to leave the stones already mined in a safe place while they arranged for the legal protection of their discovery.

Naturally enough, the bank teller lost no time in communicating their story to William C. Ralston, nominally cashier but actually head of the Bank of California, and one of the great speculative capitalists of the period. For many years, until his death closely followed the spectacular collapse of the bank in 1875, Ralston was interested in the promotion of many gigantic enterprises, and had a large slice of every important financial melon that was cut upon the Pacific Coast. He retold the wondrous tale of the diamond fields to his friend George D. Roberts, a practical mining man with large interests, and Roberts immediately recognized the name of Philip Arnold as that of a prospector whom he had once employed. Roberts at once set out in search of Arnold and Slack and presently he found them innocently playing faro, and introduced them to Ralston.

At first the prospectors appeared to be very suspicious, and declined to divulge any information about their great discovery. After a few conferences with Ralston, however, they became more friendly, and at length offered to sell a half-interest in their property to the banker and Roberts. Ralston told them that negotiations would be impossible unless the location of the diamond fields were first disclosed, and an investigation permitted by competent mining men. The first condition was rejected flatly, but Arnold and Slack finally consented to conduct two men to the field for an inspection, provided they would submit to being blindfolded after leaving the railroad, and again after leaving the diamond-bearing area. This was agreed to, and Ralston chose the investigators. One of them was David D. Colton, a mining promoter of much practical experience, who later was associated with Leland Stanford and Collis P. Huntington.

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Under the guidance of Arnold and Slack the investigators duly visited and inspected the diamond field, returning with more gems and glowing accounts of the fabulous richness of the deposit. Ralston by now was thoroughly convinced of the truth of the prospectors' story, particularly since Colton reported to him privately that precious stones were so plentiful on the site that they could be picked like cherries from the cracks of bowlders, and dislodged from the sand by a swing of the boot-heel. It may seem incredible today that a man of Ralston's financial and business acumen—and for that matter, such men as Horace Greeley, General George B. McClellan, General Benjamin F. Butler, Charles Lewis Tiffany, founder of the famous jewelry house of Tiffany & Company; and Baron Rothschild, the great English financier, all of whom became involved to some extent in the swindle—should have accepted such a preposterous yarn almost at face value. Yet in those days there was every reason to suppose that Arnold and Slack were telling the truth, and almost none to believe they were lying.

The New World then boasted very few, if any, competent geologists; mining engineering was largely a matter of guesswork; the American continent had been at best only sketchily explored, and the whole country was in a lather of excitement over the vast mineral treasures which the earth was just beginning to pour forth in great profusion. Gold and silver had been found in the most unlikely places, so why not diamonds? No man of authority would have been brash enough to say dogmatically that there were no diamond fields in the United States. Moreover, California boosterism was then even more rampant than now, and there would have been little surprise locally if the State had suddenly begun to produce gold-plated angels with platinum wings.

Ralston was so impressed by Colton's report that he at once resolved to promote the property, and made an agreement with Arnold and Slack which gave himself and Roberts an option of a half-interest in, and practical control of, what appeared to be a stupendous proposition, with prospects of incalculable returns. He gave the prospectors immediately about $50,000, put $300,000 in escrow for them, and promised $350,000 more after the exploiting company had been organized and the diamond fields again examined by a responsible mining engineer. Then Ralston cabled to London to enlist the services of a man who had frequently shown himself a genius in the promotion of mining enterprises—Asbury Harpending, destined to become the villain of the piece and, in the historical accounts of the swindle, to shoulder the onus of having originated the fraud. California historians customarily refer to Harpending as "a scamp," and further describe him as "an ingenious rogue" and "an accomplished scoundrel," but as a matter of truth he was in all likelihood, as he vehemently declares in his autobiography, "only a dupe, along with some of the most distinguished financiers of the generation."

II

But saint or sinner, Harpending remains one of the extraordinary figures of pioneer California. Born in Southwestern Kentucky, he emigrated to San Francisco in 1857, at the age of sixteen, and before he was twenty had accumulated a fortune of almost $2,000,000, most of which he dissipated in two abortive attempts to aid the Confederacy. In 1860 he was the guid-

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ing spirit and principal financial backer of a conspiracy to overthrow the Federal government in California and establish the Republic of the Pacific; and three years later he spent several months in prison for attempting, with two companions, to fit out a privateer in San Francisco and capture the shipments of gold which regularly left that port.

When he was released his fortune had dwindled to $8.50, but he soon made a lucky strike in the mines, and within a year was again a millionaire. He joined forces with Ralston as the banker was approaching the zenith of his career, and they were extraordinarily successful in various ventures with mining properties and San Francisco real estate. When Arnold and Slack appeared at the Bank of California with their diamonds, Harpending, at the ripe old age of thirty-two, was in London floating American mining securities and running a financial newspaper. He was also engaged in a titanic battle with Baron Grant, one of the overlords of British finance, who was promoting the famous Emma mine of Utah, which eventually resulted in a loss of almost £2,000,000 to British investors.

Ralston's message to Harpending cost $1,100 in cable tolls, and his description of the diamond fields sounded like an adventure of Sinbad the Sailor. It said that precious stones of incalculable value could be gathered in limitless quantities at nominal expense, and that at a low estimate the project was a $50,000,000 proposition. While Harpending was trying to decide whether to accede to Ralston's request to hurry to America and assist in the promotion, other reports of the discovery of a great diamond deposit in the United States began to reach London. Several English financiers called upon Harpending for information, knowing his association with Ralston. Among them was Baron Rothschild, head of the house of Rothschild, which later became the British agent of Ralston's development company. Harpending displayed Ralston's cable, and expressed the belief that the California banker had either gone mad or been deceived. According to Harpending, Baron Rothschild replied:

"Don't be so sure about that. America is a very large country. It has furnished the world with many surprises already. Perhaps it may have others in store."

This expression of confidence by the shrewdest financier of the age was sufficient to dissipate all of Harpending's doubts, so he put his affairs in order and sailed for the United States, accompanied by Alfred Rubery, a young English adventurer who had been one of his accomplices in the plot to sail a privateer out of San Francisco harbor.[1] They arrived in San Francisco in May, 1872, to find the town full of excitement over the great diamond discoveries, but with Ralston and Roberts in control. They had by this time added to their forces William M. Lent, who had been Ralston's associate in many enterprises.

The banker showed Harpending diamonds which local jewelers had valued at $125,000, and said that Arnold and Slack had gone to the diamond fields to bring back a couple of million dollars' worth of stones which they had promised to place in the hands of the promoters as a guarantee of good faith. In due time the prospec-

[1] The other was a Californian of Southern descent named Ridgley Greathouse. Rubery was a nephew of John Bright, the English publicist. Each of the three was sentenced to ten years in prison and fined $10,000, but Rubery was pardoned almost immediately by President Lincoln at the request of Bright. Harpending and Greathouse were released later, and their fines remitted, under the General Amnesty Act. Because he had a commission as captain in the Confederate Navy, Harpending was imprisoned a bit longer than the others.

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tors appeared in San Francisco with a bag of gems which the local experts valued at $1,125,000. As a matter of fact, all of the stones which Arnold and Slack had so far produced were not worth more than $20,000. The San Francisco jewelers knew nothing of rough diamonds, and overvalued them enormously.

Ralston now had in his possession diamonds believed to be worth at least $1,500,000, ample security for the $300,000 which had been placed in escrow, and which he immediately paid over to the prospectors, or rather to Arnold, who presented a power of attorney signed by Slack. Meanwhile General George S. Dodge and Maurice Dore, wealthy mining and real estate operators, had bought a part of the half-interest still owned by the prospectors, and had combined with the Ralston group. Ralston was eager to proceed with the formation of the exploiting and development company, but at a meeting of all concerned it was decided first to have New York experts pass on the diamonds, and to employ a competent engineer to make a final inspection of the deposit. Accordingly, a number of the stones were taken to New York by a party composed of Harpending, Rubery, General Dodge, Lent, and Arnold and Slack. Once there, the promoters retained Samuel Barlow, then one of America's most famous lawyers, as general counsel of the company.

General Benjamin F. Butler was soon added to the legal staff, largely because he was a member of Congress and could be relied upon to expedite the passage of legislation which would give the promoters control of a vast acreage of the public domain. Incidentally, he did so, and at the next session of Congress the mining laws were changed according to Ralston's wishes. Meanwhile, Charles Lewis Tiffany, head of Tiffany & Company, was asked to venture an opinion upon the diamonds, which were displayed at the home of Samuel Barlow. Several of New York's most distinguished citizens were on hand. Among them, besides Barlow and Tiffany, were Horace Greeley, General George B. McClellan, General Butler, and Mr. Duncan, head of the banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Company. Arnold and Slack were not invited, so they went out to see the sights of the great city and, it may be presumed, to do a bit of laughing up their sleeves. Tiffany pronounced the diamonds to be precious stones of enormous value, and offered to submit them to his lapidary for an exact appraisal. Two days later he issued a statement placing a valuation of $150,000 upon the stones, which was at least twenty times their real value.

The next concern of the promoters was to employ a mining engineer to examine the diamond fields. They naturally engaged Henry Janin, then the greatest mine expert in America, if not in the world, who had inspected more than six hundred mining properties and had never made a mistake. Janin's verdict on a mine was accepted as final, not only in the United States, but in Europe as well. However, he had never seen a diamond mine, and apparently possessed little real knowledge of geology. He agreed to accept the commission for $2,500 in cash and 1,000 shares of stock in the exploiting company, which he later sold to Harpending and Lent for $40,000.

The inspection party which finally left New York consisted of Janin, Lent, Rubery, Harpending, General Dodge, and, of course, Arnold and Slack. They left the Union Pacific Railroad at a small station near Rawlins, Wyoming, and then proceeded on horseback for several days. The

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prospectors led them over a circuitous route, and eventually into a sloping basin some forty acres in extent, well-watered and strewn with bowlders and ant-hills, which glistened with what Janin immediately said was emerald and diamond dust. The spot was between 6,500 and 7,000 feet above sea-level, and although no one knew it at the time except Arnold and Slack, it was in what is now Sweetwater county, Wyoming, between fifty and seventy-five miles from Black Butte Station. At no time was the party more than twenty-five miles from the main line of the Union Pacific.

Once upon the ground the eminent engineer set about his work with great diligence, kicking up the sand with his boot-heel, digging holes with his knife, and washing many pans of dirt. Everywhere he found diamonds, and occasionally rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. Other members of the party were equally successful, and there was great excitement. Arnold and Slack did no digging, but sat apart, smoking thoughtfully, seemingly bored with the whole matter. Within two days Janin was satisfied that the strike was genuine, and began exploring the adjacent country for more ground of the same sort. He staked off a vast territory, approximately three thousand acres, although, needless to say, he found no diamonds outside the carefully prepared area. This, however, did not disconcert him or arouse his suspicions; he only said that they would have to dig a little deeper.

The happy explorers remained at the diamond fields for several days, and then hastened back to New York to spread the glad news. Janin prepared a report couched in the most optimistic terms, and publicly expressed the opinion that with twenty laborers he could recover a million dollars' worth of diamonds a month, to say nothing of a fortune in emeralds, rubies and sapphires. He further reported privately to Ralston that the authenticity of the deposit was beyond question, and that he would be glad to consider an offer to act as superintendent of the actual mining operations.

Ralston and his fellow promoters immediately set about getting rid of Arnold and Slack, impressing upon the poor fellows that they would certainly be fleeced if they attempted to match wits with the financial giants who coveted their discovery, and who were clamoring for shares of the project. The prospectors were advised to get out while they could. They assented grudgingly, and soon after Janin had reported they retired from the scene, taking with them about $700,000 which had come from the coffers of some of the shrewdest business men in the United States. It never occurred to anyone to be suspicious of the fact that for this comparatively small sum Arnold and Slack were willing to give up, not only all rights to their discovery, but the diamonds they had already mined, which were supposed to be worth at least twice as much as Ralston and his associates had paid them.

III

With the uncouth prospectors out of the way, Ralston organized an exploiting and development company under the laws of California, called the San Francisco and New York Mining & Commercial Company, with a capital stock of $10,000,000, divided into 100,000 shares. Harpending suggested that the headquarters be located in New York, then as now the great home of American capital. This suggestion appears to have been one of the incidents forming the basis of that hostility

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to Harpending which is to be found in the California histories. Practically all of the historians regard it as a slight upon their State and city, and refer to it with great resentment.

However, Harpending was over-ruled by Ralston, who declared patriotically that San Francisco was prepared to furnish any amount of money required for the proper promotion of the diamond fields. To prove this statement, the company opened its books, and twenty-five bankers and capitalists, chosen from the highest ranks of Pacific Coast finance, were permitted to buy stock to the amount of $80,000 each. The $2,000,000 thus raised was placed to the credit of the company in the Bank of California. A stockholders' meeting was then held, and the following directors were elected: William M. Lent; A. Gansl, Pacific Coast representative of the Rothschilds; Milton S. Latham, head of the Central Pacific Railway and later Governor and United States Senator; Louis Sloss, president of the Alaska Commercial Company; Thomas Selby, founder of the Selby Smelting Works; Maurice Dore; William F. Babcock, William Willis, and Ralston.

Samuel Barlow and General George B. McClellan were also chosen members of the directorate, and were authorized to open branch offices in New York. Lent was elected president of the company; Ralston, treasurer, and David Colton, general manager. At this time Harpending owned at least half of the project, but he remained in the background to pull the strings. All of these various details having been arranged, articles of incorporation were filed at Sacramento on July 30, 1872. They empowered the company to engage in every sort of mining and commercial activity. The proud stockholders freely predicted that the great lapidary establishments of Amsterdam would be removed to the Pacific Coast, and that San Francisco would become the center of the world's diamond industry. Naturally, this caused a flurry in San Francisco real estate, by which some of the diamond promoters profited.

As soon as the company had been incorporated the text of Janin's report was made public, together with the names of the prominent men who had bought stock in the company. With their customary credulity the newspapers leaped headlong into the breach, and wild and improbable tales of the diamond fields were published in all the important Eastern and Western journals. The one feature of the story which should have aroused immediate suspicion was wholly ignored. That was the reported finding of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires in the same matrix, which is geologically impossible. As a matter of fact, several serious accounts said that pearls had also been recovered from the wondrous earth, and that diamonds had been found nestling in the forks of trees. "Scientists" thereupon expressed the solemn opinion that they had probably been hurled into the trees by a vast cataclysm of nature, without considering what such a cataclysm would have done to the trees.

The publication of Janin's report, followed by the weird journalistic interpretations of the discovery, soon had the whole country in a fever comparable only to that which prevailed in 1849, when everyone who could get transportation tried to reach the California gold mines. Thousands of men were eager to rush to the diamond fields. The trouble was, they didn't know where to go, for the location of the deposit had not yet been disclosed. Hundreds, however, prospected the desert regions of Nevada and Cali-

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fornia, and other hundreds hurried into Southeastern Arizona, where the New York *Sun*, in an article signed by "Old Miner," had definitely placed the new El Dorado. The author of this article also said that Ralston had in his possession a gem larger than a pigeon's egg, worth at least $500,000.

Several independent promoters took advantage of the excitement to organize other diamond mining companies and sell stock to the public, on no more substantial bases than vague hopes that additional deposits might be discovered. Ralston and his associates, however, decided to proceed with more caution, not through any consideration of potential investors, but because they were convinced such a course would net them more in the end. They thereby avoided a vast deal of financial heartache, for if the stock of the company had ever been placed on sale in the open market it would have brought enormous prices. About the middle of August, 1872, the directors sent a large batch of diamonds to the Rothschilds for sale in London, and then concluded to wait until the Spring of 1873 to begin mining operations and float the company's securities.

Meanwhile, palatial offices were fitted up in San Francisco, and topographers prepared a large map showing in relief the physical characteristics of the three thousand acres claimed by the company, and prominently displaying the positions of Ruby Gulch, Diamond Flat, Sapphire Hollow, and other aptly named locations. At various meetings the directors considered a plan to split their acreage into concessions, to be sold for so much in cash and a royalty on the gems recovered. Several offers, on a basis of $200,000 down and a royalty of 20%, were taken under advisement.

IV

While the San Francisco capitalists were thus preparing for what would truly have been the stock promotion campaign of the century, a geologist named Allen D. Wilson was riding a mule through the mountainous country of Southern Wyoming. He was making a topographical survey of the Fortieth Parallel for the United States Geological Survey, under the direction of Clarence King, geologist in charge. Wilson's field was from Fort Bridger, Wyo., east to Rawlins, and then south to the Yampa river and the Uinta Mountains. He first heard of the great diamond discovery when he reached Fort Bridger in October, 1872, and since the general location of the deposit had become known by that time, he realized that it was in the territory he had recently traversed. He had himself seen no diamonds, nor any geological formations in which diamonds might be expected to occur, so he was at once suspicious. He communicated his suspicions to King, and together they set out for the diamond fields, accompanied by S. F. Emmons, another geologist, and a middle-aged German immigrant who cooked for the party.

After travelling about 150 miles on horseback, the geologists reached the diamond territory on November 2, 1872, and easily located the workings. King promptly knocked over one of the glistening anthills, and soon found that it had never been constructed by ants. Then they discovered, pressed into a crevice of a large, flat rock, one diamond, one emerald, one ruby, and one sapphire, all of which they regarded as passing strange. Conclusive proof that the field had been salted, however, was furnished by the German cook. He began searching for diamonds on his

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own account as soon as the party arrived, and presently came running to King in great excitement, displaying a gem which he had dug out of the ground, and which plainly showed the marks of a lapidary's tool!

The geologists immediately returned to Fort Bridger, and King sent a telegram to Ralston, informing him that the diamond discovery was fraudulent and offering to prove his statement. The stunned financiers at once sent out a committee composed of Janin, David Colton, John W. Bost, and E. M. Fry, and King escorted them to the field, where a brief investigation was sufficient to show how it had been prepared. Arnold and Slack had simply punched holes in the ground with an iron rod, and into each hole had dropped a precious stone. They had kicked the dirt back into place, and the rains had soon destroyed all evidences of the tampering. To make assurance doubly sure, they had built some ant-hills, and liberally sprinkled them with diamond and emerald dust, and had pressed a few gems into the crevices of rocks.

Sadly the investigating committee returned to San Francisco to tell the Pacific Coast's shrewdest capitalists that they had been imposed upon by a couple of ignorant ruffians. They arrived just in time to read a cablegram from Baron Rothschild, informing the company that the diamonds which had been sent to London were almost worthless. They were coarse "niggerheads" mined in South Africa, and had been identified by a London dealer as having been purchased from him two years before by a rough-looking American. On top of this bad news a man named Cooper appeared and loudly insisted that he receive credit for suggesting to Arnold and Slack that they salt a field with diamonds. Putting in a few emeralds, rubies and sapphires for good measure was also his idea.

Cooper said he had assured the prospectors that the smart San Francisco financiers were really very simple, and that it would be a very easy matter to deceive them. His instructions were followed to the letter and then, he said with great bitterness, Arnold and Slack had refused to give him a cent of the profits. Therefore he would be highly gratified to see them strung up to the nearest tree. According to Cooper, Arnold made two trips to Europe, in 1870 and 1871, and bought some $35,000 worth of coarse diamonds to use in the salting operations. Later this statement was confirmed by Dutch and English dealers, who identified Arnold's photograph as that of the American who had shown such a curious passion for comparatively worthless diamonds. Cooper told his story to a committee appointed by Ralston to investigate the fraud, and again to the grand jury of San Francisco county, but no one was indicted and no one was ever punished. For a while there was great curiosity as to where Arnold had obtained the $35,000, but later it was shown that he had been very successful in mining deals, and that at one time he had had $50,000 to his credit in San Francisco.

The promoters of the great diamond discovery took it on the chin, but not without wincing, for jeers and laughter greeted them now instead of acclaim, and whenever they appeared on the streets they were annoyed by uncouth persons who asked them to look at a few diamonds. The directors of the San Francisco and New York Mining & Commercial Company, held a meeting and sorrowfully voted to discontinue operations forthwith, and most of them went into retirement until the affair had been forgotten in the excitement of new

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schemes. Ralston, William M. Lent, and Harpending were left holding the bag, together with General Dodge and Maurice Dore, who had dealt directly with Arnold and Slack.

Ralston and Harpending assumed responsibility for the $700,000 or so that had been paid the prospectors, and also repaid what remained of the $2,000,000 which had been subscribed by the twenty-five original stock-holders. It cost them more than $400,000 each. According to Harpending, no one actually lost money except himself, Lent, Ralston, and General Dodge, but it is quite probable that much more was lost than the public ever knew about. It was reported at the time that General McClellan, Horace Greeley, Charles Tiffany, Samuel Barlow, and General Butler had sunk considerable sums.

Harpending wrote in his autobiography that he became so disgusted with the turn the project had taken, and was so crushed by the burden of suspicion which was laid upon the promoters, that he sold his extensive California investments for whatever he could get and left San Francisco. His sudden departure probably had something to do with his unpopularity with California and San Francisco historians. They regarded it as a certain sign of guilt, for it has always been an axiom in California that anyone who leaves the Golden State voluntarily must be guilty of something, or else insane. Moreover, even noble bankers and financiers sometimes pass the buck, and with Harpending gone it was only natural that the finger of doubt should more and more point in his direction. The only direct accusation against him, however, was made by the London *Times*, which flatly charged him and Alfred Rubery with complicity in the fraud. As a British subject Rubery promptly brought suit for libel, won a verdict, and collected £10,000 damages. From San Francisco Harpending went to his old home in Kentucky, but in later years removed to New York, where he won and lost a fortune in Wall Street.

V

And what of Arnold and Slack, the villains who had made monkeys of some of America's greatest financial giants? Slack dropped out of sight entirely. Apparently Arnold had used him only for atmosphere. He possessed a singularly frank and honest countenance, and got very little if any of the proceeds of the fraud. Arnold returned to Elizabethtown, in Hardin county, Kentucky, where he had been born, and set himself up as a gentleman. William M. Lent followed him, and brought suit in Hardin county for $350,000, whereat Arnold bellowed loudly that the California sharks had despoiled him, and pointed to Janin's report and Tiffany's valuation as proof that he had really discovered a diamond field. Arnold probably would have won had the suit ever come to trial, for in his home county he was looked upon as something of a hero, but he chose to compromise, and settled with Lent for $150,000 and a promise of immunity from further litigation.

Soon thereafter Arnold again yearned for adventure in the realms of finance, and opened a bank in Elizabethtown. For a while he did a big business, much to the annoyance of a business rival. The rival's resentment finally assumed the form then customary in Kentucky, and Arnold took to his bed with a load of buckshot in his shoulder. Pneumonia developed, and he died late in 1873, about a year after Clarence King had kicked over that ant-hill in Wyoming.

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AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

EDUCATIONAL news from the Magnolia A. & M. College, the pride and glory of this Commonwealth, as reported by the United Press:

> Students at Magnolia A. & M. College, balloting on the "greatest living American," chose William H. (Alfalfa Bill) Murray, Governor of Oklahoma, for that honor, a count of votes revealed today. Henry Ford ranked second and Alfred E. Smith was third. Woodrow Wilson was voted the "greatest American of all time" and George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were second and third.

CALIFORNIA

FROM the *Daily Police Bulletin* of Los Angeles:

> Information has been received that certain members of this department are in the habit of testing liquor for its alcoholic content in the courtroom in presence of court, jurors and the public. Needless to say, this action on the part of an officer is not dignified.
>
> Officers are instructed to conduct their tests elsewhere.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the same town:

> For the loss of an eye, allegedly because it was struck by a sugar cube tossed at a Lions Club luncheon in 1929, William J. McWhinnie has been awarded $10,000. Protestations of attorneys that at the height of the fun McWhinnie poured a glass of water into the coat pocket of Eloi Amar and that sugar cubes so filled the air that no one could be certain just who hit McWhinnie did not shake the Superior Court jury's belief that McWhinnie was entitled to damages from Amar.

BELLES LETTRES come to Hollywood, as disclosed by the *Herald* thereof:

> The poetry of immortal masters will be depicted on the screen in word and picture, in a series of poetic presentations to be filmed by Famous Classics.
>
> Soul stirring epics penned by such philosophers as Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Burns, Bret Harte, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Walt Whitman, Robert W. Service, and Rudyard Kipling, will come to life on the screen in the series.
>
> Film artists who will appear in these sketches are Charles (Chic) Sale, Hobart Bosworth, Lew Cody, James Gleason, Mary Carr, Louise Fazenda, Zasu Pitts, and there will be others.
>
> Sale will be shown in "Whisperin' Bill," a poem by Irving Bacheller. Gleason will appear in "Casey at The Bat," by E. L. Thayer. "Over The Hill to The Poorhouse" has been selected for Mary Carr, while Lew Cody will appear in "Johnnie Corteau," by Drummond, and Hobart Bosworth in "Jim," by Bret Harte.

ILLINOIS

PUBLIC announcement in the weekly *Oak Leaves* of Oak Park:

> CLAYTON D. CRAWFORD
>
> DIRECTOR OF INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS
>
> If you need assistance in the thought, composition or delivery of some speech,
>
> If you want to preside over or participate in a meeting more effectively,
>
> If you want to broaden your knowledge by joining a group to discuss problems of the day,
>
> If you want to improve and extend your thinking,
>
> If you want to enjoy more cultural and personal power,
>
> *Call Professor Crawford at Euclid 2678.*

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INDIANA

LATEST news from the University of Notre Dame:

> In a new chapel in Dillon Hall, red and green lights will be placed in the confessional box. The red light will signify that a penitent is being heard. The green light will denote that the priest is ready to hear confessions. The lights are operated automatically as the penitent kneels and rises.

IOWA

ADVERTISEMENT in the Des Moines *Register*:

> IS HELL HOT?
>
> Hear This Sweeping Away of the Cobwebs of Ignorance and Superstition from Around the Bible
>
> *Do Not Fail to Tune in WOC, Davenport and WHO, Des Moines, 1000 kc.*
>
> SUNDAY EVENING, 6:00 O'CLOCK
>
> Some of the questions to be answered in this lecture are: Is Hell hot? Who goes to Hell? What is the Bible penalty for sin? Will money buy your way out of Hell? Where is Hell located? What is the source or foundation of this doctrine?

KANSAS

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Ad-Visor* of Goodland:

> Parties who have liquor stored in my cane shocks, please remove at once, as I want to haul the cane home.
>
> —E. S. HOUSE.

MARYLAND

UNITED PRESS dispatch from Hyattsville:

> Hijackers broke into jail here early today and stole twenty-five cases and two kegs of liquor while a policeman in the room slept undisturbed. Other officers were in a room nearby playing cards.

MISSOURI

FROM the celebrated St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:

> Jazz music—long the object of denunciation from many quarters—found a defender last night in the Rev. Bernard C. Clausen of the First Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., who, in a sermon at the Third Baptist Church here, described it as being above either press, pulpit or school as an influence for the good in the eyes of the youth of America.
>
> "The best preaching in America, pointing young minds day after day to the highest ideals of life, comes not from the pulpits nor from the press nor from the schools, but from jazz," said the Rev. Mr. Clausen.
>
> The speaker elaborated on three compositions of the last five years, "Blue Heaven," "Among My Souvenirs" and "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella."
>
> Referring to the "Blue Heaven" song, he said: "That little song has done more to lift the level of the American home life than all the sermons we have ever preached about it. I hate to admit that, but I know that is true."
>
> He pointed to "Among My Souvenirs" as a dance tune which "sobs its message into a million young hearts which the church could never reach, proclaiming the solemn lesson that life consists of experience and memory."
>
> Of the Smile-Umbrella song he said: "The important thing is not the rain nor the umbrella, but the smile—and what is going on inside your heart."

NEBRASKA

SERMON subject at the Methodist Episcopal Church of Ainsworth:

> GOD'S IRRIGATION SYSTEM

NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE musical doings of the Woman's Club of Franklin, as reported by the *Journal-Transcript* thereof:

> Frederick French of Bedford, with Mr. Llewellyn as accompanist, entertained the group with his fine singing voice. Mr. French's training has not spoiled the natural ease with which he sings, and his choice leads him naturally to the home songs that are nearest the heart. . . . We missed Mr. French's "Gosh". There is an ecstatic quality in the word as he says it, that strikes a new note in musical appreciation.
>
> MRS. BARRON SHIRLEY,
> Press Correspondent.

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NEW YORK

FROM the New York *Times*:

> People streamed all day yesterday in to St. Bartholomew's Church, Park avenue and Fiftieth street, where they viewed in silence the figure of Christ, which is clearly discernible in the veining of the brownish marble on the wall of the sanctuary. The figure, measuring about a foot and a half in height, was discovered by the Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood, rector of the church.
>
> Groups of women stood in the chancel gazing at the unusual picture in the marble, directly over the centre of the sanctuary door. Some pressed close to the communion rail to get a nearer view. In the late afternoon, as twilight deepened outside and the paling daylight diffused the brilliant colors of the multipaned windows in the north and south transepts, the soft strains of the organ added to the impressive scene of men and women standing in reverence before the Christ-like figure.
>
> In his study in the church, Dr. Norwood explained how he first had discovered the picture in the marble.
>
> "The dominant theme in my sermons at St. Bartholomew's has been the resurrected Christ," he said. "A year ago, during Lent, I delivered a noon-day series on 'His Glorious Body,' which is now published in book form. One day, at the conclusion of my talk, I happened to glance at the sanctuary wall and was amazed to see this lovely figure of Christ in the marble. I had never noticed it before. As it seemed to me to be an actual expression on the face of the marble of what I was preaching, I consider it a curious and beautiful happening.
>
> "I have a weird theory that the force of thought, a dominant thought, may be strong and powerful enough to be somehow transferred to stone in its receptive state. How this Christ-like figure came to be there, of course, I don't know. It is an illusion that grows before the vision. Has thought the power of life? People can scoff, but the figure is there. There are certain types of people, of course, who would never see it in its expressed force and beauty, perhaps not at all. Under their gaze the illusion would vanish."

NORTH CAROLINA

UNITED STATES SENATOR CAMERON MORRISON, as reported by the Raleigh *News and Observer*:

> I got to be Governor and lived in the executive mansion for four years, and while I was there God gave me a good, noble woman for my wife. She has some money. She, too, had seen much service and as a nurse had ministered to suffering humanity. We have retired to our farm and there she fights the Devil through the Presbyterian church, and whatever money is left and I get hold of I use to fight the Devil through the Democratic party. And I tell her they're about the same anyway.

VIRGINIA

THE REV. DR. BROWN B. SMITH, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Staunton, as reported by the *Leader* thereof:

> Dr. Smith very clearly showed that "of all the Scouts," Jesus was the greatest. "He was over and above the eagle Scout, in that He kept the laws perfectly and received every merit badge which Heaven could offer."

WASHINGTON

THE Higher Learning at the University of Washington, as broadcast by the College News Service:

> "Strict supervision" of all departmental assemblies will hereafter be exercised by the administration of the University of Washington, it was announced this week, following a talk given by Sherwood Eddy, author and traveller, on industrial Russia.
>
> "No speaker will be allowed to speak on the campus at an open assembly if he intends to attack the State or national government, specific individuals or the university itself," declared President M. Lyle Spencer.
>
> "The university emphatically does not want so-called 'Red' speeches on the campus."
>
> Eddy was declared to have challenged present governmental practices and to have

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criticized Samuel Insull and Senator Hiram Bingham by name.

"Hereafter, all talks of such a nature that they may be directed against the government or against certain individuals will be limited to departmental assemblies of an academic nature," President Spencer said. Newspaper men would be excluded from such gatherings.

WISCONSIN

INCAUTIOUS contribution to history by the Burlington *Standard-Democrat*:

Albert Gallatin, Democrat of Pennsylvania, had the longest term of service as Secretary of the Treasury—twelve years—serving under President Jefferson for two terms and under President Madison one term. Andrew W. Mellon, Republican of Pennsylvania, comes next with a term of eleven years. Three Presidents served under Secretary Mellon.

CANADA

THE UPLIFT hits Montreal:

Board of Censorship of Theatres, Civic Library, 1210 Sherbrooke Street, East.

Police Department, FERNAND DUFRESNE, *Director*, E. H. GOBEIL and C. BARNES, *Assistant Directors*.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THEATRES, PLAY-HOUSES, AND OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT

The attention of the managers of theatres, play-houses and other places of amusement is called to the following regulations, which have been adopted for enforcement by the Board of Censorship of the City of Montreal, with a view of maintaining a proper standard of public amusements.

Performances of every kind must always be governed by the dictates of propriety and refinement. Obviously, among other things, such features as the following must be excluded from performances, namely:

1. Dialogues, gestures, songs (especially parodies), language, or conversation of any kind which are directly or by double meaning obscene or lascivious.
2. Everything that may result in the performance not being confined entirely to the stage. This prohibits female performers, whether artists, figurantes, or members of a chorus, from using the aisles or passageways of the theatre, and performers of either sex from occupying or using seats in the auditorium, boxes, or balconies of a theatre during their act.
3. The appearance, upon the stage, of bare-legged females.
4. The wearing of one-piece union suits by females, except if used in living pictures, and subject, in such case, to special permission from the Board of Censorship.
5. The portrayal, by performers of either sex, of a dope fiend in the act of taking a hypodermic injection, or inhaling or eating dope, intended to show the effects of narcotics upon a human being.
6. All forms of muscle dancing by performers of either sex. This includes every dance which involves suggestive or repulsive contortions of the human body.
7. The use of profanity.
8. The portrayal of a moral pervert or sex degenerate.
9. Plays with Bolshevist tendencies or expounding Communistic theories, liable to be used as propaganda and as incitation to rebellion, which said plays are banned and must not, in any case, be performed on the stage.
10. Plays wherein religion, creeds, whatever they may be, or clergymen are criticised, blamed or ridiculed, which said plays are absolutely prohibited.

J. P. FILION,
Censor of Theatricals.

CANADIAN PRESS dispatch from the grand old town of Kingston:

Arrival here today of Toll Gate, the famous Kingston race horse and star performer on the trotting track, was marked by a civic reception. Accompanied by his owner, J. M. Roddy, the horse arrived at the docks and a welcome was extended by Mayor George C. Wright and civic officials. A procession accompanied Toll Gate through the city to his quarters.

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PORTRAIT OF A SOVEREIGN STATE

BY JORGE J. BLANCO

SOMEWHERE on Isthmian soil lie the bones of an obscure Chinaman who died that Panama might be free. Conscientious efforts to locate the grave or even to establish the identity of its occupant have been fruitless. Yet this lone casualty is Panama's only martyr to the cause of liberty. He is the country's Nathan Hale, Danton and Maceo rolled into one, an unknown soldier in an unknown tomb. A shell from the Colombian gunboat *Bogotá* found him at his rice on November 3, 1903, and snuffed out his obscure life in the name of Panamanian independence.

The freedom for which this exile gave up the ghost has now been in effect for nearly twenty-nine years, guarded and guaranteed by the United States under the terms of a treaty that was executed and signed under circumstances so amazing as to be without parallel, perhaps, in the diplomatic history of the world. Its first article proclaims that "the United States guarantees and will maintain the independence of the Republic of Panama." This stipulation has been rigorously respected, but in the years that have passed, and in the light of American activity and expansion on the Isthmus, one qualifying and illuminating phrase might well have been added to the article. That additional phrase, appended without benefit of comma or other mark of punctuation, might have read "of any country but the United States." Panama, in fact, remains a sovereign nation only in so far as her sovereignty does not clash with the ideas of the elder statesmen of the State, War and Navy Building at Washington.

In the parks and plazas of Panama City rise no honored effigies of the Chinese hero, but by the same token there are other patriots of the revolution whose likenesses are also not yet perpetuated in stone or bronze. There is, for instance, the Colombian General Esteban Huertas, who took his force of 500 men over to the side of the Panamanian liberators. There is Colonel Shaler, superintendent of the Panama Railroad, who refused to haul the Colombian expeditionary force over his line from Colon to Panama to quell the uprising without payment of cash fares in advance. Then there is Phillippe Bunau-Varilla, a Gallic Wallingford, now ending his days in his native France, who rushed to the United States as Panamanian minister to Washington, and hastily signed the Canal Treaty with Secretary of State John Hay. Finally, there is his American confrère, William Nelson Cromwell, New York attorney for the Panama Railroad Company, who helped get the $40,000,000 paid for the rights and property of the French Canal Company.

To none of these has the sculptor devoted his art, yet without their efforts Panama might still be groaning under the Colombian yoke. Did Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, who became Panama's first President, have them in mind when, on

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the momentous day that the revolution came to fruition, he declaimed, "The world is astounded at our heroism"?

Whatever heroism was evinced, it was assuredly brought to the surface by the practical spirit of the newly-born Twentieth Century. As the legislators in the Colombian capital of Bogotá paced the tribune, hurling invective upon the avaricious Yankee and blocking the ratification of the Hay-Herrán Treaty, the Panamanian patriots saw slipping from their grasp a prospect of golden prosperity. Meanwhile, the French patriots and their New York representatives beheld their chances fading of getting out from under with a fat cash indemnity. Thus are the fires of revolution stoked. Thus are fed the flames of patriotic derring-do.

Among the yellowing archives of the State Department is preserved a convention executed in 1846 between the United States and the government of New Granada (which later became the Republic of Colombia). It established that "the right of way across the Isthmus of Panama shall be free and open to the government and citizens of the United States" and was made to apply to "any modes of communication that now exist or that may be hereafter constructed." In return, the United States guaranteed "the perfect *neutrality* of the . . . Isthmus with the view that free transit from one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time" and promised solemnly to protect "in the same manner, *the rights of sovereignty and property* which New Granada has and possesses over the territory." The abrupt repudiation of this treaty came in the form of Roosevelt's recognition of the independence of Panama on November 6, 1903, three days after Panama's citizens had proclaimed themselves free.

II

M. Bunau-Varilla, one of the few survivors of the first line patriots of Panama, merits an ample niche in the devious and twisted gallery of personages who order international affairs. He should be regarded by the Panamanians as their Lafayette. True, he brought them a treaty instead of a sword, but through it they found their present prosperity. In the space of a few years the mudhole that was Panama City and the depressing swamp that was Colon took on the semblance of towns in which people might live in some degree of comfort.

The city of Panama, where most of the Republic's life is centered, boasts no stateliness and little dignity, but before the world débâcle of 1929 it had become a thing of joy to the shopkeepers who had known it in the pre-Canal era. Although the American government department stores on the Canal Zone, paying no duty on their merchandise, freely continued interpreting their rights to widen their clientèle in ever-increasing measure, and sorely irked the Panamanian merchants thereby, the latter, nevertheless, piled up profits on their sales at a rate that would astound business men in other non-industrial capitals of Latin America. They had, in fact, done so well by themselves as to make Panama one of the cities where the cost of living was highest.

This hard-headed insistence on large profits and quick turnovers, coupled with an abysmal ignorance or disregard of modern merchandising methods, today makes the necessity, at least for a foreigner, of buying in Panama's stores an ordeal and a provocation to violence. Indolent and often insolent salespeople are the rule rather than the exception, and the creation of a will-to-buy among his customers is a

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practice that the merchant has never taken it upon himself to follow.

This situation, trivial as it may seem at first glance in the broad field of international intercourse, has yet an important bearing upon Panamanian-American relations. For the Panamanian merchants have long been in a flutter over the competition that they say is offered them by the Canal Zone commissaries, which are operated by the United States government-owned Panama Railroad.

Article XIII of the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty provides that the United States may import at any time into the Canal Zone, free of customs duties, "all provisions, medicines, clothing, supplies and other things necessary and convenient for the officers, employés, workmen and laborers in the service and employ of the United States and for their families". This it does today in accordance with the treaty, and among the "necessary and convenient" articles are oriental rugs, French perfumery, jewelry, and a conglomeration of other luxuries wondrous to behold.

The spread of the commissaries' clientèle between 1903 and 1926, when a new treaty was signed *and rejected by Panama* is shown by the provisions of Article IV of the 1926 draft, which stipulated that

> the sale of goods imported into the Canal Zone by the government of the United States shall be limited by it to the officers, employés, workmen and laborers in the service or employ of the United States or of the Panama Railroad Company and the families of all such persons, and to such other persons . . . as may be permitted by the United States to dwell in the Canal Zone, and who actually do dwell in said zone. . . . The United States will continue to extend the privilege of dealing at its commissaries and storehouses to such foreign diplomatic agents accredited to the Republic of Panama as the Panamanian Government may specifically request.

Although these stipulations were in a treaty that has never been ratified, they have gradually come into effect. The persons who are permitted to dwell in the Canal Zone and enjoy commissary privileges include shipping agents of almost every European nationality, employés of the branches of American banks operating in Panama, and even a lawyer from New York, whose only claim to the privileges lies in the fact that he practises in a Canal Zone court. The diplomatic agents include an impressive roster of Panamanians with fancy honorary consulships, ranging from El Salvador to Turkey. Their "families", to whom the buying privileges are extended, reach in many instances to the uttermost limits of consanguinity, and as most of the buyers of this class are active in Panamanian politics or are related to those who are, the scattered handful of customs inspectors on the Canal Zone borders let them pass back into Panama without molestation.

This, then, is the situation that has aroused the evil passions of the Panamanian retailers. But their protests have never been recognized by the United States. At this writing the State Department has before it a lengthy memorial setting forth the complaints of the Panama Association of Commerce, and pleading that the commissaries sell only to *bona fide* Canal and Panama Railroad employés and the personnel of the American Army and Navy in the Zone, but it is entirely safe to predict that it will elicit little more than a polite reply. That the profits of the Panama Railroad must not be endangered has come to be a part of the War and State Department creed.

When a group of New York financial and business leaders petitioned Mr. Coolidge in 1927 in behalf of the Panama merchants, the sphinx of Northampton

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referred darkly to treaty rights. Whenever the Panamanian merchants grow vociferous in their demands for stricter vigilance over commissary privileges, the Metal Trades Council of the Canal Zone, a pocket edition of the American Federation of Labor, which renders obeisance to the Canal administration as the A. F. of L. salaams before the Republican party, darkly threatens a boycott of Panamanian stores. This threat, if made on continental United States territory, might bring down the heavy hand of the law, but the Canal Zone authorities grin slyly as they see it whip the merchants into silence.

The commissary privilege is a two-handed weapon, useful to Panamanian politicians and Canal Zone officials alike. When a high Panamanian functionary requests it for someone, as a political favor, it is invariably granted, but for every favor thus extended the Zone government may expect one in return.

III

The unusual state of mind of the Panamanian Fathers in 1903 is revealed by the almost incredible sentence embodied in Article III of the National Constitution, proclaimed on February 15, 1904:

> The territory of the Republic is established subject to the jurisdictional limitations stipulated or that are [to be] stipulated in the public treaties celebrated with the United States of North America for the construction, maintenance or sanitation of any means of interoceanic transit.

Here we have a new sovereign state establishing at birth the paramount rights of an alien power! But the Panamanian national consciousness has developed with the speeding years, and the astounding dominance granted to the United States as a reward for assuring Panama's freedom is now painfully deplored, and at times the chorus of mourning rises to a high-pitched ululation. Bunau-Varilla is repudiated, even regarded by some as a betrayer. But the treaty he negotiated and signed still stands.

It gives the United States the ten-mile wide Canal Zone strip in perpetuity, and the use, occupation and control of any other lands *outside* the Zone which may be necessary for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation and protection of the Canal or any auxiliary canal or other works, etc. It gives the United States in perpetuity a group of islands in Panama Bay. It grants the United States the right to acquire any lands in the cities of Panama or Colon, or adjacent to their harbors, *by the right of eminent domain.*

It grants to the United States the right and authority to intervene "for the maintenance of public order in the cities of Panama and Colon and the territories and harbors adjacent thereto in case the Republic of Panama should be, *in the judgment of the United States,* unable to maintain such order". It allows the United States to take whatever measures it deems necessary, to employ its land and naval forces to execute them, and to establish fortifications to protect the Canal.

These and other similar provisions, including the right of the United States to carry on all sanitary activities in the cities of Panama and Colon, are capped and reinforced by the unparalleled third article of the treaty, which grants to the United States all rights, power and authority in the Zone and within the limits of all auxiliary lands and waters "*as if it were the sovereign of the territory within which such lands and waters are located, to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power or authority*".

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All this provides the more reflective Panamanians with an acute pain in the neck. The Republic's legal lights shudder at the mention of the article, and some of them pen long monographs to define where "jurisdiction" begins and "sovereignty" ends. But this hair-splitting and teeth-gnashing have caused the United States little visible concern. American lawmakers, including Senator Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia, have even spoken very vigorously for American sovereignty over the Zone. Defending the rejected additional Treaty of 1926, Senator Swanson has asserted that the United States possesses *absolute sovereignty* there and does not propose to surrender it.

Senator Borah alone appears to sense a source of future embarrassment for the United States in the situation. Not long ago, while advocating a reservation to the Inter-America Arbitration Treaty to exclude its provisions from applying to a number of treaties already in force, he held that the United States had never really secured title to the Canal Zone, and reminded his colleagues that arbitration on that point could be sought by Panama at the World Court or the League of Nations. "Some of the [Foreign Relations] Committee members," he said, "feel that it would not be wise to allow this to be called up for arbitration".

With every deference to the Senator's erudition in matters of international jurisprudence, a careful perusal of the Treaty of 1903 tends to establish the conviction that if the United States has no title to the Canal Zone it at least holds an unbreakable lease on the property. Its civil police maintain the peace therein, its judges give out the law, and the old Colombian code, which was observed over a period of years, is now giving way to a new set of laws under enactment by Congress.

IV

The city of Colon, formerly the Aspinwall of grisly reputation, is almost entirely the property of the Panama Railroad Company, whose operations are solidly interwoven with the administration of the Canal. A few blocks of the city, comprising about ten acres, belong to the government of Panama, and on this land are erected various public buildings and the structures housing most of the bars and "restricted districts" of the town. The satraps of the railroad company deny virtuously that they, too, rent houses to dealers in alcoholics or women of professional unchastity, but the entire accuracy of their disclaimer is extremely doubtful.

In any event, the ownership of most of Panama's second city by a corporation that is the absolute property of a foreign government is yet another bizarre factor in a remarkable situation. But the government of Panama exercises civil control and collects building taxes from those who lease land from the railroad company.

Some day the World Court, if it survives the nose-thumbings of irreverent and incorrigible governments, may have to hear Panama's plea for final title to the Colon site, which was granted to the Panama Railroad in 1867 by the Colombian Government. The terms of the concession provide that the property is to revert to the original owner or its successor, which is Panama, after ninety-nine years, or in 1966. The State Department, however, has seen fit to interpret the fate of this land otherwise, asserting that it will become United States property or at least pass under Canal Zone control *in perpetuity* when the railroad concession expires.

But there arose a suspicion that the United States Government may have felt none too firm in its rights in Panama as

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established by the 1903 Treaty, when, in 1926, negotiations for a new pact were set under way in Washington. This treaty was written and signed by the representatives of both parties, but its prehensile nature made of it a capsule too great and too bitter for the Panamanian legislature to swallow, and it was turned back to Washington for revision. There it now lies.

Not only does the instrument embody all of the advantages to the United States that are contained in the Treaty of 1903, but it provides for many new ones. It arranges for the construction of a trans-Isthmian road, surfaced with concrete, to be paid for in great part by Panama, but to be under joint Panamanian-American control. It places all radio communication and all aircraft operation in the Republic under similar joint direction. It limits the emission of Panama's silver currency, and baldly provides that "the Republic of Panama will consider itself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States should be a belligerent".

The pact also makes the United States a gift of an additional portion of the city of Colon, upon which Canal Zone employés' quarters and recreation buildings are located. In 1929 this provision was denounced by Dr. J. D. Arosamena, then Panamanian Foreign Minister, who said: "By acquiescing, Colon would virtually be hemmed in on two sides by the Canal Zone. It would mean the beginning of the end for our second largest city." But Senator Swanson professed to view the treaty as a highly moral covenant, for he said:

> In its general aspect it seems to be a very fair and just one, and advantageous alike to Panama and the United States. Under it the United States obtains some rights and advantages not possessed in treaties previously made, but Panama obtains some privileges that had been denied her.

Just what these privileges are that the United States is empowered to offer or deny a sister nation, on her own soil, have never been quite satisfactorily explained to Panama. Perhaps the Senator included the boon of being allowed to enroll as an ally of the United States in case of war. Perhaps he was giving thought to the generous permission extended to Panama to ship alcoholic liquors through Canal Zone territory to Panamanian points, under the seal and certificate of the Panamanian Government. Or was he reminded of the freedom granted to Panamanian merchants to do business with vessels in Canal Zone waters, provided that such transactions were not against the interests of the Canal?

The Hon. Frank B. Kellogg, since elevated to an international judgeship, pricked to annoyance by Panama's flat rejection of the treaty, brought to bear the suave and learned diplomatic attributes for which he has ever been famed, and declared that articles which appeared in certain European newspapers influenced the Panamanian assemblymen to deny ratification. This was promptly denied by the press of Panama, which pointed out that few foreign newspapers, except those published in the United States, are circulated in the Republic.

V

Its population, according to the 1923 census, was more than 467,000. This included 52,000 whites, 86,000 Negroes, 33,000 Indians, 3,000 orientals (Hindus, Chinese and Japanese) and 268,000 mestizos. The government is almost completely in the hands of the whites and mestizos, and, although the other races are indeed prolific, anthropological studies incline to the conclusion that the population will take on increasingly a lighter trend. Recent immigration bans,

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aimed at the entry of non-Caucasians, if maintained, will further assure this development.

The restrictions imposed upon Panama by the 1903 Treaty have, of their very nature, hindered the flowering of a distinctive national political ideology, but as the masses of the people assume the white man's viewpoint, an insistence upon greater freedom of action, unhampered by American protectionist control, may be expected.

Panama's traditional flair for revolution is inhibited by the presence of 10,000 American troops in Canal Zone posts. These troops have crossed the boundaries "to maintain order" in Panama on three occasions—in 1918, in 1921 and again in 1925. Their handiness for action and the alacrity with which their officers stand to arms and sniff the air for the smoke of battle are all that have prevented the disturbance of the relative quiet and order prevailing in the country during its twenty-nine years of national existence.

During the 1925 rent riots, American infantrymen donned steel trench helmets and heavy packs, and followed by their rolling field kitchens, marched all of four miles to pitch camp in the pleasant park at the foot of the Tivoli Hotel. Equipped as for a bitter campaign against a formidable enemy, they cleared the streets at the point of the bayonet and manhandled a few angry citizens who were demonstrating against the profiteering landlords.

The generals and colonels of the American forces suffered a deep disappointment in January, 1931, when they were not brought in with their troops to quell the revolution of the Accion Comunal. When the firing started in the vicinity of the Presidential Palace in the early morning hours the commander of the American troops on the Zone aroused himself, and was one of the first arrivals at the American Legation, ready to give the command to march. It is doubtful if he had any business to be at the Legation, for one of the first military orders issued on the Zone ruled Panamanian territory out of bounds for all American officers and men during the revolution and for some time afterward.

The United States Minister, Mr. Roy T. Davis, was the first envoy representing his country in Panama to apply common sense and restraint to an unsettled state of affairs. He refused to intervene in the revolution, which, incidentally, was executed successfully. The American force, which he declined to call upon to enter Panama, might conceivably have turned the streets into a shambles, as the young revolutionists, representing the best element of the country, were undeniably roused to such a heated pitch that they would have faced the Yankee machine-guns and Springfield rifles with the same fervor that animated them in their battle against the Panamanian police. Thus Mr. Davis may be credited with saving an untold number of lives, and averting a scandal that the United States could not have lived down in Latin America for generations. By his course he greatly enhanced his popularity in Panama, and established a genuine feeling of respect for his acumen and judgment.

Some of the other diplomats who have appeared in Panama bearing letters of credence from Washington have reflected no glory on the United States. The peculiar relations between the Canal Zone authorities and the Panama government can easily make a complete sinecure of the post of American minister unless it is filled by an active man who knows his way about alone. One minister, typical of most previous American envoys, attended a formal evening function, and in discussing the

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affair afterward one of his compatriots asked another what the minister had worn.

"The usual stuffed shirt", was the reply.

Few of these diplomats gave any serious attention to the study of Spanish, and this neglect proved very discomfiting to another minister a few years ago. Present as United States delegate at a session of a Pan-American Conference of an innocuous and almost social nature, he heard a businesslike Honduran behind him deliver an impassioned address in Spanish. The Honduran took as his theme the iniquities of the United States, and declared that as all the delegates were gathered in Panama, even if for another purpose, they might just as well go on record as voicing their government's disapproval of the sins of the Colossus of the North. The American plenipotentiary heard *los Estados Unidos*, the only words he could understand, mentioned several times by the speaker, and at the conclusion of the address, which was received by the other delegates in silence, he amazed his colleagues by rising and warmly thanking the orator for his words.

VI

The principal street of Panama is faced with ugly, mismatched buildings, mostly of wood, unpainted and dirty. The city's slums, in many cases, are located in streets adjacent to this main thoroughfare, and the pedestrian is met by unpleasant odors as he picks his way at night over the débris strewn by prowling dogs and cats from the uncovered garbage cans that adorn the sidewalks. His nostrils are also assailed by aromas of burning grease from the exposed kitchens of countless cheap eating places that line the avenues. The sanitary control of Panama is in the hands of United States officials appointed for the purpose and occupying comfortable suites of offices in the Canal Administration Building on lovely Balboa Heights. But the matter of offal containers and evil smells is probably regarded by them as an æsthetic question rather than as one of sanitation, and in any case it must give precedence to the inspection of Canal Zone house-screens, and mosquito hunts in swamps miles from the cities.

The lessons in so-called civilization that Panama has learned from her Canal Zone neighbors are hardly visible, but the reverse is not the case. The innate jealousy of his personal freedom felt by every Latin-American has communicated itself to numerous Americans on the Canal Zone, to the destruction of their rock-ribbed evangelical ideas. The bars and cafés of Panama are opened on Sunday, and the drugstores are closed. Most of the cafés are supported by Americans from across the line, and while the drinking is serious and enlightened, the proportion of inebriation is infinitely less than in speakeasies in the United States.

Never an artistic people, the Panamanians have produced nothing distinctive of a native craft aside from rude products of the weaver and goldsmith on the San Blas Islands, where 25,000 Indians maintain themselves aloof from inter-marriage with the white and Negro. The West Indian black has brought little to the shores of Panama beyond a British self-assertiveness that sets ill upon him in his condition of complete dependence upon the menial and poorly-paid tasks that the land has to offer him in the way of a living.

The hope that lies for Panama in the future rests in some straining of the races wherefrom a people will emerge, wiser, even if sadder, about signing treaties, and eager to safeguard the national rights that are left to them with a spirit loftier than that which was evident in 1903.

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RUM ROW: WESTERN

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

RUM Row lies four-and-a-half miles off the west coast of Mexico. There are no gangsters or racketeers there, though it is true that sometimes a Big Shot will come out from Ensenada. He will be dressed in a flashy salt-and-pepper suit, a loud tie with a diamond pin, and probably a checked cap or a brown derby—in other words, as a gangster would be expected to dress.

He will put on quite a little dog among these small-town liquor dealers, and sneer derisively when they row from vessel to vessel for friendly calls and afternoon tea. He will tell them startling stories about bumpings off, gambling-hells and heavy drinking among his associates ashore. Often he will give them magnanimously some hints about how Chinamen and dope can be run into the States as well as liquor; and when he is told that the Rum Row men are not in the business—that they must preserve their honorable reputations—he will laugh, flip his cigarette on to the cabin carpet, drink their whiskey and call them old women. However, they console themselves with the thought that even though they are old-fashioned, still they manage to deliver ashore, quietly and peacefully, about 500,000 cases of assorted wines and liquors a year.

The men of Rum Row are principally tugboat men and fishermen who formerly worked in the inland waters about Vancouver. They come south for a year or more at a time, some of them to work on the base ships anchored off the coast, and others to handle the fast ex-submarine chasers that carry the liquor to points off the United States where small speedboats come out and unload them. Most of these jobs are entirely within the law—in fact, all of them are except those on the few boats which "run in"—that is, go into American waters to unload. This is very dangerous, for the speedboat operators ashore resent having their lucrative jobs taken away. They revenge themselves by helping the revenue men capture such boats.

If you have a power boat and wish to visit Rum Row, steer for a point about twenty miles down the coast from Ensenada, and five miles south-southwest of Point Santo Tomas. You will find many vessels there, and they will supply you with whatever liquor your heart desires, so long as you agree formally not to take it into the United States. On one of the vessels there is quite a quantity of Mercier champagne, 1919, American brut, in pints and very cheap. Moreover, this champagne has been ageing at sea for five years! If you prefer a dry Roederer 1921, a Château Margaux 1923, or anything else, from Liebfraumilch to vodka, or from Chinese wine to Bernkasteler Doktor, it will be delivered to you nicely packed in burlap bags. And if your requirements are for whiskey, the cheaper bourbons and ryes will be delivered on to your boat at from $12 to $20 a case.

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Of course when you are loading, you must not mind one of the Coast Guard cutters coming alongside, checking the brands and asking you questions, none of which you are obliged to answer. The cutters are always at Rum Row, ready to follow the smaller boats when they leave. This is called cutterizing, and when one of the boats has been cutterized for weeks and her captain has become frantic, he is said to have cutteritis. At the time I write, one small boat has been off the coast for three months, loaded with 800 cases and unable to discharge them, due to a cutter lying close by all the time. The rum-runner's captain has cutteritis; but he is holding on, hoping to slip away finally in a fog.

But to return to the loading of your boat: When the Coast Guardsman calls from his bridge to ask your name, reply that it is John Doe, Jr.—all the boys say the same thing. When he asks if your boat is of American registry, say it is not; and when he wants to know where you are taking your liquor, say to the Congo or Wailangilala, or any old place where there's no Prohibition.

If it's your first voyage to Rum Row he will cutterize you. If you can make twelve or thirteen knots, ignore him; if less, then you will need a few hints. In the first place, don't try to bribe him. There have been cases of bribery; even one in which a cutter ran liquor into the United States. But the man who did that job is not working any more for the Coast Guard.

Captain H—— had a good way of evading the cutters which you might try. He loaded his slow and clumsy old *Salmon Fisher* with about 2000 cases and then steamed over to the *Boreas*, a big Norwegian freighter which carried about 80,000 cases. After throwing a line to her he let his boat drift astern until she lay a hundred yards off; then made fast to his own end of the line. Thus he lay between the cutter that was on watch and the Mexican coast, and about half a mile from the former. When night came on the *Salmon Fisher* was lost against the deep gloom of the Sierra Madre, but her riding light burned brightly, apprising the Coast Guard that she was still there.

At midnight Captain H—— came on deck, lashed four gasoline drums together, secured a four-by-four scantling between them that reached as high as his little mast, and, extinguishing his own riding light, attached a light to the top of the scantling. All this he made fast to the end of the hawser, and then steamed quietly away.

Thus the cutter men saw Captain H——'s light burning brightly all night long; but they frothed at the mouth the next morning when there was no sign of the *Salmon Fisher* on Rum Row—only a a light burning brightly from the top of a scantling lashed to four gasoline drums, bobbing gently in the morning breeze.

It is sometimes possible to play hide-and-seek with the cutters, dodging from the shelter of one base ship to another until you give them the slip. But the easiest (but most dangerous) way of escaping is by running into Mexican waters, where they cannot follow. The trouble is that Mexican gun-boats are often snooping about, and if they catch you they will confiscate your liquor and, incidentally, shoot you.

II

On my first voyage to Rum Row I sailed on the two-masted schooner *Mariposa* from a French island in the South Seas. We were loaded with nearly 6000 cases of bourbon, rye and Scotch whiskey, among them such unforgettable brands as Green River, Log Cabin, Old Crow, Black and

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White, and Haig's Gold Label. It was all the *Mariposa* could carry. We had left our spare sails ashore so we could fill the lazaret with bagged quarts of Hill and Hill; our provisions had been piled on No. 2 hatch to make room in the pantry and supercargo's cabin for cases of McCallum's Perfection; and even the main cabin had been filled to within a few feet of the deck carlings.

But the cases made an excellent sleeping platform, so we spread our blankets on them and wriggled in during our watches below; the aroma from a few broken bottles lulling us to sleep. As for meals, they had to be taken on deck, even in rainy weather. We felt that we were martyrs to a good cause.

But the voyage was pleasant, for it was Summertime, with fresh trades to the coast of Mexico; and there was an agreeable spirit of amity among us, for the tension we were under kept us linked together in the common bond of self-preservation. We imagined all kinds of foolish things: that there was imminent danger from hi-jackers; that revenue cutters or Mexican gunboats might discover us and fire on us at any moment. For these reasons we gave vague and misleading positions when we spoke over the wireless; and when we sighted Guadalupe Island we changed our course and gave it a wide berth, so that look-outs from the hi-jacking fleet could not sight us. How different it was when we anchored at last in Rum Row, and found the Coast Guard cutters and rum-boats all in the same thirty fathom patch, and on the best of terms! It did not take us long, then, to learn that the Coast Guard had made the Pacific safe for rum-running.

It was nearly midnight when we reached Rum Row, with a fresh northwester, a choppy sea and poor visibility. We knew there was a lee shore, but as our chronometer had not been properly rated we were none too sure how far it was away. So it was with some relief that we sighted two lights, and shortly after a dozen more. At first it was difficult to believe that so many ships should be stationary so far at sea; but ships they were, and before long we were amongst them: a five-masted schooner, a steamer, two beautifully equipped vessels that we took for rum-runners, and a few smaller craft.

Our liquor was consigned to the five-masted schooner. We spoke to her and were told to anchor close by. But we were in no hurry about anchoring. Lowering our sails, we steamed through Rum Row, inspecting the *Boreas* and the two rakish craft tied to her stern. When we were close by them, one of them let go her line and started out to sea, cutting through the water at a good twenty knots, bound, no doubt, for some thirsty port on the coast of California.

The two beautifully equipped vessels attracted our closest attention. They gave us the impression of millionaires' yachts, and we were surprised that such fine craft should be used in the rum fleet. Presently one of them began to signal to us with her lights:

"Who are you?"

I called Sparks, gave him my flashlight, and he replied at once that we were the *Mariposa*.

"Where from?" was flashed from her masthead.

We named our French port.

"Where bound to?"

"The five-masted schooner," we replied innocently, believing she would be glad to know we were bringing a load of liquor.

"Your nationality?"

"French."

"How many cases aboard?"

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I was about to reply, but just then Captain McKlintock became suspicious. "They're uncommonly curious," he said. "Just ask them who they are."

Sparks did so. Immediately the reply was flashed to us. They were Coast Guard cutters!

The captain's eyes glinted as he cried: "Coast Guard, eh! I thought as much. Those canvas-covered things on their forward decks looked like guns to me!" Then, a moment later: "They've come here to make an end of rum-running! It's something to do with this new Wilkersham business I've been reading about!"

Just then a searchlight was flashed upon us. It played across the transom, moved slowly over the decks and was extinguished. We were somewhat alarmed; but when we had anchored, the wind dropped, and all save the riding lights of the cutters and rum boats were extinguished, and when we looked out over the quieting water to where the undulations of the Sierra Madre lay like horizon clouds against the sky, and watched the bobbing red and green lights of some lobster fishermen by the kelp beds inshore, we felt more at ease, and even turned in for a few hours sleep.

III

I went aboard the five-master in the morning and met Captain Rockwell—as I shall call him—a man responsible for running more than 1,000,000 cases of liquor into the States.

He is probably the cleverest of the Pacific coast rum smugglers, is wanted on numerous indictments, and is gall and wormwood to the Coast Guard. A few years on the right side of fifty, very alert and businesslike, he is anything but the type of man one should expect to find in such an undertaking. He assured me that he seldom touched alcohol, and that only one drink a day was allowed his crew. When I asked him for a case of Bass's ale, he gave it to me reluctantly, at the same time requesting that I would not give liquor to any of his men if they came aboard the *Mariposa.*

"I can't take a chance," he told me. "This vessel is worse than a dump of dynamite. God!" and I could see his eyebrows knit. "I have 60,000 cases of assorted liquor aboard—one hundred and sixty-three brands. Think what would happen if my crew once got started on it!"

"Wouldn't you have the same right to protect your cargo that any captain has?" I asked.

Captain Rockwell laughed dryly. "Certainly; by Canadian law I could shoot every mother's son of them," he replied; "but my company wouldn't be very likely to send me out with another load. The worst of it is that my crew is just primed for such a bender. They've been on the water-wagon for over a year; give them two or three quick ones and they'll go mad."

While he was speaking I had a chance to glance across the schooner's decks and into her open hatches, where the crew was at work assembling a shipment of whiskey. All the brands were packed in burlap bags and then in cases. The latter were being opened and thrown over the side in sling loads. On deck were several thousand cases containing five-gallon tins of alcohol, a few hundred barrels of bourbon and as many of Scotch malt.

"This vessel is nothing but a big wholesale liquor warehouse," Captain Rockwell said presently. "You read about wild boozing voyages among the rum-runners: sawed-off shotguns, poker, fighting and drunkenness; but now-a-days this business is quite different. We are at sea for over

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a year at a time, and that year is just one long monotonous job of trans-shipping liquor. Of course on the smaller boats it's different: they are cutterized now and then, every few months they put into a Mexican port for a big time, and sometimes they hit it up aboard their boats, too."

The rum-running business runs smoothly and quietly. The Prohibition agents seem to have been out-maneuvered: they are powerless to frustrate the workings of this finely organized machine. They have put a fleet of pretty little cutters on the coast, with the droll result that they have been of more benefit than injury to the rum-runners! They have delayed a few of the slow boats by cutterizing them, they have made a few captures among the speedboats that come out from shore; but to my knowledge they have never captured any of the larger boats. *And they have chased every hi-jacker off the Pacific coast!* Only a rum-runner can appreciate what an inestimable service that has been.

I asked Captain Rockwell what his small boats could make.

"About twenty knots, when they have to," he replied. "Most of them were submarine chasers during the war. Each has a Diesel engine and two Liberty engines, approximating about 1000 horsepower. We bought them shortly after the war."

Just then eight bells rang and we went below for breakfast: a tremendous meal of pork sausages, bacon and eggs, hotcakes, oatmeal, strong coffee and toast. When I mentioned that they seemed to breakfast well for sailors, the captain said that it cost the company $1.50 a day to feed the men on Rum Row. I believe I am correct in saying that a passenger liner does it for less.

The next day a sub-chaser, the *Return Quickly*, came alongside us to take on 2000 cases of Hill and Hill. By the time her lines were fast, a Coast Guard cutter steamed up, stopped a few yards off; then held her position until we had loaded the sub-chaser. We opened the cases aboard the *Mariposa* and passed the liquor over the side in bags. When the first was transferred, the captain of the cutter stepped on to his bridge with a counting machine and started checking. Captain Rockwell and I were on the *Mariposa,* also checking.

"One, two, ten, fifty, one hundred," we counted as the bags were tossed from one vessel to another. During the lulls in the work we turned to yarn with the Coast Guard skipper.

Presently Captain Rockwell remarked about a fire aboard his rum-runner, the *Toshiwara*, when the Coast Guard had rushed to the rescue. "Thanks, Cap," he called to the man on the bridge, "for helping us out."

"That's all right," the "enemy" officer replied with a laugh. "That's what we're here for; to help you fellows out and protect you from hi-jackers."

"You've sure done that," Captain Rockwell affirmed; then went on with his checking: "six hundred and one, six hundred and two . . . Hey! That's an Old Crow! Throw it back!"

"We did all we could for the *Toshiwara*," the Coast Guardsman resumed. "We picked up the wireless man when he jumped overboard, and rushed him ashore to the hospital. But he was too badly burned. Heard last night that he died. Say, Cap, how many you got aboard the Frenchman? About eight thousand?"

"You ought to make a better guess, considering how long you've been on Rum Row. No; she carries five thousand, seven hundred."

"Thanks; I want to put it in my report."

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"Sure . . . nine ninety-nine, one thousand. . . . Oh, Cap, what do you make it? One thousand?"

The Coast Guardsman glanced at his patent counter.

"No," he called back, "it's one thousand and one."

"Thanks," from Captain Rockwell, "I always take your count before my own."

"That's right; I've had plenty of experience. All I have to do."

They both laughed, and the checking went on in silence until the trans-shipment was finished.

That night three Coast Guardsmen came aboard the *Mariposa* and made one of their rare seizures, drinking over three bottles of King George IV Gold Label. They drank it straight, out of the bottles, without chasers. While they sat on deck, the other cutter was cutterizing the *Kuchy*, a slow old tub belonging to the *Boreas*. The *Kuchy* circled in figure eights for a time, dodging behind the baseships in an attempt to elude the cutter; but the Coast Guardsman kept close astern, her searchlight held steadily on the rum-runner's deck.

Abruptly the *Kuchy* turned toward shore, and with her single heavy-duty engine going full speed, plowed into the long kelp beds that lie about four miles off Santo Tomas. In twenty minutes she had churned her way through and was beyond the range of the searchlight.

The Coast Guardsman did not try to follow, for experience had taught her captain that with small twin propellers and high-speed engines his vessel would be hopelessly involved in the kelp. So she returned to her anchorage, her searchlight shamefacedly extinguished, while we rum-runners aboard the *Mariposa* took another pull at the bottle and laughed inconsiderately.

IV

The next day we discharged the remainder of our cargo aboard the five-master, took on water, fuel and provisions, and bid Rum Row good-bye. We left in true Tarasconian style. After raising our hook we steamed to the *Boreas* and lowered our flag; then swung round and passed one of the Coast Guard cutters. Both replied when we lowered our flag, and one blew her siren. We sounded our old bilge-pump foghorn; then our attention was turned to the *Firewater*, for she had come up to us with all her thousand horsepower driving her full speed, and now was steaming round us blowing her whistle. Finally we passed the five-master, went through the flag-lowering and horn-blowing again, and a few moments later were steaming south, our halliard blocks creaking as the sails were set, and the maritime village of Rum Row rapidly disappearing behind us.

It was some time before the whole experience sank into Captain McKlintock's brain sufficiently for him to correlate his impressions and express an opinion. We passed Guadalupe Island, sailing a stone's throw from the cliffs and examining the hills for a sight of the reported 200,000 goats. After rounding the southern point and sailing between the barren inner and outer islets, Captain McKlintock came on deck and took three sights to rate the chronometer. Then he went below; but in five minutes he was on deck again, his slate held unconsciously in his hand, only a few scrawling figures marked upon it. But his eyes were sparkling.

He came up to me and started in immediately. "Now, this rum-running business," he said with a flourish of his slate: "I've just been thinking how nonsensical this whole business is. Now, here's a distillery in Canada, let's say, fifty miles from

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the United States border; and here's a farmer on the United States side of the border who wants a bottle of Old Crow, made in that distillery. Well, how does it get to him?

"The distillery ships it to Halifax, where there are agents to pay, and warehouses and handling expenses and duties. From there it is shipped to a European port and is unloaded and put in bond. All this is paid for, and the European authorities probably get some graft out of it, too. Then there is another vessel, and more handling and wharfage and export duties, and the bottle of Old Crow goes through the Panama Canal to an island in the South Pacific Ocean—thousands of miles since it left the distillery! It is unloaded: more stevedores, bond and tax dues, storage and agents at the island branch; and then, by and by, more stevedores again, and the Old Crow is loaded on a schooner and taken nearly four thousand miles to the coast of Mexico. There it is trans-shipped aboard the five-master—and that is a devil of an expense, with heavy breakage and demurrage, and a big expensive crew on the five-master to be paid double wages and messed at a dollar and a half a day. And the Coast Guard indirectly increases the expense of the whiskey, for buying the Old Crow makes Prohibition agents ashore and afloat necessary, and that increases taxes. Presently it goes aboard a sub-chaser—more expense—and is trans-shipped again, this time on to a speedboat off the coast of California."

The on-coming night was rapidly obscuring the gesticulating captain. He turned to stare fixedly at me for some seconds; then went on: "Well, the speedboat takes it ashore to a truck, and the little bottle of Old Crow finally rests for a while in a big wholesale warehouse of one of the shore operators. But not for long. Presently the farmer up in Washington wants his bottle of Old Crow, so he orders it through his bootlegger, and the next morning finds it under his doormat. Now, I wonder if it ever occurs to him that the bottle he is drinking has gone more than half way round the world before reaching him—while it was made in a distillery a few miles from his farm!

"It's a funny business! A funny business!"

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Meteorology

BALL LIGHTNING

By Charles Fitzhugh Talman

Among the well-known luminous phenomena of the atmosphere two are almost completely mysterious. One of these is the will-o'-the-wisp, which might have ceased to be a mystery long ago but for the fact that science has practically ignored its existence for the past two generations. The other is ball lightning.

The latter has not been ignored. It has, on the contrary, been a subject of much painstaking inquiry on the part of physicists and meteorologists, and it is engaging their attention to an unprecedented degree at the present time. So little progress, however, has been made toward explaining it that a leading British authority on lightning, Dr. G. C. Simpson, director of the Meteorological Office, said in a recent lecture:

> Speaking for myself, after carefully studying the literature on the subject, I cannot see even the beginning of an explanation, and I do not propose to add another guess to those already made.

This situation is remarkable for two reasons. First, the thing we call ball lightning—for no better reason than because François Arago gave it that question-begging name about a century ago—has been known to mankind for ages and is by no means rare. Arago, who was responsible for putting it on the programme of scientific investigation, collected and published numerous accounts of its occurrence, and since his time several cases have been reported every year in the scientific journals, to say nothing of the daily newspapers. Not long ago Dr. Walther Brand, in Germany, collected from the existing literature reports of more than six hundred cases and published a book in which many of the best authenticated of these reports were summarized and discussed.

Second, ball lightning, whether or not its affinity with ordinary lightning is close enough to justify the name it bears, is, at any rate, an attendant of thunderstorms, and we have ample grounds for assuming it to be a manifestation of atmospheric electricity. Now, since the beginning of the present century, and especially within the past ten years or so, science has made very notable progress in elucidating the electrical phenomena of the thunderstorm. There is, to be sure, an outstanding conflict of opinion among competent authorities as to the way in which the electrical field of such a storm originates, but the process whereby, when the field exists, "the heavens balance their volt accounts" is almost as well understood as the operation of a piece of power-house machinery. "The subject of lightning," as F. W. Peek, Jr., of the General Electric Company, recently put it, "is now on an engineering basis."

But this remark does not apply at all to ball lightning. The electrician can give a definite account of the ordinary lightning flash in terms of volts and amperes, horsepower and kilowatt-hours, and he can readily manufacture such a flash on a re-

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duced scale in the laboratory; but he has no formula, qualitative or quantitative, for the fiery globes that, according to a host of observers, are sometimes seen in thundery weather, and though imitations of these globes have been produced by certain experimenters, none of them can be accepted as identical in character with the natural phenomenon.

Ball lightning is described as presenting the appearance of a roundish luminous mass, often red but sometimes of other colors, which may be first seen emerging from the base of a cloud, or may form in midair, or, again, may suddenly appear resting on some terrestrial object. In many cases it enters buildings by way of a window, door, chimney or other opening, large or small. A hissing, humming or fluttering sound often accompanies it. The ball may fall or float through the air, or it may roll along the ground or other surface. In some cases it remains stationary for a time. It is visible for periods ranging from a small fraction of a second to several minutes, and it may disappear silently, or with a light crack, or with a violent explosion. Frequently, but not always, the appearance of the ball is immediately preceded by an ordinary lightning flash.

The anecdotal history of ball lightning in Europe has been recorded by several writers besides Arago and Brand, and recently Dr. W. J. Humphreys, of the Weather Bureau, has undertaken to assemble corresponding information regarding the occurrence of the phenomenon in the United States. Here are a few of the many reports sent to him in response to an appeal that he broadcast in American newspapers last Summer:

On April 1, 1931, a train of the Reading Railroad was standing in the Atlantic City station when, about 7 o'clock in the morning, a fiery ball about as big as a baseball entered the door of the rear coach, occupied by six passengers. Its appearance was attended by a loud report, which shook the train. The ball remained visible only a few seconds.

One night in April, 1924, during a violent thunderstorm, Harriet Allyn, a student at Northwestern University, saw a luminous globe "the size of a grapefruit" enter her bedroom through an open window, travel swiftly around the room four or five feet from the floor, and then depart by the same window.

Dr. L. B. Tuckerman, of the United States Bureau of Standards, reports a case that occurred many years ago in Ohio. Some men who had taken shelter in a barn during a thundershower were looking across the barnyard toward an orchard where pigs were allowed to run, when they saw a ball of fire fall from aloft and roll slowly over the ground. One of the pigs trotted up to the ball and began to nose it. A moment later the ball exploded and the inquisitive porker fell over as if dead. The men walked across the yard to examine the supposedly lifeless animal, but before they reached him he staggered up and ran off full tilt, squealing at the top of his lungs.

Miss Sara E. Branham, a senior bacteriologist in the Public Health Service, reports a personal experience of her childhood days in Georgia. She was one of a group of children assembled during a thunderstorm in the long hall running through the center of a country house. Miss Branham's aunt was reading a story to the youngsters, when a sharp click attracted their attention and they saw a small glowing ball enter the front door. It floated through the entire length of the hall, moving in jerks and so slowly that one of the little boys rose from his seat and snatched at it, but missed it. A strong smell, prob-

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ably of ozone, attended its passage. Leaving by the back door, it apparently struck a tree a few yards away and disappeared. The tree was not injured.

A case in which several balls were observed at one time is reported by Dr. C. G. R. Jennings, of Glenora, New York. He writes:

> Fifty years ago, when I was a medical student, I was walking home just at dusk during an evening of thunderstormy weather. The air was sultry and there were flashes of heat lightning on the horizon. When I came to what we called in New England the village green, I saw a remarkable exhibition of what I assumed to be static electricity. There were some twelve or more round balls of luminescence bouncing around in the most undisciplined manner in all directions. They would apparently strike the ground, then bounce up into the air in the lightest and most buoyant fashion. They looked to be about the size of a football.

The records indicate that ball lightning may strike an animate or inanimate object without leaving the slightest trace, or, on the other hand, may cause great mischief. In a case reported to Dr. Humphreys from Kentucky a boy was standing in a doorway watching a thunderstorm, when a small ball of fire suddenly darted at him. He turned to run, but the ball lighted on one of his fingers and then vanished. It left no mark, but his finger remained numb for some time.

In contrast to this experience, N. J. Dominy, postmaster at Dublin, Ohio, writes of having once been flung into a ditch and rendered senseless for hours when, during a violent thunderstorm, a fiery ball, apparently a foot in diameter, struck and wrecked the buggy in which he was driving. Several cases in which people have been killed by ball lightning have been recorded in Europe, including the celebrated one that cost the life of Professor Richmann, in St. Petersburg, in the year 1753 during his experiments with a lightning-rod.

The evidence seems to be conclusive that something corresponding in a general way to the typical descriptions of ball lightning really occurs in some thunderstorms; notwithstanding the fact that a considerable number of the reported observations of the phenomenon can best be explained as the results of optical illusions. Doubtless in some cases the light of an ordinary flash of lightning reflected from a wet surface, a windowpane or what not has been taken for a ball of fire. In other cases the supposed ball of lightning was probably due to the fusing of some wire conductor under the effects of an overvoltage set up by an ordinary lightning discharge.

Another possible source of illusions is the persistence of a bright image on the retina of the human eye. At the point where an object is struck by lightning there is often a brilliant flash, much brighter than the lightning streak itself. A nearby observer, viewing this flash somewhat obliquely, might have the impression of seeing a ball of fire. As he turned his eye instinctively toward the place where the stroke occurred the "ball" —*i.e.*, the persistent image of the flash on his retina—would seem to move through the air or over the ground. An instant later the peal of thunder, traveling at the relatively slow speed of sound, would reach his ears and would be interpreted as the explosion.

We are perhaps nearer to explaining this phenomenon as an objective reality when we consider that, in the electrostatic field of a thunderstorm, many objects become so strongly electrified that they emit small brush discharges, known, in their most familiar manifestations, as St. Elmo's fire, or corposants. Such discharges can occur

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not only on objects physically connected with land or water, such as lightning-rods and the spars of vessels, but also on objects suspended in the air. They are sometimes seen, for example, on balloons, and presumably they may occur on a variety of objects, if they happen to be of sufficient size, while drifting or falling through the air.

A traveling brush discharge, especially if moving rapidly, might easily be taken by a casual observer for a fiery ball, and if, while it was under observation, a powerful lightning stroke occurred in the vicinity, the electrostatic field sustaining it would be temporarily neutralized, the brush would disappear, and the clap of thunder, heard about the same moment, would be taken for an explosion: St. Elmo's fire is, moreover, attended by the hissing noise often reported in connection with ball lightning, and though its light is not bright enough to be visible in full daylight it could probably be seen sometimes during the darkness of a daytime thunderstorm.

Another tentative explanation is proposed by Humphreys in his "Physics of the Air." The path of a lightning discharge is built up by the ionization of the air, and while this process is usually very rapid, it is sometimes quite slow, as indicated by the occasional occurrence of so-called rocket lightning, in which the luminous streak advances at about the speed of a skyrocket. Humphreys suggests that in some cases the ionized path may be built up to a certain point and then come to a momentary halt. At its end—as if from the end of a conducting wire dangling from the storm cloud—we should expect leakage of electricity to produce a luminous brush. This would be the "ball." According to the supply of electricity to the conducting path, the brush might either fade away or be succeeded by a sudden disruptive discharge, the thunder attending which would lead the observer to suppose that the "ball" had exploded.

A dozen other explanations have been suggested, but none of them seems plausible enough to deserve review here.

Painting

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE AS A PAINTER

By Dorothy Adlow

It took a considerable sacrifice on the part of the parents of Samuel Finley Breese Morse to send him to England to study painting. They had their misgivings, too, about the dignity of an artist's profession. But Samuel had a strong will and forceful argument. He would be miserable deprived of a career as an artist, though in it, to be sure, he proved to be miserable, too. Like so many others, he wanted to paint more than anything else in the world. And if high ideals, and self-sacrifice and fortitude were the essential ingredients in the makeup of an artist, he would have ranked among the first. If industry and perseverance counted, he would have gone very far indeed. But never did it dawn upon him that though the artist might have all the virtues, they were wasted unless they were permeated with sensibility.

Morse was too good, too earnest, too moralistic about his painting. The desire for success, the impassioned energy, sadly overbalanced his ability. At the time good painting was not in the fingertips of Americans; it was not a vital element in the air of cultural life; it had to go begging, as it virtually does today. Out of

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sheer ignorance, one worshipped lesser gods. Morse was excessively devoted to his teacher, Washington Allston, with whom he went to England. He worked indefatigably to gain favorable criticism from him. Allston was firm: "Very bad, Sir. That is not flesh, it is mud, Sir; it is painted with brickdust and clay". He worked the harder for a compliment from his master.

But what did he paint, while over there in England? "The Dying Hercules". And how did he paint it? With violence and dramatics, macabre shadows and sudden lights. The Tenebroso style, well-suited to the depiction of Spanish martyrs and the dark days of the Inquisition, ill-suited the healthy attitude of a youngling who lived in America and wanted to paint its history. It was theatrical and pompous. The classical subject was remote, the sensational treatment alien. The forced rendering, like that of the ancient Pergamon frieze, symbolized the ebb, and not the flow, of an artistic tide.

Had he gone abroad to study a decade later, he might have been spared influences such as those of the Frenchman, David, and his stale rhetorical school; he would have escaped the blinding darkness before the dawn of modern painting. But the first flicker of light coming from the experiments of Constable and Turner was obscured for him by the dusty mask of neo-classicism which protected the traditionally correct painters. Other artists were about to cast it off, rub their eyes, and hurry outdoors to discover the world anew. But Morse remained in the stuffy society of the priggish and self-righteous. The world for them was the society of political grandees and the élite. Their excursions into fantasy carried them to ancient Greek mythology worn to shreds by abuse.

Up to 1800, American painting consisted chiefly of portraiture which preserved the likenesses of the rich and politically important. In the more elevated sense, it could not have been called an art, for it sought to express no deeper spiritual values. Sitters were represented in their finest raiment amidst a boastful display of wealth. Morse balked at making such portraits. He must, of course, do some pot-boiling, but he asserted he would abandon the profession if it offered him no wider scope. He returned from his studies in England, hopeful of making historical paintings for his country, and eventually, with the helpful "Will of Providence", rivaling the genius of Raphael and Michelangelo and Titian. Historical painting,—yes, that was pertinent when one lived amongst people who were rapidly making history. He wished to be the great painter of his era.

But soon enough did he suffer the well-known disappointments. He found Boston "most backward". Disheartened, he traveled through New Hampshire as an itinerant painter, peddling his wares. The Americans proved neglectful of their own talent, and as he went about he discovered they were devoted to hoarding European antiquities. New York was wholly given to commerce. For about ten years he had small successes and great trials. He had a wife and babies to support; he became anxious and perplexed. "I have advertised and visited, and hinted and pleaded." Even the detestable making of portraits failed to bring a decent return. He was patriotic, but his country did not seem to want him. The dream of making some murals for the rotunda of the Capitol was not realized, for those in power, such as John Quincy Adams, maintained there were not enough worthy painters in the country to execute the job—that, therefore, the competition should be thrown open to foreigners.

Yet there was enough spirit in him to continue fighting for the cause of the artist

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in America. He was one of the founders and the first director of the National Academy of Design. Strong in him was the desire to teach and reform. The students at the Academy he implored to be grave and industrious. He urged them in their drawing to acquire correctness by seeking to obtain it from the whole before proceeding to the parts. His judgment was sound, and he might have attained a greater artistic stature in time, if in the late 1820's he had not turned his interests to making an electro-magnetic contrivance for the purpose of sending messages over great distances. Though he was planning to go on painting, the discovery of the telegraph was imminent. Once the invention was completed, it had to be demonstrated, sold, protected. The remainder of Morse's life was spent on the inventor side. The painting ambitions, excruciatingly thwarted, vanished. In 1849, he wrote to his good friend, J. Fenimore Cooper: "The very name of pictures produces a sadness in my heart", and with bitterness he said: "I have no wish to be remembered as a painter. My ideal of that profession was perhaps too exalted".

It is likely that Morse would not have added greatly to his importance as a painter if he'd had the chance to cover walls with historical pictures. For wall paintings require a sound decorative sense, a fluency and dynamics in design which he lacked even in a smaller way in his portraits. He did not feel abundantly the possibilities of paint; never did he perfect richly or expressively those many helpful trifles which warrant a tasteful result in pictures.

Curiously enough, he proved to be best in the ancillary art of portraiture. The facial traits, the animation he conveyed with considerable sensitiveness. In his portrait of Mrs. David Oliphant he put down carefully, though not too literally, the furrowing lines in her face, the soft shadows under her eyes; to her features he imparted a glow of refinement. But when he made the bonnet and ribbons, the bib and tucker, he worked hastily and carelessly. In the portrait of DeWitt Clinton he made a sturdy characterization in the downward curve of the mouth, the towering forehead, the puffy bosses on the cheeks. Again the garments are perfunctorily painted, not fancifully implied by a few clever strokes. It is a job half done.

Morse had not the gift of allusion. He saw only the obvious. The only way he could subdue the unimaginative explicit statement was by softening it with a sweet and effeminate sentiment. His artistic shortcomings stand out too clearly in the portrait of the Marquis de LaFayette. There are the classical properties—the marble pavement, the urn, the balustrade. The marquis holds his cloak as though he were a Roman demagogue. The posture is showy, the textures crude. In painting, Morse lacked invention. Perhaps that was why he wanted to be an historical painter, —to lean upon the prop of narrative.

He deserves a place in the history of American painting, though he did lack the intrinsic qualities of a great artist. That he was second rate may be discerned in the nature of his discontent. His haughty words and cynical reproaches are in the accustomed parlance of those who fail to arrive. The embittered fretful artist takes it out on others. Generally he fails to investigate his own shortcomings. He attributes his failure not to the qualities which he lacks, but to the virtues of which he has an excess.

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SUMMER CAMP

BY ALBERT HALPER

THE sixteen of us, who were about to become waiters, rolled up the hill in the big bus and at the top saw the camp, stretching away on all sides. It was beautiful country, with tall pines all around the cleared-off ground and a lake at the bottom of the next hill, but we knew we would not be able to swim in it very often.

The owner of this Summer camp for adults, a little wiry woman, met us in front of the office, greeted us with a smile, and told one of the clerks inside to show us to our bunks. We walked up the sandy road, around the canteen, and came upon a wide, barnlike structure of thin boards. Inside were sixteen iron cots, with sagging mattresses and in a corner was one small sink bowl for all of us. After we threw our suit-cases down there were a few small fights because no one wanted to sleep in the cots which were close to the toilet. There was only one faucet, cold water, and we had to rub hard. In a little while the chambermaids came in to prepare our beds—middle-aged, ungainly looking females from the surrounding farms, and after we looked them over we decided that the camp-owner knew her onions.

All the other fellows were college students, out after next year's tuition expenses, and made no bones about it. They had all had camp experience and were younger than I. As the only non-collegian, I felt a bit out of place at first. I picked out a fellow who looked fairly patient, and after a while pulled him aside.

"Listen, Jack," I said, "I told the owner I had waiting experience to get the job, but I'm green as grass in the racket. Give me a few tips on how to handle plates and serve the guests."

He looked surprised, and asked me how I had got away with it with such a shrewd person as the camp-owner, but I answered that that wasn't the point, so he gave me a few tips. I kept my ears open and asked him to keep his mouth shut.

I got on. I had to. I watched the other boys as they poured soup, piled plates and used their hands. After a few days, when the guests began arriving in bigger numbers, I acquired confidence enough to juggle the heavy dinner plates around fairly easily, serving quietly and unobtrusively, but it took me a long time before I learned the knack of hoisting a big, heavy, loaded tray with a quick, supple jerk on to my left shoulder, balancing it with one hand lightly holding the edge of it. The trays were the biggest I have ever seen; they were about three feet long and two feet wide and we used to pile the heavy dinner plates in tiers, sometimes carrying as many as sixteen dinners at a single load. It was a back-breaking job; the boys had been carefully picked from hundreds of applicants and were big, athletic fellows.

We received no salary, working on a tipping basis; it was called the pooling system. A guest checking out would leave a certain amount with the cashier in the office for the waiters, which went into a

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common fund, or pool; and as the cashier was forbidden to give out any information to the waiters, we never knew how much each guest tipped. This method had advantages and disadvantages. Some guests, who had their vacation budgets figured down to the bone, left tips in the office of such small size that they would have been ashamed to hand them to their waiters in person; if direct tipping were allowed they would have come across with larger sums. But if we worked under a direct tipping basis there would have been countless fights among the waiters for position in the dinner line in the sweltering kitchen, and we would have been breaking our necks to give our guests a little bit of additional service.

The camp was a large one, with the main buildings built upon the rises—rustic-looking structures which were cosy and comfortable inside. Beside a fine lodge, social hall and tremendous dining-room the place boasted of ten tennis courts, a golf course, ping-pong tables, handball courts, an outdoor basketball court, saddle horses, grounds for baseball, and a private lake for swimming and boating.

And the food was good. The owner of the camp saw to that. Years back she had been a dietitian and before every meal she came into the big kitchen, asking the chef about the courses, how they were prepared, did he have enough and would the meal be served on time. She had a tremendous amount of energy for so small a woman and sometimes got on the nerves of the kitchen staff, who swore at her amiably after she left.

It didn't take a waiter long to size up the guests, who were made up, for the most part, of the white-collar class, with a sprinkling of teachers and young professional people. As the rate per week was almost $40 and most guests stayed on for two weeks, their vacation bills must have run up to $100 or over, counting in railroad fare, tips and other incidentals. But everybody tried hard to convince everybody else that there was plenty of funds and money was no object; and during the entire Summer I did not hear a bit of conversation about the hard times, though it was evident that the class of people coming to camp were hit as hard as anybody by the depression.

I remember, now, how we waiters used to stand around upon the big front porch early in the morning in our green smocks, yawning in the sun while the girls came from their cabins dressed in riding habits. From the distance, walking in their shiny leather boots and swinging their small whips, they looked very swanky and chic, and only when they came closer did you notice that they were mainly city girls trying to hide a slightly tired look around the eyes, acquired from working all year in offices. As they walked along the bridle path past the dining-hall they used to smile and talk to us and maybe pause to kid around; then they'd go down the incline toward the horses and would try hard to mount the animals gracefully and with confidence, because they knew we were looking.

II

At adult Summer camps the waiters are not treated as menials. Far from it. I learned right away from the other lads that we formed a sort of aristocracy, and most of the waiters felt that if they gave a girl a date or took her out necking in the woods they were doing her a big favor. It's rather hard to explain, but even the male guests sensed it and felt envious because the more attractive girls seemed to prefer the waiters.

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Some of the girls who got stuck on waiters used to sit around at meals until all the other guests had left, and then would help the fellows re-set the tables. We would growl at them and tell them to make it snappy, handing them a fistful of silverware to shine, but the girls thought it was great sport and didn't seem to mind. Sometimes we were a bit unfeeling about it, but we were working hard and sweating for every cent of our money, and though all the boys, with the exception of myself, were college students, there was no rah-rah spirit there.

The organization of the camp ran so smoothly that a guest didn't have to think at all. As soon as a girl arrived, the machinery for keeping her busy was set in motion. She was led to her cabin, or bunk as it was called, and told all about the features and wonders of the camp by the office clerk accompanying her. The cabins, made of logs and very outdoor looking, skirted the lake and accommodated, normally, eight people; a thin-boarded partition cut each cabin in half, four beds on either side. The cabins were open all around with canvas flaps for rain protection; there was modern plumbing in every bunk, chambermaids came around every morning to clean up, and about the only camping thrill a guest experienced was the sensation of pulling the cord which released the heavy canvas flaps when it rained.

At the guest's first meal in the dining-hall the hostess, a pleasant girl with metropolitan tea-room experience, scanned the newcomer, picked out a table she thought was suitable to his personality, and introduced him to the others. Nine people sat at a large round table, calling one another by their first names right away—just a big, happy family, as the camp catalogue said.

Most of the guests liked to sleep late because in the city they had to get up early, and though we couldn't blame them, we waiters used to stand around the empty dining-hall all morning, swearing because we had to wait for them to take their own sweet time to come in and eat. And when they finally did come in to eat a great many of them who, in the city, were accustomed to only coffee and rolls in the morning, ordered a full breakfast, with special dishes which infuriated the kitchen staff, and in the end half the food went uneaten on the plates.

And then there were always a few early birds, the golf fans who got up before the dining-hall opened, when the ground was still wet and mist hung over the hills; and for these early guests we had to start working right away, making trips to and from the kitchen; then there'd be a one-, two- and three-hour wait for the rest of the folks, who came straggling in all morning singly or in pairs. It was no use talking to them; we couldn't afford to antagonize them. We smiled and gave them a cheery, good-morning smile as they came in, and most of them thought we were sweet boys, just a group of fine college lads working during the Summer for the fine mountain scenery and the kick of it.

Many guests thought it sporting to ask what studies we were taking up in school, how we were getting along, and what university we attended. At first I used to answer that I was studying dentistry at Northwestern, then I said, later on, that I was taking up medicine at the Johns Hopkins, law at Harvard and chiropody at Iowa City; but after a while, when the camp was crowded and the work grew to be a nightmare, I told everybody who questioned me that I was a plumber, but times were hard, the union dues were steep, and life is like that. Some of them thought I was pretty witty, but others took the hint and did not pester me any more.

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Right after breakfast the athletic director swung into action. It was his job to get every guest into at least one sport. He arranged golf and tennis tournaments, organized baseball and basketball games and sometimes led hikes up the mountains. Almost everybody went around in the very minimum amount of clothing: the girls in shorts, the fellows in track suits or just trousers, naked to the waist.

In the afternoon, when the waiters had a few hours off, we were forced to take part in athletics, such as exhibition diving, water sports, tennis matches and basketball games. After serving a hard meal we would have liked to rest a while, but it was part of the job, so we had to go through with it. And on those afternoons when we were not called for athletic duty we had to report to the dramatic director for rehearsals and were forced to take part in theatricals. As revues and plays were run almost nightly the dramatic director was calling for us all the time and got into fights with the athletic director, because he said theatricals were more important than water sports. It was a great life. As unmusical as my voice was, I sang in choruses, took part in sketches and had to learn dance routines. Sometimes the waiters put on a bad performance on purpose, but the dramatic director couldn't be fooled and reported our conduct to the camp-owner. So we had to tread lightly.

The days were long and hot—very long, and the nights were longer. At night the real life of the camp, the social life the guests came out for, began. The evening was the most highly organized part of the day.

At the evening meal the guests looked different, they put on social graces. Most of the girls wore evening gowns; the men were in flannels. And I used to see flashlights in the hip pockets of the male guests, for midnight strolling along the road or in the woods.

The evening meal passed slowly, everybody took his time. The men and girls all tried hard to get that sense of ease and luxury, of polished dining that they had read about, or witnessed in the movies. You could tell that most of them held petty and monotonous jobs back in the city, while here, out at camp, they played the holiday rôle with a high hand. At last, after cigarettes and toying with the water glasses, the first few guests rose from the tables and went out upon the front porch; there they would look out upon the rolling hills in the fading light, and then would stroll slowly toward the social hall.

The social hall, a big, square, barnlike building, was at the far end of camp. It was there that the theatricals were held and also dancing after the show. There was a peppy six-piece orchestra and also a soda-fountain where a fellow could take his girl for a drink between dances; and on one side of the hall, outside, was a long porch overlooking the lake, and when the moon was shining and the orchestra playing, couples liked to drift there to feel the breeze coming from off the water. And it was out there, leaning against the rustic railing, that one was convinced of the powerful influence the movies had upon these vacationing guests. The girls tried to stand around looking like Greta Garbo, while the fellows did their best to imitate the young bucks of the Four Hundred.

But on the whole the girls came off better and were of much finer stuff than the male guests. They were tired business girls, but they were pleasant and good sports. The male guests were robust single fellows who were frankly out for a good time. Some of them, in truth, were a little too open about it. In the showers I used to listen to their stories of conquests, and I

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suspected that most of their boasts were lies. Some of them were already growing stout, with flabby folds around their waistlines.

Usually the evening at the social hall began with a play or a revue. The stage lighting was professional, we had a really good scenic painter and also a prop man, and the dramatic director pulled down $1500 for the season. All these facts hint at the tremendous overhead under which the camp operated. Later in the season a motion-picture machine was installed, but this feature flopped because the guests had no patience sitting through an old silent movie.

After the show the folding chairs were shoved aside by the waiters and dancing started. It lasted until midnight, with the crowd thinning out as the guests paired themselves off. Those girls who had little sex appeal stood around for a while, then left, walking with slow, dragging steps up the hill to their bunks, lifting their gowns as they crossed the dew-wet grass. There weren't enough waiters to dance with all of them and after we had danced our required number of dances we picked out the prettier numbers. Others of us, tired of the whole business, went back to our bunks, where we either rolled dice for nickels or went to sleep.

III

As time wore on we felt more like going to bed early every night, but we had to dance three or four dances with the girls that the social director pointed out to us. Serving three meals a day, seven days a week, was in itself a physical feat. Each waiter had three tables to take care of, nine at a table, twenty-seven people, and we had to clear off the dirty plates ourselves because the three busboys had all they could do to supply the fifty tables with bread and water and sweep up afterward. We could have had more waiters, but that would have meant more fingers in the waiters' pool.

During the meals we worked like coolies. Carrying the large, loaded trays made our arms and shoulders hard as iron. Our faces, too, hardened, and grew thinner. It was a long, hot Summer. The atmosphere in the kitchen was terrific on account of the ovens and the sweat poured from our bodies, running down our backs so that we had a sticky feeling throughout the meal. And behind the scenes the place was a madhouse—we shouted our orders, wiped our faces with our service-towels, the cooks hollered back and we loaded up our trays. We went in and out of the swinging doors, jogging along at a half-trot and our old shoes against the floor sounded like the pad-pad of animals, with every shoulder and arm muscle strained to the bursting point under the load. Sometimes, when I loaded up too high, I thought I wouldn't be able to hold out until I reached my service-table, so I'd have to run for it and frequently just about made it in time, averting a crash. The perspiration went through our underwear, our shirts and the rayon smocks we wore.

Some of the guests looked our way and felt sorry for us. We had that vacant stare in our eyes because the guests came into the dining-hall irregularly and we had to remember confusing orders. Once in a while a girl or a fellow at my tables would help out by piling dishes and passing plates, but this did not happen often. During July and August, when the Summer heat was at its height, one of the management used to stand near the kitchen exit, inside, wiping each waiter's face with a big towel as the boys passed him with

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their heavy loads. Some of us, for the grim fun of it, used to weigh ourselves on the scale in the pantry before and after a meal, and frequently a man lost three pounds, burning up that much energy.

Working like this made us tight-lipped during meals, and gave us a heavy, smouldering hate toward the guests, the management and the whole world. But this feeling existed only in the dining-hall; as soon as we were outside it disappeared and we would mingle with the guests. It was strange sometimes how a guest who could be petty and exacting during a meal, asking for special dishes that almost drove us crazy, would come up to us outside sociably, treat us to a soda, and ask us to join in a game of tennis or handball.

The crowds changed often. After a while the guests became types to us and we had difficulty in recognizing even the people at our own table outside. On Sunday night, when a fresh crowd arrived, the social director was very busy down at the social hall, getting everybody acquainted. He ran a dance called the multiplication dance. It started with one couple who danced a while, separated, and then picked different partners, who in turn separated until the whole floor was dancing. This started the newcomers off with a social feeling, but in a comparatively short time cliques sprang up and it was every guest for himself.

Later, when the band had stopped playing and the lights of the hall were out, you could walk along the lake where the cabins were and hear the parties going on. Some of the guests didn't even take the trouble to let down the canvas flaps and you could get a good view of what was going on.

As at most other vacation resorts, there was a decided feeling of sexiness. Lecturers were invited to the camp and gave talks at the lodge on conditions in India, (leaning heavily on child marriage there) the love life of famous people, birth control (pro and con), and the psychology of love. These lecturers were men who had been making the rounds of camps for years, some a bit seedy looking but glib enough to satisfy the *intelligentsia* among the guests. There was discussion, talk of single standards, and the New Freedom. The camp was sprinkled with pseudo-intellectuals who during the day could be seen walking around with books under their arms. The management maintained a small library which had most of the D. H. Lawrence novels, books by Aldous Huxley and other moderns of the same school.

Before I got the job I saw the camp catalogue and noticed that the matrimonial note was struck pretty strongly. There were photographs of happy-looking girls and men together, with the text hinting that acquaintances begun out at camp strengthen in the city, some leading to marriages. Girls in town took a chance and came to camp. Some have been going to camp for years, making the rounds.

As the camping business is rather precarious and subject to fluctuations in public taste the camp I worked for catered to its guests up to the hilt. It was the guest first, last and all the time. At other camps the dining-halls in the morning closed their doors at nine-thirty, and that was final; a guest was out of luck if he or she wanted breakfast after that. But here a guest could come walking in at any hour and get breakfast. Some mornings we waiters were still serving the meal after eleven o'clock. This meant that the time between ten and noon, which should have been ours, was taken away. Because of their privilege the guests slept late, passed the good word around when they returned

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to the city, and so helped business for the camp.

When the waiters grumbled we were told we could quit if we weren't satisfied. We argued and told the owner that a guest eating a late breakfast came in late for lunch, which also advanced the dinner hour, and that it was the waiters who bore the brunt of all this, but we got no satisfaction from our talk. By the time we finished clearing up the evening meal and re-setting the tables for the next day's breakfast it was almost nine-thirty, and then we had to report down at the social hall for theatricals and gigolo duty.

Things got so bad and there was so little let-up in the crowds that we held a conference and began talking about a strike. All Summer long we had been working like fiends. No one in the gang could recall another camp job he had held that had come within a hundred miles of being as tough as this one. We stared at each other's lean faces and remembered how we had looked upon arrival. It was true we were all as hard as iron, but we were too lean and always felt tired, while some of the boys complained of pains and feeling light-headed. We told the head-waiter about it and said we would like to have a little time to rest up once in a while; and the next day, as we were cleaning up the noon meal, the camp-owner came walking with determined steps from her office, her little shrewd head as hard as a weasel's.

As soon as she entered the dining-hall there was electricity crackling all around. She stopped near the door and looked us over. Then she opened up; her voice was quiet, but charged with intensity. She told us she wasn't going to stand for any bullishness. Over three hundred students had applied for our jobs and if any of us wanted to quit, he could quit right now. A train left at 5:15; he could take that and get out of camp. She could send a wire and get as many fellows as she wanted by the morning train. She said she was aware we worked hard, but that was what we were here for and that was all there was to it.

It all came from her at once and even her pauses were electrical. None of us answered. We could hear the big screen-door bang as she left. So we didn't grumble out loud any more. Beside, Labor Day was only two weeks away. We had been waiting for that day all Summer.

IV

Labor Day was the high spot of the season. Reservations came pouring in, extra cots were shoved into bunks, and the whole camp was bursting with a feverish hum. A great many people who had been out to camp during the earlier part of the Summer returned for the big week-end. The winners of each week's tournaments in the various sports were granted a free Labor Day week-end and this drew a large athletic following. Besides, it was the end of Summer, the end of good times out in the open, and those who had the money to spare and could get away from the city did not want to miss the Labor Day week-end. They knew the lid would be off then.

When the big week-end finally came more tables were jammed into the dining-room and the floor was so crowded the waiters had to take things easy. If we tripped or stumbled it meant a tray load of hot dishes over the heads of the guests. About five hundred people were finally crammed into camp. Autos had been arriving for the past few days. There was plenty of liquor around and a certain reckless abandonment, not in evidence earlier in the Summer, was now pretty openly displayed.

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As soon as the victors of the week-end tournaments arrived the matches began. The eliminating rounds were held, there were hikes, canoe tilting and musical recitals by the camp pianist and violinist. The camp dancer, a Russian girl who followed the modernist German style, held a class in rhythm. Added to this the management hired a stringed trio to play out upon the lake all afternoon, sitting in a rowboat, with other boats filled with guests gathered about listening.

The events came so thick and fast that the guests were bound to spread the tidings of it as soon as they went home, sowing seeds for next season's business. The meals, too, became heavier, with more courses to serve, and the owner began cruising up and down the dining-hall to see that the waiters made no slips in service. It was a general tightening up all around.

By this time the waiters were all in. The long grind had worn us out. Small fights broke out among us and we began swearing at each other like dock laborers, over trivial matters. In the kitchen, too, the help grew quarrelsome, and toward the end one of the salad men threw a knife at the egg man but fortunately missed by a few inches. During the entire season there had not been a major crash among the waiters, but now we began stumbling and dropping plates with regularity. One of the boys tripped, tried to catch himself and spilled hot soup over his arm, scalding it.

Before each meal we used to tell each other to take it easy; we were all in the same boat and if the guests waited a few minutes longer, it wouldn't kill them. But little by little we worked up speed; we became possessed of a certain fever to get finished, and by the time the meal was in full swing we were going like hell, jogging along at that fast half-trot, our eyes staring hard, our shoulders and backs tense under the heavy loads. We perspired more than ever and after each meal were completely exhausted.

On Labor Day morning the tennis finals took place and in the afternoon the golf match was held. The winner in each event received $50; both matches drew a big crowd. Everybody was in good humor and the boys were figuring on big tips.

After supper, which was a very difficult meal to serve because of the crowded floor and the unusual boisterousness of the guests, we had to clean up in a hurry and rush down to the social hall to take part in the biggest musical revue of the Summer. We weren't fast enough cleaning up, so the management sent the big bus after us, which took us around the big hill and right up to the rear door of the social hall. There a make-up man was waiting and as we shoved our faces toward him he applied the grease paint. Then the curtain rose, and we were on.

The show was as bad as all the others we had been in, but the liquored-up crowd applauded wildly. As soon as our act was over we washed up and hurried back to the dining-hall.

The management was serving a big, midnight supper on Labor Day, something like a New Year's celebration, and while the guests stayed on at the social hall for the dancing we got things ready. We dragged ourselves around, set the tables and by half-past twelve the crowd began coming in.

They were a big, noisy bunch. Streamers had been strung across the dining-room, lanterns had been hung, and paper caps and noise-makers were distributed. It was going to be a big whoopee night all right. Then the orchestra arrived, lugging their instruments, and began playing dance music. Couples got up from the

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tables, but there was little room to dance, so they stood swaying in one spot, tugging or caressing each other. I spilled the contents of a few plates over my guests while I was being shoved, but no one hollered. Some of the guests began plying us with drinks and after a while all the waiters were a little tight.

It became a wild evening. Girls who were not in the habit of drinking became intoxicated and sat sprawled across the tables, their hair disarranged, their mouths sloppy, while the orchestra went on blaring away. We brought the food out and it either lay around or got messed up. Some of the tables began singing and at one of them two fellows began doing athletic stunts, trying to stand on their heads; one of them came down with a crash. Before the meal the management warned the waiters not to accept drinks and to keep the merriment down as much as possible, but it was the last day of Summer and no one bothered about anything.

Toward three in the morning couples began leaving for their bunks, but the noise around the lake lasted until daylight.

The sixteen of us got out of the dining-hall at almost 4 A. M., dying on our feet, and flopped into bed right away.

The next morning, when the sun peeped over the mountains, the camp was dead quiet. The chambermaids, those ungainly farmer women of the surrounding community who worked here Summers, went about picking up empty bottles, while an old helper, an ancient gent who said he had fought in the Civil War, piled them into a big empty basket. They spoke about the wild evening in low voices.

At 10:30 or so the first guests dribbled into the dining-hall for breakfast. We served a lot of hot coffee that morning. By nightfall only a little over a hundred guests, who were staying on for a few more days, remained, and the waiters took things easy. But one of the fellows had an argument with the head-waiter and the head-waiter flew off the handle. He told us that as soon as we stopped work we could leave; no vacations would be given. As soon as we heard that, all of us checked out in a body, including five waiters who had arranged to work on, taking care of the last hundred guests in camp. We got our money from the office and left the following morning. The check-out of the five waiters who had arranged to take care of the hundred guests put the management in a hole and the camp was forced to draft members of the orchestra to wait on table, while the head-waiter was forced to serve also.

We were surly at departure. The head-waiter, who was not really a bad fellow, wanted to apologize to us, but didn't know how to go about it. He stood on the office steps looking our way as the sixteen of us left on the bus which went down the hill, taking us to the train.

Just before the bus turned up the State highway I looked back and through the trees down in the valley saw the quiet lake, the sun giving off glaring silver glints from the surface. I listened to the other fellows cursing the camp as the chauffeur shifted gears, but I kept feeling my inside pocket, where $300 in $20 bills lay folded in my wallet; and only when the others stopped swearing and began talking about school did I remember that I was going back again to the rooming-houses of New York, and I felt that maybe I should have been a plumber after all.

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THE DREADFUL CHORE OF BUYING

BY DOROTHY GARESCHÉ HOLLAND

I WANTED to buy my husband some collar buttons. On this apparently simple errand I entered an internationally known department-store, a store that prides itself on its wonderful "system", its method of "serving the customer". The notion department is at the end of the block-long building and quite confidently I started my quest there.

"Collar buttons? Naturally, madame, they are in the button department—at the other end of the store." And the Greta Garbo coiffure resumed the animated conversation which I had so rudely interrupted. I walked back the length of the store and approached the button counter.

"Collar buttons!" exclaimed the salesgirl in astonishment. "Every thing like that is in the notions department."

"But they told me up there to come here," I protested, starting back again. I tackled the first counter of the notions and was told to go two aisles farther. At least this was something and I gladly advanced the two aisles. Here I was told "Next aisle, please", and I went on. But from there I was sent to the other side of the counter and once more I repeated my formula, only to hear "Collar buttons! Why they're at the button counter."

Then I did what I should have done in the first place. I tackled one of those elegant be-spatted, frock-coated, striped-trousered gentlemen. With the air of a diplomat advising a king, he listened to my query and then said, "Yes, madame, certainly. Collar buttons are in the button department."

"No," I answered wearily. "They are not in the button department nor in any part of the notions department. Now *where* are they?"

He thought a moment and then brightened. "Ah, yes. You'll find them in the men's building—across the street."

Whether he was telling the truth or not I don't know, because I went on home and bought the buttons in two minutes at the corner drug-store.

Last Spring I decided my wardrobe was quite adequate with the exception of a coat and one dress. The coat—a blue one—was purchased without difficulty. I wanted a dress of the general utility type—a fire-or-funeral frock.

"Blue, yellow or grey," I told the salesgirl. "And it can be a print or plain color and I don't care whether the sleeves are long or short. There are only two things—I don't want black or red and I can't pay more than twenty-five dollars." Lots of latitude, I thought, as I waited for her to show me something; there ought to be at least a dozen to choose from. Back she came with three dresses. One was black, one—this is hard to believe—was red, and the third was marked thirty-five dollars.

"I don't think you understood me," I told her. "Black and red are the colors that I *don't* want and twenty-five is absolutely my limit."

"But these are the latest things and very

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smart," she protested. The second time she had three more dresses over her arm. One was blue, one yellow and one black. This time I ignored the black altogether. The blue one I adored; it was just what I wanted and the price was perfect.

"I'll try this on," I decided. At this she looked startled. "But it's not your size, madame, and we have none smaller." I didn't go into her reasons for showing it to me but turned silently to the yellow dress. I liked this one too and the size was right—but it was forty dollars!

"Twenty-five is the highest I can go," I said, by this time quite annoyed.

"Oh, yes, you did say that, didn't you?" she murmured deprecatingly, as if to imply that she had never before waited on anyone who had such a limited income. "Of course, in that case, we have nothing that would do."

Our bathroom is pale green and I wanted to get some perfectly plain pale green bath-towels with a white or darker green border. In this era of color exploitation and the cult of the Bathroom Beautiful, that should have been an easy task. But was it? Five stores I went to, and finally I had to compromise on white towels with a green border. There were exactly two varieties of plain colored towels—very thin ones selling at about forty or fifty cents or very elegant towels at three-fifty each. No towels at a dollar or a dollar and a quarter each, nothing at an average price. Colored towels with fancy designs and ornate leaping fish were numerous, but nothing plain.

With all the hue and cry about depression and no business and the non-buying public, shopping is more difficult than it has ever been. Several months ago I went to a large department-store that features household supplies. I wanted two articles —a small bin for vegetables and a frying basket. They were completely out of small vegetable bins but I was told that they "expected" to order some more. In the whole store there was exactly *one* frying basket—and it had a bent handle!

Last Winter one cleaning establishment called me eight times, imploring me to give them a trial. Each time I told the girl that I was perfectly satisfied with our present cleaner, and that I had no intention of changing. The first five times I tried to remember I was a lady, but after that I am afraid I was extremely rude. Finally, I decided that after one more call I would write a sizzling letter to the manager, but I was denied that pleasure because, evidently discouraged, the girl has not called me since.

The torch has been passed on, however, and a neighborhood grocery with which we have no account has commenced paying me attention. The other day I was in the midst of pie crust—at the stickiest stage, my hands covered with dough—when the telephone rang. Out came my hands; hurriedly I washed them and dashed for the phone. "Mrs. Holland, this is the Oh-So-Tasty Food Store, and we have a special sale on canned goods today, a dozen cans of apricots, peaches, pears, tomatoes or corn for a dollar seventy-five. Now, Mrs. Holland, I know that once you have tried our brand you will be more than satisfied. Our quality is of the best and the cans are guaranteed full contents. If you will just tell me how many of each you wish, I'll be glad to send them up."

All this time I had been trying to explain that I was well stocked, and couldn't possibly use any apricots, peaches, pears, tomatoes *or* corn. Nothing daunted, the voice continued: "But Mrs. Holland, we have another special today—eighteen bars of No-Scrubbo Laundry Soap for one dollar." This did interest me. No-Scrubbo is

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the brand beloved by my laundress, and I usually pay $1.40 cents for that many bars. I ordered a dozen and a half, hung up the telephone, went back to the kitchen, and plunged my hands into the pie crust.

Again the telephone. Again the process of hand-washing, of dashing through the apartment. "Mrs. Holland this is the Oh-So-Tasty Food Store again. I'm sorry but we are giving that special on soap only with an order. Wouldn't you like to buy some canned goods?"

II

What is the explanation of all this? Wherein lies the basic fault? At some place in the great American structure of business efficiency there is a weak spot. We read of high pressure efficiency experts who command fabulous sums for telling manufacturers and general managers how they can increase the efficiency and output of their various organizations. I am willing to wager any amount that any housewife with an average I.Q. could tell them more than any such expert.

Already I can hear the cry arising triumphantly "They *do* tell us! We have women advisers on our staffs!" But *what* women? Housewives of average means who have everyday problems to solve? Not so: they have Women with Careers. Women who in all probability would quail if brought face to face with a kitchen or a baby. Women who live in hotels or efficiency apartments; women who hold a man's job and have no time to follow a woman's daily routine; women who receive large salaries and who are consequently unable to understand the difficulties of stretching the monthly grocery allowance to provide new shoes for Junior when new shoes were not due on the budget for two more months.

Can it be that the American Business Man has the wrong sort of advisers? Can it be that his elaborate organizations with their personal shopping services, their children's playrooms, their auditoriums, their tea-rooms and orchestras, have grown so beyond control that they have lost sight of the end for which they were founded? A store is founded for the purpose of selling commodities to customers. The storekeeper should know what the average person wants, and more important, he should know how to give it to him. As one economist has remarked, "Goods are bought and not sold in this country." And sometimes bought under difficulties. In fact, there are times when you almost have to plead with the salesperson to sell you what you want. It seems as though they are determined to make purchasing as unpleasant and hard as possible.

There is some evidence to believe that what we have called high-pressure selling in this great business nation is really high-pressure buying. It is as likely that booms are caused by consumers storming the doors of shops as it is that they are due to artful advertising and forceful selling. Is it the vigor of the salesman, the craft of the copy-writer, the foresight of the manufacturer that causes sales to be made? Shall no credit be given the forces that really originate a sale: the gnawing in the consumer's belly, the sensitiveness of his epidermis to wintry winds, the silly vanity of all mankind—surely these, too, have some influence into sending him to the victualler, the tailor, and the jeweler, to suffer the insults of their hirelings. Keeping up with the Joneses has probably sent a larger stream of gold flowing into the merchants' coffers than all the advertising copy in the world. It is what the customer wants that determines his purchase, not what the merchant tries to persuade him

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to want. Nine-tenths of the selling is done before the potential customer ever enters the store—a fact apparently realized by few American business men. Instead of trying to make buying an easy and pleasant task, store managers seem determined to make it as difficult as possible—they challenge you to find what you want and to purchase it without insult.

Had it not been for the fact that those collar buttons were really needed, I should have given up long before I did. It seemed as though the whole great store was in conspiracy to prevent me from buying them. Why didn't that store keep collar buttons in several different departments? In the men's store certainly, but it seems to me that they should also be found at both the notion and the button counters. And is it impossible to instill a little intelligence into the salesgirls? The store rules are very strict about the color of the girls' dresses but apparently they say nothing about ability to give useful information.

Of course one has to remember the human tendency to forget, but when five or six girls are ignorant of the whereabouts of a single article there is something decidedly wrong. This problem could easily be solved by installing an information booth in a central spot on the main floor. A few department-stores have done this, and it is difficult to understand why their less progressive rivals do not follow suit. I am sure they would soon find it paying multifold dividends. As it is, one goes from counter to counter, eager to buy the desired article, and frustrated at every point.

Do or do not department-stores want to make sales? I am frequently convinced that they are entirely averse to it. At the counters where the articles are inexpensive and the profits accordingly small, there are far too few salesgirls. As a result of waiting five or ten minutes to buy thread or talcum powder, I have often gone home without them. However, if one is in the ready-to-wear department the situation is acutely reversed. For anyone like myself, who does a lot of looking at clothes before any decision is made, shopping is miserable. When I purchase a dress or coat, I know that I shall have to wear it a long time and consequently I do not like to take the first thing I see. Nor do I like to take up a salesgirl's time when I know that I have no intention of buying. All that I ask is to be let quietly alone, and to be allowed to stroll around the department, looking at whatever is displayed in the cases, examining the dresses that are on the racks. But is this freedom permitted? As soon as you appear, a resolute creature bears down, and if you decline her services she follows at your heels, as if she suspected you of shop-lifting. There are several stores whose merchandise I like, but whose girls are so persistent that I avoid them.

The American salesgirl is probably the most snobbish person alive. In the shopping world, Price reigns supreme, and if one is so *gauche*, so crass as to request to see something less expensive, the clerk usually freezes up. The firm belief among all the $16-a-week girls seems to be that every customer is a millionaire, and they evidently think it would be an insult to treat one otherwise. It may be flattering to be shown a $90 evening frock when you are looking for something around thirty, but after you ask expressly for something cheaper, and it is not forthcoming, then murder is almost justifiable. If the salesgirl from whom I tried to buy a Spring dress had courteously explained that the moderate priced dresses were in a different section, I should have been extremely

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grateful. Both my time and hers would have been saved, and a potential customer sent away satisfied. As it is, I have a bad impression of that store.

Why cannot the salespeople be taught that it is better to make a $20 sale than *not* to make a $50 one? Can they not be shown that many small accounts are better than one large one? That every customer spending one dollar now may some day be able to spend several hundred? And why—but perhaps we expect too much—can they not be taught *manners*? Vulgarity, inconsiderateness, and bad manners are deplorable enough without institutionalizing them. With so many thousands out of work I should think it possible for department-stores to find clerks who are not bored with displaying their wares, clerks who will make an earnest endeavor to show the customer what he wants, clerks who will strive to be of real value.

The trouble may lie in the fact that many of the salesgirls "don't have to work", and feel in duty bound to impress that truth upon the customer. Their very bearing cries out that they are where they are because they choose to be, that they are doing you a real favor when they wait on you. They do not realize that it is the customer's money that is hiring them and that they should put forth as much effort to please the customer as to impress the department head. Commercial courtesy is being ruined by the American habit of girls with well-to-do parents going out as clerks instead of staying at home, helping in the house, or as their Continental sisters would do, keeping up with their music or drawing. Girls of this type rarely take their work seriously; it is not their livelihood that depends on their job, but only their chiffon stockings, their permanents, their fur coats.

However, all of the blame cannot be placed on the storekeeper; much of it goes farther back. The manufacturers turn out grosses and tons of goods without ever consulting the public taste. Why do the people who plan merchandise try to force their likes on the consumer? Why don't they try and find out what is wanted? The demand is there and instead of supplying it, they go to all the trouble of creating or trying to create a new demand. It may be Big Business and it may be efficiency plus but it certainly is not common sense. At the time I was going through my futile struggle of towel-buying, I had several salesgirls tell me that any number of people had asked for the same sort of plain colored bath towels. Evidently the manufacturers preferred fancy designs, so the public taste was disregarded.

III

Instead of trying to build up the public good will, it often seems as if the store owners were doing their best to tear it down. A very small amount of effort would bring about a tremendous amount of good will and one customer in the proper state of mind is worth two in a bad humor. However, the force that is generating the largest feeling of ill-will these days is the telephone solicitor. Affairs have reached such a state that many people, unless they are expecting a special call, will not answer the telephone. Cannot the merchants realize what harm is being done? Don't they know that any woman is bound to be disappointed when she goes to the telephone, thinking it to be some friend with a bit of gossip, and finds it is only an advertisement?

The evil is done even before the over-anxious solicitor starts her story. I know that no matter what happened I would

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never patronize that cleaner who bothered me eight times last Winter. A letter or illustrated circular, read at leisure, gives a far better idea of the service or article than a half hour of telephone description. Because, contrary to popular belief, I *do* think that most women read the advertisements that come in the mail. I have heard various booklets and circulars discussed over countless bridge tables, and everyone agrees there is one thing they should have —the price of the article described. There is nothing more maddening than to admire the sketch of a stunning antelope hand-bag, read about the crystal clasp, decide that maybe you can squeeze it out of the budget, and then discover that the crafty merchant has kept secret the price!

Withal, one occasionally stumbles upon an oasis of courtesy in the vast desert of rank indifference and haughty ignorance. In the department-stores it is in the art needle-work sections that one invariably finds patience and an eagerness to serve. The reason for this is that most of the clerks are old ladies brought up in the old school and unversed in modern efficiency. They take a personal interest in every quilt and sweater for which they sell the materials, and will spend twenty minutes matching a thirty-cent ball of yarn.

Beauty parlors, filling stations and ten-cent stores strike the right note of service that is attentive but not overpowering. They give the customer what he wants, how he wants it, and when he wants it. The managers of ten-cent stores and of good book-shops are probably the master salesmen of their generation. They realize that people like to do a lot of looking and accordingly display their wares freely. In neither place are you bothered, but efficient service is yours for the asking. Even if the economy motive did not enter in, I would buy as many notions as possible at the ten-cent store—shopping is made easier there than at any other place.

However, the management has erred grievously in one respect: it has skimped penuriously on the quality of the salesgirls. Willing though the ten-cent store clerks be, they are deplorably lacking in intelligence. The majority probably quit school before the eighth grade was reached, and as most of them apparently come from homes of little or no education, the result is appalling. Few know anything about the articles they are selling, but they will cheerfully admit it, and glibly refer you to a floorwalker. Unconcerned, they take their lack of knowledge lightly.

Modern life is full of minor annoyances. Movie ushers who refuse to let you sit where you want. Cleaners who promise a dress by Friday and blithely walk in with it on Monday. Waitresses who forget to omit the whipped cream. Busses and street cars that sail grandly past you, despite your frantically waving hand. Everyone has suffered from one or more of these nuisances, but what is being done about them? Businesses continue to expand, stores enlarge their "personnel", more efficient methods are discovered to accomplish more things. But none of these grandiloquent schemes affect the consumer, the customer. He is quite forgotten in all the flurry of Big Business.

Let the business organizations take all their graphs, charts, supply and demand curves, buying and selling psychology textbooks, expert advice, superbly uniformed attendants bowing and emitting "Yes, madame" at each step, and chuck them all in the nearest river. Let them replace all these fripperies with courtesy, intelligence, and a sincere desire to please, and buying will become a pleasure instead of a dreaded task.

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IDYL

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

THE snake raised its head above the stubble and glittered an eye at Mooch and me. We were sweltering in the small shade of a box-elder at the north edge of the field. It was mid-afternoon, with a furnace blast of wind billowing some sixty acres of wheat that was still uncut. But the snake, ten feet or so away, looked sleek and cool. It was the only coolness anywhere, unless one thought of the sweaty coldness of Mooch's hand, which just now had touched mine.

A little while ago the snake had come sliding out of a shock of wheat. It was a bull snake. Bull snakes are death on field mice and gophers, but they make good pets for country kids. Mooch and I watched this one for a minute; then I said, "I guess we ought to be helping the boss fix the binder." I meant that Mooch ought to be. Bunson had told me to stay out of the sun for a while. And anyhow I was no good around machinery. The binder had broken down a couple of hours before, and I had just got back from town with the new parts. It was Sunday; so getting the parts hadn't been easy.

Mooch kept on watching the snake. "To hell with the binder," he said. He reached across my legs, swept up a couple of clods, and shied them at the snake. Its head flickered like a flame and disappeared, but after a moment there it was again above the stubble. I looked over toward Bunson. He was working at the binder on the far side of the uncut acres, the beat of his hammering momentarily slowed to the long undulations of the grain or quickened to the rippling of the heat waves.

Bunson was a little man, so dried up that he didn't seem to belong on a farm, where everything must count in terms of avoirdupois. Or one might think of him perhaps as a small apparition of those lean seasons that are so often calendared in any man's forty years of sowing and reaping. His blowzy wife—a second wife, that is, of half his years—plied him heavily with salt pork, potatoes and unskimmed milk, but she failed to lay even a single ounce of fat on his ribs. I think she had come to regard him with just such a dispraising eye as he himself was wont to regard an undersized shoat.

With Mooch, though, it was another matter. He had put on weight along with the sheep and the Herefords or the Wyandottes and the hogs. And for this reason alone he would have found favor in the eyes of most farm-wives. I recalled that Bunson had told me to bring Mooch out a couple of plugs of horseshoe. I handed them over. "They're from the boss," I said. Bunson had some notion of trying to keep Mooch in a good humor until such time, at least, as the wheat was all in shock.

Without taking his eye off the snake, Mooch slipped one plug into his shirt pocket and bit off a big chew from the other. He could chew a plug a day. "To hell with the boss," he said. The snake lowered its head a little, somewhat like a

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bird about to fly. Mooch waited until it had started away through the stubble. Then he jumped up, chased it for a rod or so, smashed his foot down on it, picked it up by the tail and brought it back, wriggling against his right leg. "It's a big bastard," he said, "but it's a damn sight yellower than the general run."

Mooch was right. It was a big snake, with a golden belly and narrow yellow bands crossing the back between blotches of brown. It seemed rather small, though, and helpless with him holding it. Mooch was tall but lumpish, with black, bristled hair. And it was perhaps his hair, growing low on his forehead, or his swart skin that made his eyes look bluer and brighter than they actually were. He leaned against the tree and held the snake out at arm's length.

"The boss likes to have them around," I said.

"Damn the goddam boss," Mooch said. "I laid out a couple of the bastards yesterday." He rubbed his left hand across his hair. Then he gave the snake two or three jerks, like snapping a whip.

II

Bunson quit hammering, and his thin voice came cutting across the wind. "Hey, Mooch, come and give us a hand."

"The boss wants some help," I said.

Mooch spat against the snake's belly. "Say, kid," he said, "ain't I told you once to hell with the goddam boss?" He stood out from the tree, whirled the snake three or four times around his head and let go of it. It fell a good sixty feet away and went streaking off toward the uncut wheat.

I thought Mooch was going over to the binder, but he hurried after the snake and was back with it in a little bit. "Hey, Mooch." Bunson was waving at us, a wrench or something in his hand. He stood waving for a minute and then turned and looked toward the west. A tall, darkish cloud was standing on the earth like a leaning tower.

"Why don't you get over and help him?" I said. Bunson began working again at the binder.

Mooch swung the snake a couple of times against the tree trunk. "The sucker was halfways in a hole. Ever try yankin' one of the cusses out of a hole, kid? Well, listen. You don't wanta yank. You wanta give a steady heave. Yankin' might bring their tail off. I done that once. It was over to Hawk's place, and there was the devil's tail in my hand and the rest of him plumb out of sight."

Mooch put his foot on the snake's neck and pulled its body up taut. "By God, it damn near comes up to my shoulder. I knowed a fellow once what skunt one of the bastards and just for fun used the damn skin for a cussed tape measure."

"Say," I said, "Bunson looked over here again." I felt sorry for Bunson. He was short of help, late with his harvesting, and had hired me more or less on a gamble. And here was Mooch, a good enough hand when he wanted to be, fooling around this way. For the past week he had been baiting Bunson with one piece of deviltry or another. Night before last he had left a cow unmilked, one of the fresher cows, and it bawled for hours until Bunson got out of bed and milked it. Then yesterday he had hit one of the Clydesdales over the head with a neck-yoke. And only this morning he had dropped a lighted cigarette in the barn.

He was like an ornery kid, trying to see how far he could go. But Bunson had only grumbled a little and gone on talking about getting the wheat up. I felt like telling Bunson that he ought to swing a neck-yoke on him. But it was none of my busi-

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ness. Beside, I'd be moving on north with the harvest pretty soon.

Bunson was looking at the cloud again. It was spreading out and was more like a cliff than a tower.

"Why don't you give Bunson a decent break?" I said. "There's a cloud coming up."

"To hell with the cloud. I never seen a much bigger devil than this one."

Mooch had bent over and was letting the snake wriggle along the ground. After it had got so far he would jerk it back. "He's a fat bugger, too. Maybe been eatin' eggs. It's plumb hell the way they can get outside of a egg." He looked up at me, narrowing his eyes and grinning. "I got a good notion to let the cuss loose in the damn hen house. It'd raise hell with the missus' chicks or by God I would do it. The missus ain't so bad. She ain't half bad."

His eyes came wide open, a foggish light in them, and squatting down he looked past the tree trunk towards the house. Then he looked across the field, where the team was standing, tied to a wheel of the binder. "What I'd oughta do is wrap the devil round the neck of one of them plugs." He let the snake wriggle away in another direction, and jerked it back again.

"Why don't you let up on it?" I said. "They're good around a farm and clean out gophers and even rattlesnakes."

Mooch stood tiptoe and swung the snake up over a branch. It began to constrict where it touched the branch, and by elbowing its body a foot or so behind the head, carried itself outward in a horizontal oscillation. It looked as though the goldenish body might swim away through the air. But there was Mooch with his strong grip on it. "Rattlers, hell," he said. He took hold of the snake with both hands and pulled it backward across the rough bark. A little redness showed on its belly. "A regular rattler wouldn't be ketched on this goddam gopher farm. This here cuss never seen a rattler." He put his foot on the snake's head and, beginning at the tail, tried to roll the long body into a tight coil. "These devils ain't got no coil in 'em like a rattler." He took his foot off and cracked the snake's head against the tree.

"Quit hurting it," I said.

Mooch looked around until he had found a stick. "Cripes, I ain't hurtin' the devil none." He took a big chew. "Say, kid, did you ever know tobacco would knock one of these bastards plumb loco?"

"No," I said, "let it go."

"Now, looky here, kid," he said. "Just who in the name of God's snake is this?"

"It's the boss's if it's anybody's," I said. I looked at the cloud. It was wider now but taller, too, with a great bulge at the top, like a man's head. I thought of Mooch's orneriness and of how the cloud might come stalking over and trample Bunson's wheat into the ground.

"Goddam the boss," Mooch said. "You're one of these guys what thinks everything is the boss's." He spoke so loud that I thought Bunson must have heard him if he hadn't been hammering away at the binder. "You got a idea maybe for instance that all the women in the world belongs to some damn boss or ruther." His eyes lightened and he spat at the snake. "How you know it's the boss's? The whole world ain't the boss's. This here devil, anyway, could've come from over at Wither's."

He put his right foot on the snake, just behind its head. Then with the stick he pried its mouth open and bending over dosed it with tobacco juice. I made a grab for the stick but Mooch pushed me off.

"That's a hell of a thing to do," I said. "How'd you like to be in his place? Let him go."

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"There won't be no go in the cuss in a minute," Mooch said, partly straightening up. He bit into the plug again, worked his heavy jaws for a while, and again bent over. After two or three minutes he threw the stick away and took his foot off the snake. You could see it was about done for. It dragged itself a few feet, then lay still, except that its head moved as though trying to get away from the sick body.

III

"Here comes Bunson," I said. Mooch spat at the snake, striking it squarely on the neck. Its head quit moving. Lying there in the stubble, it looked like a bronze chain. Mooch picked it up and swung it over the branch. It slipped off. He swung it up again. Then, while Bunson was crossing the stubble, Mooch grabbed the limb, just to the side of the snake, chinned himself half a dozen times, skinned the cat through his long arms, and dropped to the ground. "I reckon you figure the boss could do that, kid. But he couldn't. He ain't no man. He ain't never growed up."

Bunson came up to us, mopping his bald head with a blue bandana. He looked all in. "Where's the water?" he said. I stepped over to the fence and got the jug out from under some buck brush. Bunson took a long drink. The jug was three times the size of his head, and you wondered that he could have swung it up so easily with one hand. He wasn't any bigger than a twelve-year-old kid. But you couldn't imagine he had ever been young. You felt that the hot winds had dried up his blood until only a little was left trickling through him. His wife could have lifted him with one hand.

"We got to get busy," he said. He caught sight of the snake. Its head was again moving a little. "What ails it?" he said.

Mooch pulled the snake down and tossed it over against a shock of wheat.

"It's a hell of a sick snake," Mooch said.

"It's dead," I said.

Taking the jug, Bunson went over and poured some water along the snake's body.

"They hadn't ought to be pestered," he said. "But we got to get busy."

He started across toward the binder, and after I had carried the jug back to the buck brush I told Mooch to come on.

He had stopped by the snake, and was pushing at it with his foot. "Say, kid, this bugger ain't clear dead yet."

"Bunson's half way to the binder," I said.

"Damn Bunson. He's a hell of a farmer, raisin' a fuss over a damn snake and talkin' about somebody pesterin' 'em. He don't know no more about snakes than cattle or hogs. I'm quittin'. He ain't got no religion, neither, workin' his help on a Sunday."

Mooch picked the snake up. "Ever see hogs tie into one of these bastards, kid? A hog ain't a-scairt of no snake. They'll squeal and scrap over 'em like chickens over a goddam worm, only the chickens ain't so much fun. You gotta have fun, kid. You'll learn that when you get growed up."

I left him standing there, but when I was part way through the wheat I looked back. He was dragging the snake after him across the narrow strip of browned pasture between the field and the house. Just then Bunson's woman came outdoors and Mooch quickened his steps. Bunson couldn't see them. He had started the binder and was already at the bottom of a little slope and out of sight of the house.

I picked up a couple of bundles and began shocking, but when I reached the slope I glanced over and saw Mooch and Bunson's wife standing by the hog yard. Then the hogs set up a loud squealing, and I hurried on down the slope.

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AN AWFUL INTERPOSITION OF GOD

BY LLOYD LEWIS

General U. S. Grant lay in a New Orleans hotel in early September, 1863, his lips locked against pains which ripped up and down his swollen flank from knee to arm-pit. His pride, as well as his side, hurt like the devil. Though he was one of the very best horsemen in the country, he had fallen under a mount a few days before—fallen in front of everybody, too—while coming home from a review of troops.

Grant blamed the horse—a badly broken, vicious animal which had taken alarm at a locomotive and run away, finally smashing to the ground with its rider underneath. But on the street outside the hotel officers in blue uniforms were whispering that the General himself had been partly to blame—*too much liquor*. It was, however, only a rumor, and destined to remain neither proven nor disproven.

The Army surgeons told the patient that he must remain on his back for weeks—an added misery. Somehow, Grant was always putting his worst foot forward. Other generals had the gift of showmanship, of dramatizing themselves and their military accomplishments in the view of the public and the high Washington officials; Grant was too modest, too honest, too silent for such theatricals. Moreover, luck was against him.

It had been just his luck, for instance, to have won, eight weeks earlier, the immeasurable victory of Vicksburg on the very day that the whole North was frenzied over the less important triumph at Gettysburg. His success had been gained 'way down in Mississippi, far from home, while the other battle was in Pennsylvania, right among the home-folks. The halt put to Lee's invasion at Gettysburg had freed the Northern tradesmen and politicians from a cruel fear, but Vicksburg, emotionally, was only a distant feat for which the North had been well prepared during the five weeks' siege.

In taking the Gibraltar of the West, with its many men and guns, Grant had assured himself a front seat in the college of military immortals, but the War Department seemed blind to the fact in the Summer of 1863. True, it had lauded him formally for thus bisecting the Confederacy, and President Lincoln had spoken lyrically of the Father of Waters again going "unvexed to the sea," but the administration would not listen to Grant's advice as to the next move. Immediately after Vicksburg's surrender he had urged a new campaign. A stout little Thor he was, always wanting to be hammering. He proposed driving hard against Mobile on the Gulf. But Henry Wager Halleck, the General-in-chief at Washington, had blandly brushed the thought aside. Following the military textbooks, Halleck had scattered Grant's huge Army of the Tennessee about the Mississippi Valley, garrisoning captive towns.

Old Brains, as Halleck was called, had been an honor student at West Point,

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whereas Grant had been far down the roll. Halleck, before the war, had written military texts and corporation-counsel briefs; Grant had been only a hardware clerk with debts on his house and whiskey on his breath. Furthermore Halleck, pop-eyed, wry-necked, always rubbing his elbows, was suspected of harboring envy of successful commanders in the field. His own job was to sit at a Washington desk directing the whole war, and no doubt he considered Grant's Mobile plan a bit uppity.

The Cincinnati *Gazette*, a little later, would call Halleck the Reviler of Generals, pointing out how he had virtually demoted Grant after the latter's victory at Shiloh in April, 1862, and how, subsequently, he had cleverly deflated such other Federal generalissimos as Buell, Pope, Hooker, McClellan and Sherman. He reminded the *Gazette* of a certain functionary of ancient times:

> There is a tradition that the Romans had an institution for repressing the tendency of successful generals to put on airs of omnipotence. In a Roman triumph, the victorious general, attired in a gold-embroidered robe and flowered tunic, and bearing in one hand a laurel bough and in the other a scepter, stood upright in a circular chariot drawn by four horses, and behind him was stationed a slave who, among the popular acclamations, continually remarked to his private ear that he was but mortal.

To the swollen and smarting Grant, there came in September telegrams showing how wrong Halleck had been in prohibiting the Mobile move. These telegrams told how, up in Tennessee, another Union force, the Army of the Cumberland, had got into trouble. Under General Rosecrans —the big-nosed, jovial, excitable Old Rosy —that army had, in August, captured Chattanooga, exposing the bowels of Georgia and Alabama to the knife. But instead of solidifying his position, Rosecrans had flounced on into the mountains south of the city, to meet defeat on September 19 and 20 at Chickamauga Creek, which in the Indian tongue meant River of Death (or just plain Stinking Water, depending upon the translator). This Battle of Chickamauga would have annihilated the Cumberlanders had not the left wing stood adamant behind the square Newfoundland-dog face of General George H. Thomas, and butchered the right wing of the Confederates appallingly. As it was, Rosecrans, having tumbled into Chattanooga with his own routed right wing, had drawn Thomas slowly after him and, with his rattled army about him, was enduring a siege.

This was ridiculous! If Old Brains had let Grant attack Mobile, the Confederates could never have concentrated against Rosecrans. Halleck was now calling loudly for Grant to help Chattanooga, and all the bed-ridden Ulysses could do was to send two divisions from Vicksburg under his favorite lieutenant, the red-haired raider, W. T. Sherman. Flat on a stretcher, Grant had himself shipped to Vicksburg, and by the time he had graduated to crutches Halleck hustled him toward Kentucky to meet a mysterious "man from the War Department." En route, Grant was changing trains for Louisville in the railroad station at Indianapolis when, by accident, he met the "representative" similarly bound—a plump man, "fussy as a jaybird", no less than Edwin M. Stanton, the War Secretary, himself! Straight up to Dr. Kittoe, Grant's physician, Stanton came crying, "How are you, General Grant? I knew you from your pictures!"

Grant's aide, Colonel James H. Wilson, observed, as the parties rode down to Louisville, "The Secretary seemed disap-

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pointed in Grant, and Grant seemed to feel no interest in Stanton."

In Louisville, Grant was told that he must take charge at Chattanooga, crutches or no crutches. The administration had had enough of Rosecrans, whose complaints were endless. His telegraph bills had been greater than any other general's in the Union army to date. He had bungled Chickamauga and was now dilly-dallying while his army approached starvation. Hungry soldiers were known to be hunting for corn around feed-troughs where it fell from their mules' mouths. It was politically injudicious to unseat Old Rosy, for he had the backing of two powerful Roman Catholic prelates who had served Lincoln well, Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Bishop Sylvester Rosecrans, the General's brother. However, his head must now fall, no matter how many Irish Catholic votes it would cost the administration at the presidential election a year hence.

So Grant telegraphed to Rosecrans' second-in-command, Thomas, to take command and to hold out at all costs. Thomas, now celebrated as the Rock of Chickamauga, answered "We will hold the town till we starve,"—a message which the romantic Northern populace would soon turn into "We'll fight till Hell freezes over, and then we'll fight on the ice."

To Chattanooga Grant hurried, his aides lifting him on and off trains and horses, and finally rushing him through icy rains over the lone and rocky road by which the besieged town received such meager supplies as did reach it. Thousands of dead horses and mules corduroyed the trail, stinking to heaven. Once Grant's mount slipped and fell heavily upon the General's injured leg. No whispers about liquor now —*this* time it was plainly on the horse.

Finally at 9 P.M. on October 23, Grant's crutches clumped on the floor of General Thomas' headquarters in the hungry city, and he sank upon a chair below which dismal puddles soon collected. Thomas, always phlegmatic, made no move to succor his dripping chief. Perhaps his sloth was due to fatty degeneration of the heart, which would kill him seven years later; perhaps it was due to resentment at having another man move in above him at the crisis.

Grant's aides thought that Thomas was angry because, after having been virtually placed in command over Grant after Shiloh, he had not, thereafter, progressed as far as the grim Ulysses. But no one ever could be sure what possessed Thomas that night. It was only when General Rawlins, the aide who always watched over Grant with the fierceness of a mother-hen, angrily demanded dry clothing and food that he observed the amenities. Soon Grant had a house of his own and was living apart from Thomas. They were never friendly.

II

On the morning after his arrival, Grant had himself lifted into the saddle and set out to survey the situation. Had he known it, he had come at last to the theater whereon he could dramatize himself superbly, and win his immortality. The crowd had assembled at last; the eyes of the whole North and South were on Chattanooga. If it fell, the Confederates would swarm over Tennessee and, most likely, drive to the Ohio river. If it stood, the Federal armies had a permanent base in the heart of the Confederacy, and could dismember it at their leisure.

The theater stretched before Grant's eye as he rode through the Autumn day—a granite amphitheater stretching to the east, south and west. Behind him lay the city,

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with the Tennessee river bounding it on the north. At his feet was a plain running from three to four miles up to rocky walls. On the east Missionary Ridge rose and stretched across to the south, where it dipped down to lowlands cut by Chattanooga creek. To the southwest stood Lookout Mountain, a craggy height, 2200 feet above sea-level, and noble enough to have inspired Benjamin F. Taylor, a war correspondent, to call it, "an everlasting thunderstorm that will never pass over." Every foot of the semi-circle, it seemed, gleamed with Confederate tents or frowned with Confederate cannon. Halfway down the front of Missionary Ridge ran lines of trenches, and rifle-pits lay at its bottom.

Home from his survey, Grant set his engineers to work opening new channels for importing food—"opening the cracker-line". Thomas's officers were galvanized into action. Grant sat with his head bent over a table, from which, when he moved, he glided rapidly without straightening himself, returning to his seat with his body still bent at the same angle, and with his posterior sliding into the chair without having been raised or lowered during the action. Not an unnecessary move, not a correction in his writing. "His thoughts flowed as freely as ink from his pen."

Within five days food was arriving from the North and a quarrel was rising as to who should get the credit. The Cumberlanders said that their own organization had prepared the plans—a shifting of infantry and of steamboats—by which the cracker-line had been restored, and that Grant had added nothing to it. The thing would have been working, they argued, within a few days, whether he came or not. Grant's friends asked, with some justice, why these plans, if so simple, had not been carried out long ago. The soldiers had been hungry a long time.

Grant, usually charitable in judging soldiers, made up his mind, after an examination, that the Army of the Cumberland would not fight. He thought it still demoralized from its loss of 16,000 men at Chickamauga and from the long weeks of dull trench-life in Chattanooga. He could never, he concluded, prod it into attacking the heights alone; he must wait until his Army of the Tennessee arrived. Those ploughboys, never having known the sickening woe of defeat, were equal to anything.

Riding the picket-lines, he saw only apathy. Fraternization, proverbially common, was being carried to comic-opera lengths by both armies. Squads of soldiers visited the opposition camps swapping tobacco for coffee, lie for lie, and stationing guards to watch for approaching officers. When the alarm was given, the visitors would depart saying, "Good-night; get a good rest, for we'll give you hell tomorrow!"

On the morrow there might be some long-range shelling, but little in the way of hell. Grant, jogging along a creek which served as dead-line, saw Confederate picket-guards, only a few rods away, come to attention and salute him as politely as if he had been one of their own generals. Once he conversed for some time with a soldier at a waterhole before discovering that the fellow was not one of his own men, but a member of Longstreet's corps, which was uniformed in blue. The general and the private parted in amity. On the heights, the besiegers grew lazy, thinking their position impregnable.

Their generals, however, were highly agitated by the attempts of the commanding officer, Braxton Bragg, to fix the blame for his army's failure to crush the whole Union force at Chickamauga. The loss of 17,804 gray-coats at that victory had made

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it an expensive one, and Bragg had arrested a division commander, General Hindaman, and a wing-commander, General (Bishop) Polk. The latter he had found placidly reading a newspaper two miles from where he should have been butchering Yankees. Bragg was said by his officers to have missed many chances to crush Rosecrans, and he, in his turn, thought his gentleman-generals more eager for posturing than for the drudging assemblage of facts and figures before battle.

Temperamentally, Bragg was in the wrong uniform. Attached to New England troops, he should have been at home, for despite his North Carolina birth and Louisiana residence, he was a Pilgrim Father at heart, puritanical, painfully conscientious, dour, and exacting. Now, in ill-health, he was becoming very much of a scold. Naturally, he was at odds with the easy-going, Bourbon-drinking "chivalry" which so largely officered his army, and his accusations of drunkenness were many.

Sentiment against him was so strong that when President Davis visited the army before Chattanooga, Bragg's lieutenants demanded a change in the high command. But Davis stubbornly clung to his favorite, for a harassed executive knew the value of such fierce incorruptibility as Bragg's. Protests against the man, however, increased when in November he suddenly detached General Longstreet and sent him with 15,000 men to besiege a Union army under Burnside which occupied the city of Knoxville.

From two avenues this move propelled Grant toward his drama. It gave him a chance to assault a weakened army on the mountains. Also, it excited President Lincoln into urging battle. Ever since 1861 Lincoln had been sentimentally and politically concerned over the large pro-Union population of East Tennessee, and to him now came frantic delegations describing the rapine and murder that would follow Knoxville's fall. So Lincoln began begging Grant to take the pressure off Burnside with all speed.

Grant was eager to strike. Just outside the circling band of mountains lay two corps of Eastern troops that had been sent on from the Army of the Potomac, some weeks before, to help Rosecrans. Their commander, General Joseph Hooker, handsome, florid, "the perfect portrait of Mars," but an inveterate *prima donna*, was eager to attack Lookout Mountain, which loomed above his camps. But Grant decided to wait for Sherman. On reputation, the Easterners were not as aggressive as his own Army of the Tennessee. He sent couriers to hurry Sherman onward, and the latter responded as best he could on roads of abysmal mud, straining until he grew sick. "I feel as if I had a 30-pound shot in my stomach," he was writing to a friend. "It is not villainous saltpeter that makes one's life so hard, but grub and mules."

It was November 19 before Sherman, his red hair awry, his face at forty-three as wrinkled as a man's at sixty, reached Chattanooga, thirty miles in advance of his men. He rode out with Grant and Thomas to study the ground of the coming battle. For two years Grant had been his "other self"; Thomas had been the companion of his youth; Bragg, on the mountain yonder, had been as close to him, in other years, as Thomas.

Old Tom's finger pointed out Bragg's tent. They talked about long years at Charleston when, in their twenties, the three of them, Sherman from Ohio, Thomas from Virginia, and Bragg from North Carolina, had been brother-lieutenants.

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Sherman spoke up, "Tom, have you seen Bragg or had any communication with him?"

"Damn him!" growled Thomas. "I'll be even with him yet!"

"What's the matter?"

Thomas explained how a harmless message for a Southern officer had come down from the North. "I put a slip of paper around it with a note asking Bragg to forward the letter to its address. The same parcel was returned with a flag of truce with Bragg's endorsement: 'Respectfully returned to General Thomas. General Bragg declines to have any intercourse or dealing with a man who has betrayed his State.' "

When historians later rhapsodized about Thomas' unshakable urbanity Sherman said, "He was not so imperturbable as the world supposes."

III

Grant outlined to his generals the plan of the coming battle. Perhaps it was the greater cerebral activity of Sherman that let him understand the scheme more clearly than the slower-witted Thomas. Perhaps Grant was more explicit with Sherman, whom he liked, than with Thomas, toward whom he was cool. Sherman understood that he was to bring up his Army of the Tennessee veterans and act as bellwether in the fight—assail Bragg so hotly that the Cumberlanders would awake from their lethargy and sail in, too. He would sneak his men past Lookout Mountain west of town, spirit them to the east of the city, then fight them up on to the extreme northern end of Missionary Ridge and down the other side upon the railroad which supplied Bragg from the rear. That would make Bragg's position untenable. Meanwhile, Hooker with his Easterners would demonstrate against Lookout Mountain, and while Bragg, thus assailed on left and right, was in a fret, Thomas would move against his center.

The plan was sensible enough, but Grant's stage-directions were poor. Neither Thomas nor Hooker knew just what was expected of him nor how far he was to carry his demonstration. Their staff officers were angry, saying that Grant was using them as supers to aid his friend Sherman in the star rôle.

Sherman returned to bring up his troops, who were arriving thirty miles down the Tennessee river. He must have them on hand to start the battle on November 21. He must hurry. Lincoln was prodding Grant about Knoxville.

Grant waited. The twenty-first came and no Sherman. Inquiry revealed that the redheaded general had boggled things; instead of abandoning the enormous wagon trains of food with which he had started for Chattanooga, and rushing forward with his fighting men, he was attempting to bring everything up at once—an almost impossible task in the deep mud. To protect his friend from the inevitable criticism of the Easterners and Cumberlanders, Grant took upon himself the blame, saying that he should have given Sherman explicit orders to leave the wagons to follow. But Sherman manfully admitted the fault to be his own.

It was the night of the twenty-third before Sherman was ready to open the ball. Then he learned that his secrecy had been in vain. During the day wires had told Grant that fighting had begun in Knoxville and that Lincoln was "in an agony of suspense"; also a deserter had reported Bragg leaving the Ridge. So Grant had pushed Thomas's men toward the heights, which, blazing promptly with cannon smoke, told him that the deserter

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was a liar, and that Bragg was now warned of the approaching battle. The demonstration had won nothing except Orchard Knob, a small, bald dome which Bragg had kept as an outpost on the plain in front of the Ridge. The storming of the knob had revealed a curious detachment if not apathy on the part of Thomas. From his observation post he had seen several of his men shot down on the hill, and as they lay kicking, he turned to address an aide in pensiveness:

"Kellogg, what a beautiful spot that knoll will make for our dead!"

The moods of the generals were becoming slightly fantastic. Perhaps it was stage-fright. In their previous battles both Federal and Confederate commanders had worked in broken, wooded country which cut off from sight everything but the action of a few brigades in front. None of them really knew what a battle looked like. They had seen isolated men shot and horses gutted under their eyes, but they could only imagine how things looked beyond the thickets and hills. Couriers described distant charges and retreats, messages arrived, officers made reports, but that was all. Now, in the stupendous panorama of Chattanooga's plain, a general could see everything, became self-conscious, and, it might be, a little stupefied.

No officers could ever agree as to just what Grant's orders had been for the battle of the twenty-fourth. Sherman, swarming up Missionary Ridge in the cold, rainy, foggy dawn, was sure Grant expected him to hammer at Bragg's right flank until so many Confederates were rushed to that sector that the center would be weakened for Thomas' attack. Hooker understood that he was to advance against Lookout Mountain and only to assault seriously if unexpected weaknesses appeared. It was vague as to what Thomas thought.

The attack began on the left, with Sherman discovering that the maps given to him were wrong. The Ridge was broken, not continuous. Instead of sweeping along a crest, he found that he must climb fortified cliffs and batter his way up valleys choked with grapeshot. He took a hill or two, entrenched, and waited for orders. Not a rumble from Thomas' middlemen. Sounds of battle, however, came from higher and higher up on Lookout Mountain, which was covered with fog. Toward sundown, winds tore the mists away and Hooker's men were seen, like pigmies, racing around near the summit, shooting and hauling each other up precipices. Hooker, refusing to be a minor actor in the play, had sent his soldiers for the peak, and when night fell his campfires sprinkled the black mountainside as thickly as stars dotted the heavens. Less brightly burned Bragg's bivouac-embers nearby.

Sherman's men and Thomas's men in the valley cheered repeatedly as the night settled down—a crazy night, with a full hunter's moon emerging from the east as if from wings on to a stage. In its light Bragg rearranged his lines, but, between midnight and dawn, a circular shadow stole across the moon. An eclipse added madness to the drama. Handicapped by the unexpected darkness, Bragg's movements were jumbled. The hill-billies among his soldiers stared at the masked moon and gabbled superstitiously.

The sun rose flaming on the twenty-fifth. All the soldiers except Sherman's, who, in ragged valleys and gullies, could not see the full spectacle, became more or less gawks, staring all around, open-mouthed. On Lookout Mountain the Union flag floated. Bragg had abandoned the peak in the night. Hooker received orders from Grant to push on down across Chattanooga creek and lay into Bragg's

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new left flank. Sherman's men on the left were to start hammering again.

Up through the arroyas Sherman crowded his boys, only to have them shot to ribbons. Now and then he slackened his efforts to let the soldiers breathe and to ask, by wig-wag flags, if Thomas were battering the center. At noon his abrupt signal, "Where's Thomas?", brought Grant's answer that the Cumberlanders were beginning to move at last.

But this was an error. Thomas was standing motionless not far from Grant on a hill in the middle of the plain. A little to the rear stood Grant's staff, watching. They understood Thomas to have been ordered to attack as soon as it should become apparent that both flanks had been turned. Here it was noon, with Sherman stalled and Hooker stuck at Chattanooga creek. Colonel Wilson saw Grant "silent as in discouragement." With his brother-aides, Wilson agreed that Grant ought to make Thomas attack now; it was the only hope for victory. General Rawlins, the ranking member of the staff, stepped up to Grant and told him what the boys had decided. Grant walked over to Thomas and said in a conversational tone, "Don't you think it's about time to advance against the rifle-pits?"

Thomas, continuing to stare through his field-glasses, made no reply.

Noon passed and Sherman continued his hopeless battering at the rocks. Finally, at 3 P.M., he rested his bleeding soldiers and caught a signal from Grant: "Attack again."

"I thought the Old Man was daft," he said later, "and sent a staff officer to inquire if there was a mistake."

Grant replied that there was none; go ahead with the pounding! Major Jenney, the staff officer, remembered Sherman's words as, "Go signal Grant: The orders were that I should get as many as possible in front of me and God knows there are enough. They've been reinforcing all day."

Mystery would always hang over this matter of the reinforcements sent to oppose Sherman; either honorable men turned liars or they had their eyes full of moon-madness. Grant, Rawlins, Hazen, Sherman and the latter's division commander, O. O. Howard, all declared emphatically that they saw column after column of Bragg's troops pouring from the center eastward along the crest to meet Sherman's attack. Yet General E. P. Alexander, the Confederate, said no such troops were sent, and Grant's man, Wilson, studying the reports, concluded that Alexander was correct. The most sensible solution of the matter seemed to be that the eclipse of the moon had made everybody a little crazy.

IV

The last message of Sherman to Grant, however, helped jog the center into action. Shortly after its arrival Rawlins again walked up to Grant in his mother-hen manner and urged him to make Thomas move. Wilson noted that Grant "with unusual fire, ordered Thomas to command the attack." The grave Virginian came to life and sent word to his troops down on Orchard Knob to be ready to take the rifle-pits at the Ridge base when six cannon should be fired in rapid succession. Thomas's aides understood that the move was to relieve the pressure on Sherman.

What was really intended was never clear. The battle had so far been a failure. The end of the short November day was drawing near.

When Thomas' orders came to the Cumberland men, they started jumping up and down. For a day and a half they

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had lain off-stage, seeing and hearing the action of their rivals, the Army of the Tennessee and the Easterners. They had Chickamauga on the brain, and burned for revenge. Grant's hint that they were not first-rate combat material had fermented mightily inside them. Also, Sherman's ragged marchers, in passing, had dropped contemptuous remarks. "We were crazy to charge," said boys of the Sixth Indiana, who lay waiting for those six signal guns.

At 3:40 the cannon began booming, and at the fifth shot the Cumberlanders began running forward, yipping and howling. Missionary Ridge blazed; lead sang from the rifle-pits at the bottom, from the trenches mid-way up and from the crest. The chargers leaped tree-trunks, jostled each other, not stopping to shoot. Above them sped Union shells to burst against the mountain.

The Confederates, withdrawing from the rifle-pits, backed up the slope, firing as they went. Many of them seemed dumfounded, staring at the Yankees as if the whole thing were a gigantic review. Into the pits tumbled the Federals. They had taken their objective. Their officers began urging them to convert the shelterholes into trenches facing in the opposite direction, but they paid no heed. They stood sucking chunks of air into exhausted lungs, their muscles twitching as if under some dervish intoxication, their eyes rolling hungrily upward to the summit, 600 feet away.

Then all at once they howled and broke out of the pits, racing, scrambling up the steep slope while their officers bawled for them to come back. So rapidly did they go that soon they were running neck and neck with the fleeing Confederates, and, with them, tumbled into the second line of trenches, out of which other Southerners were tearing like rabbits. The Cumberlanders were too winded, and Bragg's men too astonished to do much fighting. Both sides simply ran and bellowed.

Back in the rear Grant said sharply to Thomas, "Who ordered those men up the ridge?" Thomas hadn't and didn't know who had. "Granger," persisted Grant, turning to the next Cumberlander of rank, "did you order them up?"

"No," said Granger. "But when those fellows get started all hell can't stop them."

Grant said something about somebody catching it if the attack failed. The common soldiers were taking the battle into their own hands. Later on Hooker, who hated Grant, declared that the latter had been disappointed at the unexpected development, since it spoiled his scheme for letting Sherman win the laurels. Hooker insisted that Grant had said, at the day's end, "Damn the battle! I had nothing to do with it."

One of Thomas' division commanders, Major-General Philip H. Sheridan, was moved to recall his men when they broke from the rifle-pits, but the spectacle fired his Irish blood and he held his tongue. Riding to the foot of the mountain, he paused to whip out his silver whiskey flask. He threw back his head to take a drink. His eye fell on a Confederate general at the top looking down at him.

"Here's to you!" shouted Sheridan and drank deep.

The Confederate answered with a wave of his hand and a volley from six cannon which threw dirt over Sheridan and drew an ominous growl: "That's damned ungenerous. I'll take those guns for that." Pocketing his flask, Sheridan spurred up the slope, exuding wrath.

By now sixty battleflags were climbing the mountain, with the soldiers traveling in wild-goose formation behind them. The

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air whimpered with musket-balls which gray gunners tossed by the hatful into cannon and discharged down the cliff. The angle was not favorable to execution; better luck was to be had by touching fire to shell fuses and letting the iron balls—and large rocks—roll down the mountain side. The Federals, however, seemed to have forgotten the foe; they began to race with each other as they neared the summit.

Now and then a man fired perfunctorily upward, but the blue-coats were more absorbed in the obstacle race before them—boulders, entanglements, precipices, thickets, fallen trees. Captain Briant of the Sixth Indiana was in the lead when one of his privates, Tom Jackson, passed him. Snatching Tom by the coat-tail, Briant jerked him back, and forged ahead, but just at the finish Tom rushed by to win. Before Tom's eyes, the Johnnies were scampering, only one Confederate captain remaining to defend the sector. Dropping his musket, Tom stalked the officer, his hands low and extended. Suddenly the Southerner, brave enough in the face of hot lead or cold steel, saw those bare hands. He lowered his sword and ran off after his men.

Briant's Hoosiers, pulling themselves on to the crest, saw Tom Jackson standing with his arm pointing down the rear slope and calling, "My God, come and see 'em run!" His comrades said, "It was the sight of our lives—men tumbling over each other in reckless confusion, hats off, some without guns, running wildly." Everywhere the defenders were vanishing; a squad here and there lingered to battle on for a few minutes before tearing off down the back slope.

The Confederate flight was as sudden and inexplicable as had been the Federal assault. "We ran because we could see too much," said the Southerners after the battle. "When we saw the number of lines coming up against us, we got demoralized." Poor Bragg, striding among his men as they began to break, shouted "Here's your commander!" and was answered, "Here's your mule!" He raved, that night in the valley behind the Ridge, calling the flight shameful; the Yankees, he said, had arrived exhausted, "and the slightest effort would have destroyed them . . . The position ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column."

No one could explain the battle. "In a superstitious age," said General Jacob D. Cox, the most judicious of Civil War commentators, "the victory would have been attributed to supernatural influences."

Charles A. Dana, Stanton's observer at the front, watching the spectacle from Orchard Knob and feeling the eerie mood, wired the War Office:

> The storming of the ridge by our troops was one of the greatest miracles in military history. No man who climbs the ascent by any of the roads that wind along its front can believe that 18,000 men were moved up its broken and crumbling face unless it was his fortune to witness the deed. It seems as awful as a visible interposition of God.

From the valley, upturned eyes saw the victors capering on the crest—officers embracing privates, orderlies hugging colonels. Above them danced what was apparently a flock of blackbirds. The men were throwing their haversacks into the twilight air.

On to the ridge-top now came the generals; Thomas J. Wood shouting, "You'll all be courtmartialed"—and then he laughed. Sheridan, minus his horse, rushed up panting, to bestraddle one of the cannon that had offended him, and to spat with General Hazen as to whom it now belonged. The color-bearer of the Thirty-

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eighth Indiana was saying, between puffs, "A fellow of the Twenty-second Indiana was up here first, but he wouldn't have been if I hadn't had on my overcoat." Captain D. F. Bremmer of Company E, Nineteenth Illinois, had carried its flag and was now counting fourteen bullet-holes in his overcoat, but none in his skin.

General Howard, hurrying up the slope to see the sights, asked a dying Federal where he was hurt.

"Almost up, sir!"

"I mean what part of your body?"

"Oh, I was almost up and, but for that" —pointing to his wound—"I'd have reached the top."

Almost 5,500 Union men and 3,500 Confederates had been killed or wounded in the two days' fighting, most of them on the twenty-fifth.

V

The November evening was drawing to an end. Chaplain Nixon D. Stewart of the Fifty-second Ohio stood among the capering dancers, looking past them at the hunter's moon which now came climbing the mountain, too,—a full white moon.

"There is no blood on it," he said; "the earth has drunk it up."

On one of the winding roads came Grant, stopping to talk to the wounded.

"We're even with them for Chickamauga," a bleeding private told him. "All we needed was a leader."

Grant passed on. For him to receive the glory was only fair. Out of his own head, by his own strategy and originality he had won a far greater triumph, Vicksburg, and had received no commensurate appreciation. Now he would be hosannahed for what the common soldiers—or the moon—had done.

He passed on to glory. Preachers who had in the Spring clamored for his recall as "a slothful drunkard" now made their pulpits ring with his praises. Politicians who, in April, had denounced Lincoln for not removing him, now demanded that the President make him General-in-chief. The Democrats were sure they would nominate him for President next June. Congress started striking off medals in his honor. The magnitude of Vicksburg at last became apparent. "Thank Heaven," chorused editors and orators, "the Coming Man for whom we have so long been waiting seems really to have come."

And after Grant's man, Sherman, had by a whirlwind, barefoot march over the Winter mountains freed Burnside from danger, the pressure for Grant's promotion grew colossal. In March he was called to Washington to take charge of all the Federal armies—Halleck's old place.

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REVENGE

BY GEORGE MILBURN

WE WERE all very proud when school opened again that Fall, because we were going into the sixth grade. The grades before the sixth were on the ground floor of the school building, but the sixth was upstairs with the higher grades. We had been wondering for a long time how it would feel, marching in from recess, to go on up the stairs instead of turning in at a room on the first floor. The year we were in the fifth we envied the sixth-graders almost as much as the eighth-graders envied the high-school freshmen.

There were other things that had made the sixth grade one that we were eager to be in. One thing was that we could have ink in the inkwells. Some of the desks in the fifth grade had nothing but round holes where the inkwells should have been, and we had kept the few inkwells there were stuffed with chewed-up paper. We had used only pencils. But in the sixth, we knew, we would use ink. That would be something new.

We had a new teacher from the State Normal School that year, too. We were curious about her, and the ones who had been lucky enough to get first sight of her were questioned anxiously. Already the rumor had gone around the schoolyard that first day, telling that the new teacher was a funny looker, and that she wasn't in favor of whipping. That was good news for several of us. Miss Spandrel, the fifth-grade teacher, had been strong on whipping. Boys who knew said that she whipped harder than Professor Butler, the superintendent, who kept a length of rubber tubing in his desk drawer and used it to wear out anyone who was sent up to him.

The new sixth-grade teacher wasn't out to watch the lines pass that first morning. She was sitting at her desk when we marched in. We all took seats, some of which we had spotted the year before. We sat up very straight with our hands folded in front of us, fresh and clean for the first day of school, and very happy to be starting the sixth grade. The new teacher sat plucking her lower lip and looking us over distantly. We gazed back at her. She was a neat, starched woman, with a square-tipped pink nose and an upper lip too short to cover her teeth.

After she had looked at us a while, she said, "You two boys sitting in the back seats bring your books up here to the front seats. I know about boys who always take the back seats the first day of school. I like to have them up here by me."

We all laughed heartily at that, and Loppy Crashaw and Gus Belcher took their second-hand books and brand-new pencil tablets out of the back desks and came slowly up to the front of the room with them.

The new teacher went to the front blackboard and wrote, "*My* name is *Miss* Manchester," on it in round letters.

While she had her back turned, Loppy

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Crashaw, who was the meanest kid in our grade, tripped Gus Belcher. That made a big clatter, because Gus, the big cow, dropped all his books, and everyone began laughing again.

Miss Manchester turned around quickly and rapped on her desk with a ruler. We stopped laughing. She stood glaring at us so hard that her eyes, as round and hard blue as china taws, seemed ready to pop out of her head. Later we learned that glaring was one of Miss Manchester's punishment methods. We never did feel hurt by it. It only made her look funnier, her eyes starting out of their sockets like that. But as soon as we found that she meant it for punishment, to keep her from doing anything worse we always tried to look shamed and uncomfortable when she glared at us.

She shifted her glare to Gus Belcher and she kept it on him until he had finished picking up his books and had taken a front seat. When everything was in order again, Miss Manchester said, "I may as well tell you at the beginning that I do not believe in whipping pupils. But that does not mean that I do not believe in punishment.

"I have my own system of punishments. Of course you all know that there are certain things we can't have. Among them are: whispering, chewing gum in the classroom, note writing, bringing candy, or marbles, or tops, or any kind of plaything into the classroom, throwing paper wads, speaking out without permission, using ugly words or names, such as liar and fool, and several other things which I shall mention later. I shall give demerits for each of these, one demerit for some offences, as many as five demerits for others.

"When any pupil gets five demerits within one month, he will have shown that he can't behave as a big boy or girl should, and I shall punish him just as Mrs. Wellborn punishes her little primary pupils downstairs. When any pupil gets five demerits he will be made to sit on the floor under my desk for two hours.

"When any pupil gets ten demerits in one month he will have to stay in after school and commit to memory twenty-five lines of poetry. They won't be these little short lines of poetry, either. Let me tell you that!

"When any pupil gets fifteen demerits he will have to stand at the front blackboard for one hour with the tip of his forefinger in a small chalk circle which I shall place up as high as he can reach, standing tiptoe." Miss Manchester went over and took a piece of chalk and high up on the blackboard she drew a circle about the size of a quarter. "And if any pupil lets his finger slip and smudges the circle," she went on, "that will add fifteen minutes more to the time he must stand there.

"Perhaps I should add here that I have some special punishments for special offences. For example, when one of you is guilty of continual whispering, I shall seal your lips with a piece of adhesive plaster. I believe that that punishment is more effective than demerits for boys and girls who whisper."

Miss Manchester paused for a moment, and then, glaring hard at us all, she said in a slow, tense voice, "*And* when any pupil gets *twenty* demerits before the end of the month, I shall send him in to have a little talk with Professor Butler, the superintendent."

What difference did it make if Miss Manchester didn't believe in whipping? We all knew what would happen to anyone who got sent in to have a little talk with Professor Butler.

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II

The school year hadn't got very far along before most of us were sick and tired of Miss Manchester and her new system of punishments. Sometimes, when our backs and legs were aching from the strain of standing tip-toe with our fingers in the chalk circle, or when the lines of "Hiawatha" wouldn't stick in our memories, we thought that whipping would have been much easier.

She was near-sighted, and she was always getting the wrong person. She wouldn't listen to any explanation.

"Why, I wasn't doing anything!" one of us would complain.

"Oh, so you weren't doing anything?" she would say. "Well, why weren't you, then? You're not coming to school to sit idle, are you?" And she would double the punishment.

The only boy in the room who escaped her, those first months, was Loppy Crashaw, and he was the meanest kid in our grade. He had had some kind of sickness when he was a baby, and one of his legs had never grown to full size. We called him Loppy because he was lopsided. But sometimes we wouldn't have minded being like him. He could do almost anything without fear of punishment. Teachers never had done anything to him, because he was crippled.

Back in the fifth grade Miss Spandrel threshed all the other boys, but she never did lay a switch on Loppy. One day, in the fifth, Loppy kept shooting Gus Belcher with tinfoil wads. He shot them with a rubber band and they stung hard. Gus stood it as long as he could. Then he jumped up and knocked Loppy clear out of his seat. Miss Spandrel came over and grabbed Gus by the collar. She didn't ask any questions. She got out the bamboo stick and she whipped Gus until his stocking legs showed blood. "You great big brute!" she said. "I'll teach you not to strike a poor little crippled child!"

It didn't do us any good for us to catch Loppy out and beat him up after school hours, because he always tattled, and that meant our getting whipped harder than ever when we came back to school the next day.

He was good in his books, and that gave him time to think up tricks to play while school was going on. Many of us suffered long hours with our fingers stretched up to chalk circle for things that Loppy pulled. If he put a pin in the toe of his shoe and stuck somebody with it, the one who cried out in pain was the one who was punished. If he made a funny face that caused some girl to giggle, the girl was the one who stayed in after school. If he threw an apple core across the room, the one who got hit and yelled had to take the blame. Miss Manchester had put Loppy up in a front seat the first day of school, but he was too slick to let her see him do anything.

That was why the rest of us were tickled, even though it was too late then for us to get any great satisfaction out of it, when we heard how Loppy and Miss Manchester had been made victims of a strange revenge—strange, because neither the ones whom it caught, nor the one who caused it, knew that the score had been evened.

We never did forget the dirty trick Loppy Crashaw played on Rolland Gentry.

Rolland was a big country boy. He was five or six years older than any of the rest of us. His people had kept him out of school to pick cotton so much when he was little that he got a late start. But he had his mind made up that he was going to get an education, and he came to town

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to school after he was almost ten years behind his grade. He was getting along fine, though, making two grades each year. He was passed on from the fifth to the sixth at Christmas, and Miss Manchester had told him that if he worked hard enough in the sixth he might be able to skip the seventh grade altogether. Then he could go into high-school from the eighth at Christmas the next year and he would be almost up with pupils of his own age.

Rolland soon took his place as the brightest boy in our grade. He always had all the problems in arithmetic, he made 100 in spelling every month, and he answered questions in geography and physiology that stumped the rest of the class.

But Rolland looked funny sitting up there in the back seat, way too small for him, and the desk too low. Even if he was taller than we were, we thought that he was a big sissy. He had kidney trouble, and we thought that that was a sissy thing to have. He was pale and blue-veined, with blond, curly hair and long, nervous fingers. He had won a gold medal for penmanship in the county contest the Spring before, and he wore the medal on his coat lapel. He was so nervous he couldn't sit still when the teacher asked a question. He would wave his hand wildly. The teacher wouldn't call on him often, because she knew that he always had the right answer. He never swore, or fought, or played marbles for keeps on the playground. Rolland was too nice.

Loppy Crashaw had been the brightest boy in the sixth grade until Rolland came up from the fifth that Christmas. Loppy had even made the highest grades in penmanship. His sentences were almost exactly like those in the copybook. Then when Rolland Gentry came up from the fifth it wasn't long before Loppy had to take second place in everything. That made him dislike Rolland. He was always picking on the big country boy. He knew that Rolland was too goodie-goodie to do anything back, even if he was big enough to clean up on any two of us.

One of Miss Manchester's new methods was the way she had for letting us go out. She had a little wooden paddle hung up by the door. On one side it had "In" printed, and on the other side "Out." When one of us wanted to be excused we had to turn up the side that had "Out" on it, and then no one else could go out until that one had come back and turned up the "In" side again.

Miss Manchester said, when she was explaining this new system to us, "Now in the lower grades, I know, you have been accustomed to holding up two fingers when you wished to be excused. But in the sixth, of course, we are getting a little more grown up, and we can adopt a new method. More than one person's being out of the room at a time leads to disorder and confusion. So when the 'Out' side is showing, you all will know that some person is out of the room, and you must wait until he or she returns. So please do not hold up your hands to be excused any more, because only one person will be permitted to leave the room at a time."

One day, just as the study hour before noon was beginning, the "In" side of the paddle was showing, and Rolland Gentry left his seat and started toward the door. But Loppy Crashaw looked back and saw him coming down the aisle. He jumped up from his front seat and turned the paddle and went limping out.

Rolland went quietly back to his seat. Miss Manchester was sitting at her desk, reading, and she did not see what had happened.

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Loppy stayed and stayed. Rolland began twisting around in his seat and sliding back and forth. Finally he raised his hand with two fingers up. Miss Manchester glanced up from her book and frowned and shook her head. Rolland put his hand down.

After a few minutes he put it up again, and began snapping his fingers. Miss Manchester looked up from her book again, glared hard, and said, "No!" loudly. Then she looked down at her book again and went on reading.

Rolland shuddered violently. All at once he put his head down on his arms and began sobbing. Miss Manchester snapped her book to. Then she went back and stood by Rolland's desk. She could see that she was too late. There was a big puddle on the floor. But she said softly, "You may leave the room now, if you wish to, Rolland."

But Rolland wouldn't raise his head. He kept his face buried in his arms, sobbing, a big boy like that.

Loppy Crashaw came back just before the bell rang for noon. Miss Manchester turned her glare on him. "How long have you been out, young man?" she said.

"Just a few minutes," Loppy said.

"Well, you stayed out too long, and I'm going to give you two demerits."

When the bell rang for noon, Miss Manchester said, "Attention!" but Rolland did not raise his head.

"Turn!" said Miss Manchester. We pivoted our legs out into the aisles, but Rolland didn't move.

"Stand! March!" said Miss Manchester, clapping her hands for the march-step.

When we glanced back, leaving the room, we saw Rolland still hunched up with his face hidden on his desk. That was the last time we ever saw him at school.

III

Some of the older girls used to get up in the sixth-grade room and practise dancing in the latter part of the noon hour, before the teacher came in. They played the phonograph and kept a sharp look-out for Miss Manchester, who was a strict Baptist.

There were some good-sized girls in the sixth grade, and girls get interested in dancing before boys do. They would waltz around with an imaginary partner, sashaying up and down the aisles and around the front of the room, humming the tunes. We would make fun of them, but they would only make slapping motions at us, and go on. They didn't know how silly they looked.

One day in April, a few minutes before time for the last bell at noon, Loppy Crashaw went up to a big girl named Anna Lance, who was feisting around, trying to dance. He grabbed her around the waist, pretending that he was going to dance with her. Anna gave Loppy a big shove, but as he went stumbling backward, he yelled, "Oh, Anna's got on a corset! I felt it on her just then! Anna's got on a corset! Anna's got on a corset!"

About that time Miss Manchester came into the room. She grabbed Loppy by the shoulders and began shaking him. Loppy was so surprised he didn't know what to do. That was the first time any teacher had ever punished him. It was the first time he had ever been caught outright. He whimpered.

"You dirty-minded little *thing,* you!" said Miss Manchester. "I'll teach you that you can't talk that way to girls. Now you get under my desk there, and don't you come out until I give you permission."

She kept Loppy under her desk until recess time.

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That same afternoon Miss Manchester was keeping some of us in after school for punishment. She had caught me chewing gum, and I had to write "I must not chew gum in the classroom" two hundred times.

Reverend Reynolds, the young man who had the Baptist pulpit for a while, used to come around to keep Miss Manchester company while she was keeping us in after school. He was there that afternoon, and they had been talking together in low voices. She was tidying up around her desk, straightening up the theme papers, emptying the pencil sharpener, and cleaning out the desk drawer, while she talked to the preacher.

I finished my two hundred sentences and came up to hand them in. When Miss Manchester took them, I said, "Gee, my arm is about give out from all that writing."

Reverend Reynolds frowned at me and said, "Any boy who takes the Name of the Lord in vain like that ought to be made to write the Third Commandment two hundred times."

I hadn't known that there was anything wrong with "Gee," (I didn't discover until later that it was short for "Jesus") and I was standing there trying to figure it out when Miss Manchester picked up her desk drawer, the wide, flat one that went under the top, and turned it upside down to shake the dust out of it.

We all three saw it at the same time: a sentence about Miss Manchester chalked across the bottom of the drawer. It had one word in it that caused the preacher and the teacher both to turn red. It was written in good handwriting, almost as good as that in the copybook. Loppy Crashaw had been under the desk that afternoon, and, since Rolland Gentry had left school, Loppy was the only boy in the room who could make such graceful capital letters.

Miss Manchester put the drawer back in her desk quickly, and, with her face as red as beet, said to me, "You may go."

The next morning when school took up, Miss Manchester glared at Loppy for several minutes. Then she said, "Young man, your dirty-mindedness is going to get you into very serious trouble one of these days."

"What about?" Loppy asked boldly.

"You know what about," the teacher said, blushing.

The last week of school, a month later, we had an oral spelling examination. We were divided up into sides, standing along opposite walls of the room. Anna Lance was the last one left standing on her side, and she was standing near Loppy Crashaw's desk.

Anna Lance had spelled down all but two or three on the other side, but she was faltering because she felt her underpants slipping down. Finally they fell down around her ankles. Miss Manchester had her back turned, giving out a word to the other side. Anna quickly kicked the panties under Loppy Crashaw's desk. Loppy had already missed a word, and he was in his seat.

Nearly all of us saw what Anna had done, and we began to giggle. Miss Manchester stopped giving out words and came over to that side of the room. She looked down and saw the white drawers under Loppy's desk.

"What is this?" she said, dragging them out into the aisle with her toe.

"They're hers," Loppy said calmly, pointing to Anna.

"They are not!" Anna said loudly. She started crying. "He's been tormenting me with them. He just brought them to school to torment me. He's been tor-

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menting me like that all year." Anna sobbed wildly.

"Why she's a big liar!" Loppy said.

"What was that word you used?" said Miss Manchester.

"I said, she's a liar," Loppy said firmly.

"Young man, do you remember what I told you about your dirty-mindedness getting you into very serious trouble some day? I've had some experience with your nasty tricks, myself. I haven't forgotten that vulgar sentence you wrote on the bottom of my desk drawer that day I put you under there."

"What sentence?"

"You know very well what sentence."

"I never wrote nothing on the bottom of your desk drawer."

Miss Manchester was aghast. "Oh, I suppose you're going to try to tell me that I'm storying, too," she said, sarcastically.

Loppy looked down at the floor. "You're lying if you say I wrote anything on the bottom of your desk drawer," he mumbled, but loud enough for everyone to hear.

That made Miss Manchester so mad she couldn't keep her feet still. "I heard what you said!" she cried. "I heard what you said, young man! There's a limit to what a teacher can put up with. Now you hustle right out and cut me some switches. There's only one punishment for a boy of your type."

That Spring the Ladies' Civic Club had planted shade tree slips all along the sides of the cement walk leading up to the school building. They were Lombardy poplars. Shade trees were scarce around there, and the *Weekly Recorder* had given the tree-planting a big write-up. When Loppy came back he had an armload of Lombardy poplar switches. They still had the nursery tags on them.

Miss Manchester shrieked, "Oh, what have you done! You nasty little brat, you! Don't you know that those shade tree slips cost three dollars a piece?"

Loppy let the bundle of switches fall clattering to the floor. "I caint he'p what they cost," he said sullenly. "You told me to get switches, and them's switches, ain't they?"

Miss Manchester grabbed up one of the sticks and took hold of Loppy. She began striking him across the back. She had given him about three licks when he twisted out of her grasp. They stood there glaring at each other, both breathing hard and trembling.

"I never done nothing, and I ain't going to take any whupping off of you, you danged old fool!" Loppy yelled. "You and your new-fangled ideas. Pooh! I thought you wasn't in favor of whupping!"

"I'm not, but a good, sound thrashing is the only way to appeal to a boy like you," Miss Manchester said in a strained, high voice. "Come here to me!" She made a grab for Loppy, but he jumped nimbly out of reach. "Come here to me!" she shrilled.

"Yah, what do I want to come there to you for, you blamed old near-sighted fool, you! You won't lay hand on me!" Loppy turned and went limping toward the door.

"If you leave this room, I'll fail you!" Miss Manchester called after him. "If you go out of that door, you needn't come back!"

Loppy went on out and slammed the door behind him.

While this had been going on the rest of us had been sitting with our mouths open. Miss Manchester sat down at her desk. She was trembling so hard she couldn't hold a book. She turned her glare on us.

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"I don't think any of you have any time to be idling," she said, "because we're having the final examination in arithmetic the first thing after recess."

None of us was prepared for the final examination in arithmetic, because it had been promised for the next day, the last day of school. We were frightened.

When we came in from afternoon recess Miss Manchester was writing the problems on the board. We were all feeling sick and weak, waiting to see how hard the examination was going to be. The first example looked pretty hard.

She had finished putting on two problems when the door flew open and in marched Mrs. Crashaw, a big, black-haired woman. Loppy followed along behind her.

"Did you strike this pore little cripple' child of mine?" said Mrs. Crashaw in a loud, quavering voice.

Miss Manchester was startled. "Why, I —" she said.

"Do you know what ought to be done with any grown woman that would whip a cripple' child?" Mrs. Crashaw stooped over and picked up one of the sticks from the bundle in the corner. She began switching Miss Manchester about the legs. Miss Manchester started screaming and grabbed Mrs. Crashaw by the hair.

Professor Butler, the superintendent, heard the screams and he came dashing into the room, his dyed, greenish-black pompadour waving and his glasses askew.

"Here, here! Ladies! Ladies! What's the meaning of this?" He thrust himself between Miss Manchester and Loppy's mother.

Mrs. Crashaw, with her hair all down, looked like a wild woman. She still held her switch. "I'll show *you* the meaning," she yelled and she turned around and started hitting Professor Butler. As soon as she got loose, Miss Manchester went running out of the room. Professor Butler turned and ran out too. Mrs. Crashaw ran after him, cutting at him with the switch.

We heard the door of Professor Butler's office bang to down at the end of the hall. Then we heard Mrs. Crashaw pounding on it, calling to them to let her in. No one laughed. Everyone sat very still for a while. Loppy was sitting at his desk, looking very solemn. Pretty soon Mrs. Crashaw came back down the hall and put her head in at the door. She said, "Come on, son." Loppy got up and picked up his books and went out.

We had started throwing chalk and whispering loudly by the time Professor Butler came back into the room.

"Miss Manchester is not feeling well," he said, "and she will not be able to give the final examination in arithmetic. But she asks me to tell you that you are all passed to the seventh grade next year." He smiled thinly. "So it will not be necessary for you to come back to school any more this term. Your report cards will be mailed out to your parents. Pass out quietly so as not to disturb the other rooms. Dismissed!"

IV

Outside it was late May and the afternoon was warm. It was about three o'clock. When we came out of the school building into the bright air, we felt dizzy. We didn't even whoop because it was the end of school. Too much had happened that day. We were dazed by all that.

Gus Belcher said, "Let's go out to Edwards' tanks and go swimming."

None of us had been swimming that year, and two or three thought that the water was still too cold. But the rest of

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us scoffed at that. Everything was perfect that day. Everything had come out right. So we went on, five or six of us, walking out to Edwards' cattle pond.

We were still wearing our shoes and stockings. When we were about a mile out of town we sat down and pulled them off. We wriggled our tender toes in the warm dust as we walked.

We were cutting across a pasture when we saw a tall boy over in the next field, chopping cotton. He looked toward us and leaned on his hoe and called out, "Hi, there, you fellers!"

We walked over to the barb-wire fence, and when we got up close we saw that it was Rolland Gentry. It had been two months since we had last seen him, and he didn't look so sissified any more. When he pulled off his straw hat we saw that he had had his curly hair cropped close to his scalp. He was chewing a big quid of tobacco. But he was wearing his gold penmanship medal on his overall bib.

He came over to the fence where we were standing. "Hello, Rolland," we said. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, me, I been doing a little share-cropping. This here is my stand of cotton. And making some corn whiskey on the side. There's where the real jack is." He talked louder than he ever had before. He spurted tobacco juice a long way. He had got pretty tough and we were awed.

"Are you coming back to school next year, Rolland?" Gus Belcher asked him.

"Me! Naw, I'm not never coming back to school," he said. "I don't like them educated fools they got teaching over there. What does a man like me want with schooling?" He began cursing, calling Miss Manchester all kinds of names. We never had heard Rolland talk like that before.

We wanted to tell him about what had happened at school that afternoon, but he swore so hard it made us timid. We sought an opening. I asked him, meekly, "Say, Rolland, what did the teacher say to you that day you—aw, uh—that noon after all the rest of us had marched out?"

Rolland scowled. "She didn't say nothing to me, the damned old rip. She knew better than to, because I was all set to get her told. She hung around awhile, like she wanted to make it up to me, but finally she went on off to dinner and left me there."

He chewed tobacco for a while and looked at us with squinted eyes. None of us dared say anything more about his shame.

"Well," he said musingly, "all I hope is one thing. All I hope is that the blamed old sow found that about her what I chalked on the bottom of her desk drawer. I told her what she could go do, all right. If she ever sees that, that'll fix her."

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THE OLD MEN SPEAK TOGETHER

BY BERNICE KENYON

CARTHAGE is down, and the white sea-cities have vanished
Under the water, and Tiryns is laid waste
As low as Tyre; and the last man was banished
From grey Mycenæ long ago, and rests somewhere forgotten.

And Troy dug up is only the ghost of Troy
Nine times recalled and gone again and lost.
Bright miles of sand have risen and fallen to destroy
The cities of Egypt, made forever, and with difficulty forsaken.

And the fortress towns, the outposts of the plain,
Are buried deep in grass; and fifty years
Blow over them like an hour; and soon in vain
You will search a thousand leagues of grass and never come upon them.

And my own city . . . and yours . . . The streets ablaze,
The walls that were our good security,
The burning towers at which we used to gaze,
With all their windows shining infinitely—
Are they not dim already, and worn, and the colors faded?

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THE MUSIC ROOM

THE NAÏVE RAVEL

By Edward Robinson

Few modern composers have been able to snare public attention throughout their careers with a consistency in any degree comparable to that of Maurice Ravel. Other men have appeared in bewildering profusion to gain temporary ascendancy in the spotlight. But the mortality rate among them has been uniformly high, and with the possible exception of Stravinsky, Ravel remains probably the most popular and successful of them all.

His eminence in the French school is, of course, widely acknowledged by his countrymen. In addition, the influence of his music upon composers elsewhere in Europe and America has for a long time been remarkably powerful, and the general public reception of each new work has almost invariably been characterized, in recent years, by great enthusiasm and joy.

No outward events of his life have contributed to the establishment of his popularity: he holds no official position of importance, and he has never been a professional performer or conductor. He was born in the South of France in 1875, and received most of his musical education in the Paris Conservatoire, where his teachers included de Bériot and Fauré, and where he won various distinctions as a student. His compositions were clearly marked by his individuality from the beginning—so much so, that in official circles he became known as a dangerous revolutionist. Because of this prejudice, he was refused the first Grand Prix de Rome on several occasions, the last of which, in 1905, provoked heated critical objection and controversy. His music won speedy recognition nevertheless, and thereafter his career has been marked by the frequent production and growing success of his works.

It is somewhat astonishing that this man, rather than any other, should emerge to such prominence and acclaim. Neither the scope nor the quality of his works bears the imprint usually associated with a great creative mind. For one who has devoted himself solely to composition over a period of thirty years, his output is strikingly meagre; and his reputation rests chiefly upon a handful of piano pieces and songs, less than a dozen orchestral scores (of which the greater part are simply the piano pieces re-arranged), a short lyric play, a ballet, and one or two chamber music compositions.

His style, moreover, is extremely limited, and the nature of the artistic attitude which it manifests is hardly compensation for the slightness of his productivity. The most casual survey of his music will reveal at once that here is a man obviously not interested in portraying any of those deeper emotions which might act to disturb the superficial placidity of ordinary, well-mannered social intercourse. From the bitter passions and the violent, subterranean desires that form the essential basis of life, his suave and polished soul shrinks in dismay. He has scant knowledge of cold, strong winds, of broad forests and high mountains; and his pinched

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heart does not recognize the great sweep of human conflict, with its wild joys, its miseries and broken aspirations.

To him life is rather an entertaining mixture of rare bibelots, brilliant tapestries, warm baths and rich pastries. He prefers to spend his time breeding hothouse flowers and decorating china dolls. In the unutterable fastidiousness of his drawing-room, the modishness of a new cravat is of more concern than the character of its wearer; and bad pronunciation would shock him much more violently than any shallowness of thought. Always he foregoes preoccupation with the message and confines himself to the delivery: if the gesture is graceful the offering is of little importance. In short, he is a stylist, a man of fashion, a poet of porcelain phrases, who delicately distills perfumed vaporosities suitable mostly for sentimental old ladies and silly young girls.

That his music has gained, instead, the admiration of men and women usually considered virile and sensible is a phenomenon to conjure with. It is explained partly by the fact that Ravel, unlike most of his turgid contemporaries, presents his work with no equivocation of thought and with the utmost clarity of expression. It is further comprehensible with the realization that he developed to an extreme point a tendency long emphasized in the history of his art.

Since the time of Beethoven it has become increasingly necessary to make music more and more intelligible to non-musicians. The growth of the democratic ideal in art gradually forced a situation where people knowing practically nothing about music, and essentially incapable of grasping the elementary principles of the craft, nevertheless became vital participants in musical affairs. It soon followed that a composer's success—even his mere existence—would have to depend almost completely upon his ability to attract and hold their attention in the concert hall.

The consequent effect upon the art itself is amply demonstrated in the entire line of composers inaugurated by Berlioz and Liszt. The acrobatic Franciscan was the first to use the symphonic poem, which is really a literary thesis with musical illustrations. Berlioz, essentially a dramatist rather than a musician, developed a complex orchestral terminology primarily for purposes of descriptive delineation. Wagner, another dramatist, could construct his music only upon the framework of a stage allegory, and his invention of the *leit-motif* was a childish subterfuge for lending coherence to forms musically awkward or unjustified. Richard Strauss began his career as a plain and honest musician, but he soon capitulated before the influences let loose by his predecessors, evolving a product eventually literal enough to reproduce the soulful torments of bleating sheep and colic babies. The process logically culminated in the contemporary exaltation of the ballet, where music has completely lost its identity in abject subservience to the demands of tableau and pantomime.

There were other aspects of purely musical strength, of course, in the work of these leading figures. Ravel, however, has concentrated wholly upon the dominant motive of portraiture, to the point where even a particularly stolid Congressman would have no difficulty in detecting his meaning; and to accomplish this feat required practically the extinction of all musical values. In the true meaning of the word he is not a composer at all. He is merely an originator of mildly clever phrases, and by means of a few obvious tricks and mannerisms he is able to string together a sufficient number of arid vari-

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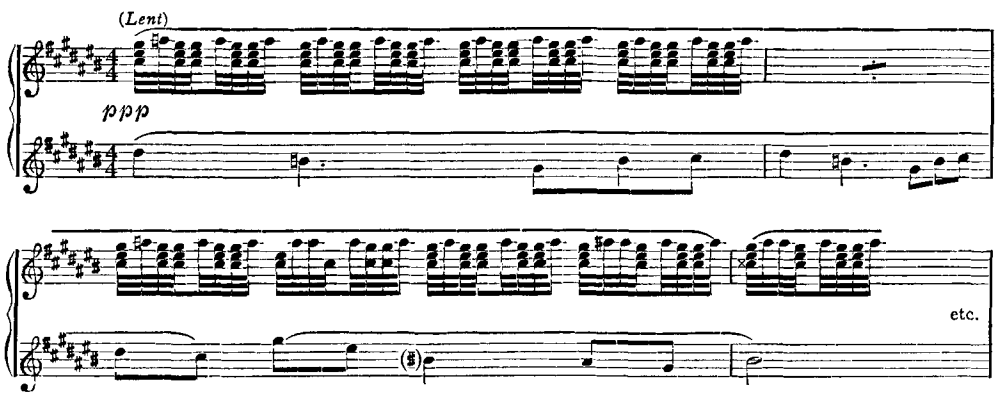
ations upon these phrases to make up the length of a given composition.

Technically, the basis of this process is very easily exposed. The harmonic content of his work is confined almost exclusively to the chord of the major ninth, which he uses with nauseating repetitiousness from the early "Jeux d'Eau" right through to the recent "Bolero." It would seem as if he had actually dedicated his life to the calculation of all possible combinations and permutations of the tones in that chord. Though this may be admirable as an arithmetic ambition, the result—whether or not so specified, as in the piano piece "La Vallée des Cloches"—is simply to make everything he writes sound like an imitation of church bells, since the major ninth chord but intensifies the dissonant overtones characteristic of the bell quality.

we ignore the instrumental works, his inability to compose a half-way decent tune is glaringly betrayed in his songs, where he shifts about uneasily in pitiful search of clever words and witty titles upon which to hang the infinite monotony of his voice parts.

Of contrapuntal writing there is almost none. His method of procedure, on the contrary, is the simplest kind of homophonic construction, and in its particular style is the easiest of all methods. It might be termed finger-music, and consists generally of one formula, in which an arpeggio or broken-chord version of the major ninth harmony is set against a meandering thematic phrase.

The opening theme of "Ondine," the first of the group of piano pieces called "Gaspard de la Nuit," affords an excellent example:



Melodically, his music is notoriously insignificant, barren and short-winded. No one ever wrote more trivial themes than Ravel. They are usually mere snippets of ideas, toneless chants constructed from stupid whole-tone progressions; or are hollow, lugubrious wanderings around one note as a center, varied only by the insistent harping upon an ugly augmented interval, or by the continued, recitative-like repetition of a single note. Even if

Beginning with such a passage, usually the rest of the piece is simply its boring repetition in various slightly modified forms. There is never a development and growth of material, no logical progression of intellectual interest or emotional stress. There is none but the most elementary sense of form and climax, the entire structure consisting mainly of embroidered variations upon the original idea. This is accomplished, moreover, by external

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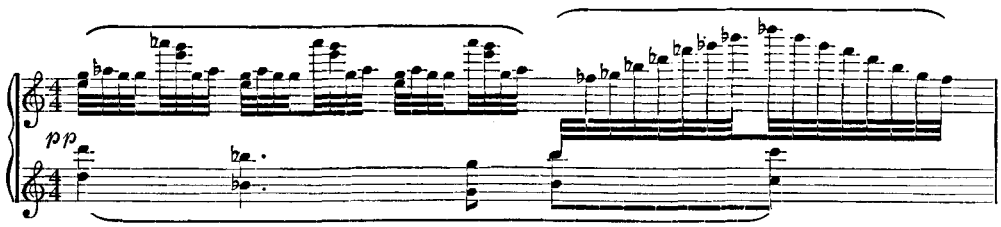
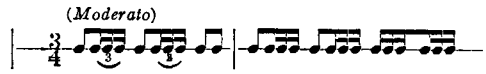
means, such as complicating the number of notes in the arpeggio accompaniment, altering the design of the arpeggio, shifting the whole pattern to other degrees of the scale, or adding *glissandi* and other arbitrarily dissonant chord passages. This is clearly illustrated in the following phrase, which is one of the variations upon the first measure of the "Ondine" passage quoted above:



The rhythmic aspect of his music, in its utterly amorphous nature, is a logical consequence of the other factors. It comprises either a weak and stagnant cloud of notes, as in "Jeux d'Eau," or is a crude and obvious reiteration of a very simple and highly accentuated phrase, as in the "Danse Guerrière" from "Daphnis and Chloé." The second method is most frequent, and is responsible for such nuisances as "La Valse" and "Bolero," both written as original orchestral works. The former, a Viennese waltz in the most commonplace of all waltz tempos, lasts for 808 measures, and with only two exceptions is heavily accentuated on the first beat throughout. The egregious stupidity of this procedure is strikingly emphasized if we recall that the first movement of Brahms' D-major Symphony—which is also in three-four tempo, and which has more rhythmic variety in two pages than Ravel has attained in his entire career—is only 524 measures long!

The "Bolero" I submit as the most insolent monstrosity ever perpetrated in the history of music. From the beginning to the end of its 339 measures it is simply the incredible repetition of the following rhythm:



against an *ostinato* tonic chord, equivalent to a pedal point, in the cellos and double basses—(consider: a pedal point through an *entire* composition!) — and above it the blatant recurrence of an overwhelmingly vulgar cabaret tune that is little removed, in every essential of character, from the wail of an obstreperous back-alley cat.

There remains to be considered, finally, the orchestral skill for which Ravel is supposed to be celebrated. What has already been said of the other phases of his work is here equally applicable. His treatment is always "effective" scoring for the instruments, sounding unusual and meaning very little. He hunts out the conventionally striking, and hammers home the obvious, employing all the external and stereotyped devices of the modern catalogue.

Although his official biography does not mention it, I feel sure that at the age of three he swallowed a musical snuff-box, and at nine he must have been frightened by a bear. To both phenomena he offers repeated testimony: he is constantly tinkling high on the harps and celesta, or is growling low in the bassoons and double basses. His ingenuity generally consists of allotting outstanding parts to xylophone solo, or of combining muted strings with

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twittering flutes and piccolos. It is all very smart, very precocious, and very dull.

How has all this patent incompetence been allowed to escape immediate slaughter? Why is this nonsense welcomed, on the contrary, with all evidence of gratification and delight? I have already indicated that it is not at all Ravel's purpose to use music as a medium of expression. Almost every one of his compositions is devoted entirely to the illustration of some title, poem or programme, and the value of the score, as music alone, simply does not exist.

"Jeux d'Eau" depicts the splashing of a fountain, the "Miroirs" portrays sorrowful birds and swaying boats, "Gaspard de la Nuit" illustrates some decadent poems of Aloysius Bertrand, and "Daphnis and Chloé" tells the tinsel tale of the Greek shepherdess and her lover. For the most part, the subject matter is platitudinous and drooling stuff, including moonlight on water, sighing mermaids, Gothic cathedrals, solitary chambers, nymphs, woodland grottos, and the rest of the maudlin hokum once designed to feed sheltered schoolgirls and disappointed old maids. Never before, however, has it been presented to musical accompaniment; and since it can be easily understood with a minimum of intellectual exertion, its success with the general contemporary audience was inevitable.

Ten years after his death only historians will recall that Ravel ever lived. Meanwhile he represents most clearly the typical modern musician's empty brain, shrivelled soul, and his degenerate preoccupation with "effects" at all cost. One is accustomed to consider this kind of thing as extremely sophisticated. Actually, it is naïve to the point of childishness; and with that gleeful paradox we may safely dismiss the man forever.

SCORES

VARIATIONS FOR FOUR INSTRUMENTS & TWO SARABANDES FOR KEYBOARD INSTRUMENT.
By Henry Brant. *New Music (Quarterly)*
75 cents 10¼ x 14; 17 pp. *San Francisco*

Mr. Brant was born in Montreal, September 15, 1913; his father was head of the violin department at the McGill University Conservatorium, and here young Brant received his first training. Since 1928 he has been completing his studies in New York City. His variations, he insists, are not "atonal"; that effect is explained by what we may call the staggered resolutions of chords. The separate resolved voices are not, as usual, sounded simultaneously; sometimes the resolutions are as "far apart as three bars of moderate time . . . In this way this perpetual dissonance is achieved, one set of 'suspensions' sliding into the next. Needless to say, at the present stage of aural development, there are few equipped to perceive these distinctions through the aid of their ears alone." The precise nature of the instruments is left to the discretion of the performer, as long as the respective tone qualities are sufficiently differentiated. Rubatos, dynamics and the like have no particular relation, explains Mr. Brant, to the character of the music; "the detailed consideration of them which is customary might be omitted entirely in performance.". . . After first study the music does not sound as clear as the explanation.

"DIE DREI GROSCHEN OPER."
For Voice & Piano
By Bert Brecht (Lyrics) & Kurt Weill (Music) *The Associated Music Publishers*
$6. 9⅛ x 12⅛; 73 pp. *New York*

This score is not to be judged by the scant representation of its music heard in the imported German film of the same name. Nor is the production itself to be judged by the English translation of the film as "The Beggar's Opera". That pastoral provided only a few names and a few scenes for the much-modernized German version. . . . Weill's musical investiture is unfailingly attractive, from the hammered chords of its clever overture to the choral

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(of all things in a gangster operetta!) at the close. The setting bristles with piquant touches, with fine adaptations of jazz technique, with original melodic lines, and with accompaniments that tease with their harmonic uncertainties. . . . The well-printed book whets one's appetite for a domestic production of the operetta. Only one should leave outside the door one's remembrance of its English prototype. Such a confusion of styles and eras works against the full enjoyment of a really creditable and original accomplishment.

THEATRE MUSIC

NUMBERS FROM "SHOOT THE WORKS." *Voice & Piano*
By Various Hands. *Harms*
35 cents each 9¼ x 12; 5, 7 and 9 pp. *New York*

These represent the musical investiture of the revue sponsored by Heywood Broun in association with Milton Raison. Such music rarely aims high; of late, however, it takes pride in eluding routine. "Don't Ask Me Why" is an interpolation from the German *Tonfilm*, "Das Lied ist Aus". Ordinary ¾ stuff by Robert Stolz of "Dreivierteltakt" fame . . . "It's In The Stars" (Max & Nathaniel Lief, with music by Michael H. Cleary) is no better. "Poor Little Doorstep Baby" (by the same combination) is a little bit witty. Much better is "Hot Moonlight" (words, E. Y. Harburg; music, Jay Gorney) with its verbal and tonal take-off on "Dancing In The Dark," the "Moonlight" sonata—no less! —and possibly Liszt's "Liebestraum." Gorney, for a man of higher possibilities, of wit and invention, hasn't yet received his proper chance from the producers. "Muchacha," by Harburg, Gorney and Duke, is another take-off, this time on the new craze for the rumba. Good burlesque. "Do What You Like" (Leo Robin and Phil Charig) has passable tune and patter.

NUMBERS FROM "THE THIRD LITTLE SHOW." *Voice & Piano*
By Various Hands.
The Robbins Music Corporation
35 cents each 9¼ x 12¼; 5 pp. *New York*

The songs are "Say The Word" (Adamson and Lane), "You Forgot Your Gloves" (Eliscu and Lehak), "Falling In Love" (Crooker and Sullivan) and "I've Lost My Heart" (Grace Henry and Morris Hamilton). They're all pleasant tunes; the second has, for its genre, a certain distinction of words and music. Edward Eliscu is an old-timer (as age goes in this business); Ned Lehak has a way of his own with this sort of thing.

FOLK-SONGS

DEVIL'S DITTIES.
By Jean Thomas. *W. Wilbur Hatfield*
$2.50 10¼ x 8; 180 pp. *Chicago*

Miss Thomas was born in the Kentucky mountain region and is now a court stenographer in practise there. She has been collecting mountain songs for years, and here presents some of her treasures, harmonized by Philip Gordon. She begins by describing some typical mountain communal ceremonies—a funeral, a baptism, and so on—with the songs in their natural settings. Then she presents them at greater length. There are 55 of them altogether. Most are familiar to students of American folklore, but there are also some novelties. Some go back to the Seventeenth Century in England, but others are indigenous to Kentucky, and yet others are mountain versions of American popular songs of two generations ago. The book is printed on a brownish paper which does not make reading it too easy.

THE CAROLINA LOW-COUNTRY.
By Members of the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals.
The Macmillan Company
$5. 10⅛ x 7¼; 326 pp. *New York*

The members of the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals here present the words and music of forty-nine spirituals, most of them unfamiliar, together with some interesting chapters concerning the history and color of lowland South Carolina, by such authorities as Herbert Ravenel Sass (The Low Country); Alfred Huger (The Story of the Low Country); Beatrice Ravenel (The Yemasee Lands); Thomas R. Waring (Charleston: the Capital of the Plantations); Archibald Rutledge (Plantation Lights and Shadows); Josephine Pinckney (An Island Boy); Du Bose Hey-

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ward (The Negro in the Low Country); and Robert W. Gordon (The Negro Spiritual). There are many illustrations, the work of Alice R. Huger Smith, Elizabeth O'Neill Vernon and Albert Simons, including a pictorial map of the Low Country by Augustine T. S. Stoney.

BOOKS

THE LIFE OF ANTON BRUCKNER
By Gabriel Engel
The Roerich Museum Press
50 cents 5 x 7¼; 57 pp. *New York*

This novel monograph, described as a "modest initial essay in English," is based upon the authoritative work on Bruckner by Max Auer, to whom it is dedicated, and is published in collaboration with the Bruckner Society of America. It is avowedly biographical rather than musical, and presents succinctly the outstanding data and experiences of its subject, who was born on September 4, 1824, in the village of Ansfelden, Austria, and died on October 11, 1896. Bruckner revealed his inborn abilities as early as his fourth year; by his tenth he had attracted attention with his skill at the organ. For long he wavered between the career of teacher—wretchedly underpaid and overworked—and that of musician. He became one of the great organists of his time. His life as a composer was marked by misunderstanding and hostility, against which, aided by the advocacy of friends and pupils, he ultimately triumphed. Nine symphonies (the last unfinished), an extravagantly lauded quintette for strings, three choral works and seven major compositions for the church (requiem, masses, Te Deum and 150th Psalm), comprise his chief pieces. Bruckner's adulation of Wagner, and Wagner's reciprocal fondness for him, are part of modern musical history. Mr. Engel indicates that many of Bruckner's passages accused of Wagnerism were written before Wagner himself was writing in the style named after him. From the time that Bruckner, at forty-three, was refused the hand of a seventeen-year-old sweetheart, he continued to fall in love with maidens of that age. In a concluding chapter on the symphony of the future, Mr. Engel defends the inordinate length of the Bruckner symphonies. He is an ardent enthusiast.

GIUSEPPE VERDI: *His Life & Works.*
By Francis Toye. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$6. 6¼ x ½; 495 pp. *New York*

We have waited long for a volume about Verdi, in English, that should worthily companion the standard opus on Wagner by Ernest Newman. Now, in this sound, solid, conscientious tome by Mr. Toye we have our reward. Verdi lived a long life (1813-1901), full of intense activity, and but little spiced by those details that make the joy, and sometimes the fortune, of the sensational biographer. He did, however, have a life-long aversion for priests. And he did live with his beloved Giuseppina Strepponi before marrying her. He was a very reticent fellow, much the peasant; he was sustained by a sense of his own worth, and met criticism with a taciturn obstinacy. He grew with his ideals, yet remained the shy pessimist, frequently humorless in his personal relations, and nobly kind behind a gruff exterior. One of the world's greatest melodists, he enriched Italian opera with new harmonies and instrumental timbres that deepened musical character. Toye, in his analysis of the man as in his detailed studies of the operas, is eminently successful in showing Verdi in a personal evolution that parallels the evolution of Italy. The book is divided into two parts: the man and the operas. There are numerous pictures and musical illustrations, and an excellent index.

SYMPHONIC BROADCASTS.
By Olin Downes. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 330 pp. *New York*

Mr. Downes, who is music critic for the New York *Times*, was employed last Winter to explain and expound to radio audiences the music broadcast from Carnegie Hall by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Altogether, twenty-six concerts were given, and to them were added two by the orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia. Mr. Downes' remarks, here considerably revised and amplified, are arranged by concert. They are appropriately ele-

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mentary, but they are by no means trivial, for it was assumed that they would reach relatively intelligent hearers. A great deal of good criticism is in them. What is said of the masters of music is sound and dignified, and what is said of the lesser composers is often very shrewd. The book will be useful to persons who desire to augment their acquaintance with good music by means of phonograph records.

DISEASES OF THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.
By Kurt Singer. *Greenberg*
$3. 8 x 5; 253 pp. *New York*

Dr. Singer was plainly the man foreordained to write this book, for he has been in practise as a neurologist for nearly a quarter of a century and at the same time has devoted himself assiduously to music, as pianist, critic, composer, conductor, and musicologist, and, since 1930, as *Intendant* of the Berlin State Opera. Few men have ever had so good a chance to observe and study the special malaises of musicians, whether physical or mental. What he has to say about the treatment of weary and paralyzed muscles, about the proper apportionment of practise and rest, and about the multitudinous disorders of singers is thus of great interest. He is a thoroughgoing eclectic, and offers no sure cure for all the diseases he discusses, but shows what peculiar problems and difficulties are presented by each. His book is competently translated by Wladimir Lakond.

A MINIATURE HISTORY OF OPERA.
By Percy A. Scholes.
The Oxford University Press
75 cents 7⅜ x 4¾; 69 pp. *New York*

In sixty-nine pages, of course, it is impossible to recount the history of so complicated and protean an art-form as opera, but Mr. Scholes at least manages to put together the more important facts. He begins with Peri's "Daphne" and comes down to Alban Berg's "Wozzeck." His account of the contributions of such revolutionists as Gluck, Weber, Wagner and Debussy is brief but clear, and his incidental judgments of other composers are often very sagacious. The little book is for the neophyte, and especially for the neophyte who is making acquaintance with opera by means of the radio. There are but two musical examples. Each chapter is followed by a dated list of operas.

FRENCH PIANO MUSIC.
By Alfred Cortot.
The Oxford University Press
$2.50 7½ x 4⅞; 208 pp. *New York*

These essays, which deal with Debussy, Franck, Fauré, Chabrier and Dukas, were originally written for the *Revue musicale*, and are here translated by Hilda Andrews. A second series, dealing with Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Ravel and other composers, will follow. Mr. Cortot is a distinguished pianist, but his discussion of his five composers is not much colored by the performer's viewpoint. He has little to say about interpretation, but confines himself to describing the music. He shows a large acquaintance with it, and a very thoughtful attitude. His judgments are usually supported by evidence and argument, and almost always they seem to be sound. The value of the book is greatly diminished by its lack of an index, which makes turning to what M. Cortot has to say of this or that composition a tedious and vexatious business.

THE GENTLE ART OF SINGING.
By Henry Wood. *Carl Fischer*
$3. 10¼ x 13¾; 101 pp. *New York*

This is an abridgment, in a single volume, of the well-known work by the same author in four volumes. Mr. Wood writes not only with thorough understanding, and with a proper scorn for many of the mountebanks who call themselves voice producers but with a good sense of humor. The present book, he seems to fear, contains more words than music; the words are all, however, in the service of music, and they provide one of the most valuable texts available for those who would learn to sing and to appreciate singing.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Great Holmes Mystery

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, by Silas Bent. $4.50. 9 x 5⅞; 386 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press.*

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES, by Felix Frankfurter, Benjamin N. Cardozo, Morris R. Cohen, John Dewey, Learned Hand, Harold J. Laski, Walter Lippmann, Philip Littell, Josef Redlich, Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant & John H. Wigmore. $2.50. 1 x 5¼; 241 pp. New York: *Coward-McCann.*

In these volumes two judges, two professional philosophers, three doctors of the law, one economist and four journalists struggle with the mystery of Mr. Justice Holmes. Is he a Liberal? It used to be thought so, at least by Liberals, but of late there have been mounting doubts. Is he, *per contra*, a Tory? Some say no. Then perhaps he follows the middle of the road. If so, what road, and what part of it does he call the middle? Mr. Bent, whose book runs to nearly 400 pages, wrestles with the problem in an heroic spirit, but leaves it precisely where it was when he began. Dr. Wigmore, apparently unequal to it, despite his memorable demonstration that Sacco and Vanzetti had a fair trial and were justly butchered, takes refuge somewhat weakly behind the doctrine that the decisions of the learned justice were "literature, not merely law." Mr. Justice Cardozo, his successor in the Supreme Court, matches that literature with more and lovelier literature, including quotations from Euripides and Shelley, but delicately evades the main question. Dr. Laski attempts somewhat heavily to prove that Dr. Holmes is a Roman Stoic. Dr. Redlich sees him as a Puritan humanized by skepticism. Dr. Dewey, a glutton for hot spots, insists doggedly that he is a Liberal, but admits that he is also a realist, which appears to involve a painful contradiction in terms. Perhaps the shrewdest of all these psychologizers is Mr. Lippmann, who refuses to write any label at all, but contents himself with noting that the Holmes house in Washington is free from that "odor of dead and dying cigars suspended in steam heat" which marks all the public offices of the town, and that its master "fought in the Civil War and was wounded", and has to this day "the bearing of a cavalier."

The truth, I suspect, may here lie concealed. Let us, for a moment, stop thinking of Dr. Holmes as a *littérateur*, a reformer, a politician, a sociologist, a prophet, an evangelist, a metaphysician, and think of him as something that he undoubtedly was in his Pleistocene youth and has probably remained ever since, to wit, a soldier. Let us think of him, further, as a soldier extraordinarily ruminative and articulate—in fact, so ruminative and articulate as to be, in the military caste, almost miraculous. And let us think of him still further as a soldier whose natural distaste and contempt for civilians, and corollary yearning to heave them all into Hell, are cooled and eased by a stream of blood that once flowed through the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table—in brief, as a soldier beset by occasional doubts, hesitations, flashes of humor, bursts of affability, moments of sneaking

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pity. Observe that I insert the wary word "occasional": it surely belongs there. On at least three days out of four, during his long years on the bench, the learned justice remained the soldier—precise, pedantic, unimaginative, even harsh. But on the fourth day a strange amiability overcame him, and a strange impulse to play with heresy, and it was on that fourth day that he acquired his singular repute as a sage.

There is no evidence in Dr. Holmes's decisions that he ever gave any really profound thought to the great battle of ideas which raged in his time. He was interested in those ideas more or less, and now and then his high office forced him to take a hand in the battle, but he never did so with anything properly describable as passionate conviction. The whole uproar, one gathers, seemed fundamentally foolish to him. Did he have any genuine belief in democracy? Apparently the answer must be no. It amused him as a spectacle, and there were times when he was in the mood to let that spectacle run on, and even to help it on, but there were other times when he was moved to haul it up with a sharp command. His decisions thus show a wide spread, and a beautiful inconsistency, baffling to those who would get him into a bottle. He could, on occasion, state the case for the widest freedom, whether of the individual citizen or of the representative lawmaker, with a magnificent clarity, but he could also on occasion give his vote to the most brutal sort of repression. It seems to me that the latter occasions were rather more numerous than the former. And it seems to me again, after a very attentive reading of his decisions, that what moved him when he was disposed to be complacent was far less a positive love of liberty than an amiable and half contemptuous feeling that those who longed for it ought to get a horse-doctor's dose of it, and so suffer a really first-rate belly-ache.

This easy-going cynicism of his, I suspect, is what gave his decisions their peculiar salacity, and made them interesting as literature. It separated them sharply from the writings of his fellow judges, most of whom were frankly dull dogs. He had a considerable talent for epigram, and like any other man who possesses it was not shy about exercising it. I do not go so far as to allege that it colored and conditioned his judgment, that the apt phrase actually seduced him, but certainly it must be plain that once his mood had brought him to this or that judgment the announcement of it was sometimes more than a little affected by purely literary impulses. Now and then, I suspect, the result was far more literature than law. I point, for example, to one of his most celebrated epigrams: Three generations of morons are enough. It is a memorable saying, and its essential soundness need not be questioned, but is it really legal in form and content; does it offer that plain guidance which the higher courts are supposed to provide? What of *two* generations: are they too little? I should not want to be a *nisi prius* judge if all the pronunciamentoes of the Supreme Court were so charmingly succinct and memorable—and so vague.

Here, perhaps, I shall be accused of contemning a great jurist, and indulging once more in the sad vice of tearing down without building up. But that is by no means my intention. It seems to me, indeed, that such an amiable cynic as I conceive Mr. Justice Holmes to be makes a better judge, and is thus more worthy of admiration, than either the pedants who stand to one side of him or the sentimentalists who stand to the other. What

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we need in this country above all things, and especially on the bench, is hard common sense, and of all the varieties of common sense a cynical skepticism is probably the hardest, and hence the most valuable. The average American judge, as everyone knows, is a mere legal automaton, with no more give and take in his mind than a terrier watching a rathole. He converts the law into a series of rubber-stamps, and brings them down upon the skulls of the just and unjust alike. The alternative to him, as commonly conceived, is quite as bad—an uplifter in a black robe, eagerly gulping every new brand of Peruna that comes out, and converting his pulpit into a sort of soap-box. Mr. Justice Holmes was neither, and he was better than either. He was under no illusions about the law. He knew very well that its aim was not to bring in the millennium, but simply to keep the peace. But he believed that keeping the peace was an art that could be practised in various ways, and that if one of them was by using a club then another was by employing a feather.

Thus the Liberals, who long for tickling with a great and tragic longing, were occasionally lifted to the heights of ecstasy by the learned judge's operations, and in fact soared so high that they were out of earshot of next day's thwack of the club. I suspect that Dr. Holmes himself, if he ever heard of their encomiums, was quite as much amused as flattered. For he must have known what dubious and preposterous heroes kept him company in their Valhalla—Wilson, Al Smith, Borah, Briand, Kellogg, Owen D. Young, Ramsay MacDonald and company. I daresay that it delighted him, wise man that he was and is, every time another of these heroes went over to the enemy and had to be decanonized. Such spectacles are naturally grateful to a skeptic, and they are doubly grateful to a skeptic of the military order, with his professional doubt of all politicians, whether professional or amateur. I can imagine that skepticism—or, if you choose, that cynicism—giving great aid and comfort to Dr. Holmes on January 1 last, when he entered the chamber of the Supreme Court for the last time, and read his last opinion.

The case was that of one James Dunne, an humble bootician of Eureka, Calif., and the retiring justice delivered the majority opinion. Dunne had been tried in California on an indictment embracing three counts. The first charged him with keeping liquor for sale, the second with possessing it unlawfully, and the third with selling it. The jury acquitted him on the second and third counts, but found him guilty on the first. His counsel thereupon appealed. The evidence as to all three offenses, it was shown, was precisely the same—in fact, they were identical. If the prisoner was innocent of two of them, then how could he be guilty of the third? Mr. Justice Holmes, speaking for himself and all his fellow justices save one, swept away this question in the following words:

> Consistency in the verdict is not necessary. Each count in an indictment is regarded as if it was a separate offense. If separate indictments had been presented against the defendant for possession and for maintenance of a nuisance, and had been separately tried, the same evidence being offered in support of each, an acquittal on one could not be pleaded as *res judicata* of the other. Where the offenses are separately charged in the counts of a single indictment the same rule must hold.

I am not learned in the law, but the special gifts of a lawyer are surely not necessary to see that this judgment disposes completely of the prohibition of

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double jeopardy in Article I of the Bill of Rights. What it says, in plain English, is that a man may be tried over and over again for what is essentially the same offense, and that if one, two, three or *n* juries acquit him he may yet be kept in the dock, and so on *ad infinitum* until a jury is found that will convict him. In a booze case the first jury may find, as did the Dunne jury, that he had no liquor in his possession, and yet another jury may find him guilty of keeping it for sale. And what such a series of juries may do may be done by one single jury—by the simple device of splitting his one offense into two, three, four or *n* offenses, and then trying him for all of them. In order to go free he must win verdicts of not guilty on every count. But in order to jail him all the prosecuting attorney needs is a verdict of guilty on one.

I commend this decision to Dr. Dewey and the other Liberals who still cherish the delusion that Dr. Holmes belongs to their lodge. Let them paste it in their Sunday go-to-meeting hats. And I commend to them also the astounding but charming fact that the one judge who dissented was Mr. Justice Butler, for long the chief demon in their menagerie! This is what he said:

> Excluding the possession negatived by the finding under the second count, there is nothing of substance left in the first count, for its specifications were limited to the keeping for sale of the identical drinks alleged in the second count to have been unlawfully possessed. . . . The evidence having been found insufficient to establish such possession, it cannot be held adequate to warrant conviction under the first count. The finding of not guilty is a final determination that possession, the gravamen of both counts, was not proved.

Alas, Dr. Butler plainly lacks the literary graces of his late eminent colleague. He writes in a cramped, heaving, smoky manner. His decisions are bare of epigram. But in the Dunne case, at least, he seems to have gone to the trouble, now most unusual in an American judge, of studying and remembering the Bill of Rights.

Cousin Jocko

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF MONKEYS & APES, by S. Zuckerman. $3.75. 8½ x 5⅜; 356 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

Dr. Zuckerman, who seems to hail from South Africa, is anatomist to the London Zoölogical Society, and in the discharge of his duties has had a great deal to do with the primates, and especially with apes. Somewhat unusually for an anatomist, he prefers them living to dead, and has thus picked up some odd and interesting information about their habits. What distinguishes them from practically all of the other animals below man, he says, is their continuous capacity for reproduction. They are perennials in sex, as man himself is, whereas the creatures lower down the scale are mainly annuals or semi-annuals. The effects of this peculiarity upon what may be called anthropoid society are profound. The other animals mate and part, and the only group of any measurable permanence among them consists of the nursing mother and her children. But among the monkeys and apes there is the husband and father, and not infrequently there are also supplemental wives, and even, at times, a couple of bachelor *Hausfreunde*, with prerogatives not unlike those of a boarder in a Slav household of the mining regions. Thus these lowly cousins of ours know the meaning of adultery. In addition, they are acquainted with most of the other sexual villainies described by

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Dr. Krafft-Ebing, and are thereby almost ready for conversion to Christianity.

Nevertheless, Dr. Zuckerman, following Dr. Robert Briffault and other recent authorities, believes that they show nothing properly describable as social organization, and are, in fact, quite devoid of the so-called social instinct. The impulse that moves them in their relations with one another, he says, is purely egoistic. In large part, it is generated by the reproductive urge, and for the rest it flows out of a lust for dominance. When a large ape goes to the rescue of a small one beset by an enemy, he is far less concerned about saving the victim than about beating the aggressor. What he longs for is simply a chance to master the situation, to prove that he is boss. Do monkeys groom one another solicitously? Then it is not because they are really solicitous, but because fingering fur gives them pleasure. Do they guard their dead jealously? Then it is only because they are too stupid to distinguish between the dead and the living. Do they nurse their sick, as travelers report? They do not. Usually they abandon their sick, but sometimes they kill them.

Dr. Zuckerman is a learned man and very persuasive, but I must confess that his main argument leaves me with certain doubts. It may be true, as he says, that "sub-human primates have no real apprehension of the social situations of which they themselves form part," but the same thing, obviously, might be said of multitudes of human beings. It may be true again that their social organization is based, not upon any rational concept of mutual aid, but upon the primary impulses to reproduce and to dominate, but that is manifestly true also of many forms of human society, including, at least in part, some of the highest. All that Dr. Zuckerman really proves is that monkeys do not ponder their acts—that they are even less reflective (though perhaps by no more than a shade) than the great majority of human beings. But that simply chrows him back upon instinct, and leaves him where Darwin was in Chapter IV of "The Descent of Man". He rejects Darwin because he can discern no special *social* instinct, but he forgets that Darwin used the term in a very wide and loose sense, and noted carefully that "the parental and filial affections are here included." Certainly he does not dispose of this hypothetical social instinct by breaking it up into a reproductive instinct, an instinct to dominate, and so on. The important thing is not the precise nature of the impulse—to give it a safer name than instinct—which induces apes to form societies, but the fact that such societies are somehow formed, and by animals which, by Dr. Zuckerman's own evidence, are quite unable to reason.

His book is not easy to read, but it is well worth reading. The author presents a great many first-hand observations, and gets rid of a lot of romantic but irrelevant legend. He fills many gaps in the investigations of Köhler, Yerkes, Thorndike, Bingham, Hartman, Lashley and other scholars. Such inquiries as those he pursues have a very high value, for every time anything is learned about the behavior of the sub-human primates something is also learned about the behavior of man.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DOROTHY ADLOW, M.A. (Radcliffe), *is the art critic of the* Christian Science Monitor.

HERBERT ASBURY'S *books include "Up From Methodism," "A Methodist Saint," "The Gangs of New York," and "Ye Olde Fire Laddies." He is now at work on a history of the gangs of San Francisco's Barbary Coast.*

LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D. (Kansas), *is the author of "The Human Body" and "The Care and Feeding of Adults." He is professor of clinical medicine at the University of Kansas.*

ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE *has lived in the South Sea Islands for several years, and is the author of "The Book of Puka-Puka."*

ALBERT HALPER'S *first novel will be published in a few months. He is a native of Chicago, and is now living in New York.*

DOROTHY GARESCHÉ HOLLAND *was born in Madison, Ill., and received her A.B. at Maryville, the College of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis. She is married and living in Chicago.*

ALICE JAMES *was born in Haynesville, Ala., and took her B.A. degree from the University of Mississippi in 1931. She is also a graduate of the Carnegie Library School at Atlanta. She is now assistant librarian at the University of Mississippi. She is planning to publish an anthology of Mississippi verse in the Autumn. Brief notices of the contributors to her symposium in this issue will be found in Editorial Notes.*

BERNICE KENYON (Mrs. Walter Gilkyson) *is the author of "Songs of Unrest" and "The Gay Unbelievers."*

GRANT LEENHOUTS *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

LLOYD LEWIS'S *biography of General W. T. Sherman will be published in the Fall. He is also the author of "Myths After Lincoln."*

GEORGE MILBURN *is the author of "Oklahoma Town" and editor of "The Hobo's Hornbook."*

EDWARD ROBINSON *is a composer and teacher of piano. He lives in New York.*

JAMES P. SULLIVAN *was born in Chicago, where he still lives. After taking his bachelor's degree at the University of Chicago he became an insurance actuary, and was one of the charter associate members of the American Institute of Actuaries. For fifteen years he was engaged in writing insurance and in organizing and supervising agents. He is now in practise as an independent actuary.*

CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN *has been a staff meteorologist for the United States Weather Bureau since 1896.*

LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY, PH.D. (Nebraska), *was born in Louisiana in 1890. He is professor of English at the University of Nebraska, and author of "Folklore in English and Scottish Ballads."*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

MR. WALTER W. LIGGETT, author of "The Plunder of Chicago" in the March issue, asks THE AMERICAN MERCURY to print the following letter to Mr. George R. Gorman, attorney for the South Park Trustees of Chicago:

Dear Mr. Gorman:

The editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY has forwarded to me your letter of February 26, in which you complain of my reference to the South Park Board Trustees in the article entitled "The Plunder of Chicago". Investigation reveals that my statement concerning the South Park Commissioners and their purchasing agent and chief engineer were not founded on facts. There is no basis for my allegation that the trustees, purchasing agent and chief engineer were indicted.

I greatly regret having made this incorrect allegation, and of my own free will wish to make the fullest possible retraction and apology. I trust that you will convey this apology to the members of the South Park Commissioners and assure them there was no malicious intent on my part.

I am very glad, as is the editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, that this error was called to our attention, and we will join with you in giving the fullest possible publicity to the correction.

WALTER W. LIGGETT.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY joins Mr. Liggett in offering apologies for this unfortunate error. It also regrets that, due to an editorial blunder for which Mr. Liggett was not responsible, he was made to say that the city of Chicago had defaulted on its bond interest. This blunder was caused by a confusion between the city and Cook county. The city, despite its difficulties, has met all interest charges upon its indebtedness to date.

WHEN, last November, as the result of three months of hard struggle with statistics, it was announced in THE AMERICAN MERCURY that Mississippi seemed to be the Worst American State, there were natural murmurs from its people. Some of those murmurs took the form of charges that THE AMERICAN MERCURY was a sinister and immoral periodical, financed by the Bolsheviki, the Beer Trust or the Harlot of Rome; others, taking a more moderate tone, simply demanded that Mississippi be given a hearing. The demand seemed reasonable, and when it appeared presently that Miss Alice James, of the State University Library at Oxford, was preparing an anthology of Mississippi poetry, arrangements were made with her to print some selections from her collection. These selections are presented in the present issue. Perhaps better than any series of statistics they chart the course of ideas in the State, especially among the younger *intelligentsia*, and show how much talent is on tap there.

All of the poets represented are of the new generation. Miss Graham was born so recently as 1914, and Miss Gibson in 1912. Miss Graham is a native of Meridian, in the East Central part of the State, and is a sophomore at the State College for Women. Miss Gibson, though she was born in Tennessee, comes of a family that has been settled in Mississippi since pre-Revo-

Continued on page xx

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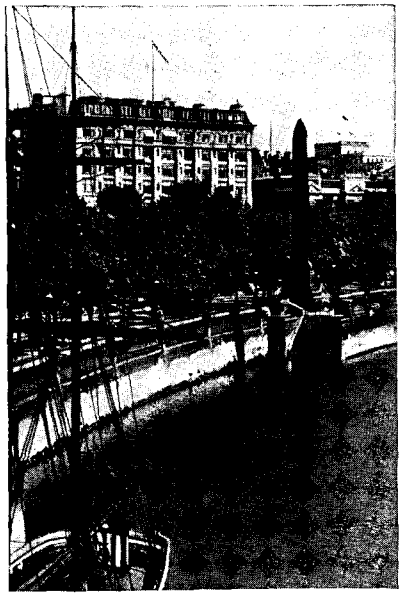

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xviii

lutionary times, and has herself lived in Vicksburg with her grandparents since she was orphaned at nine. She was graduated from the Vicksburg High-school in 1930, and is now a student at All Saints College.

Miss Cameron was born in Madison county, and received both her B.A. and her M.A. degrees from the University of Mississippi. She then proceeded to Columbia, and is now teaching English at the Colorado Woman's College, Denver. Miss Jackson (Mrs. Marshall) was born at Water Valley, and was graduated from the University of Mississippi at nineteen, with honors. She taught school for a year, and then married Mr. Danzil Price Marshall, of Lake City, Ark., where she now lives. Mr. Mellon was born at Starkville, the seat of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, wherein his father was a professor. He is now a student there. Mr. Brown, the son of a professor at the University of Mississippi, received his B.A. from the same institution, and then went to the University of Cincinnati for his M.A. In 1930 he received a Rhodes scholarship. Mr. West was born at Baird, attended the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, got his B.S. degree from Delta State Teachers College at Cleveland, O., and proceeded to George Peabody College, at Nashville, Tenn., for his M.A. He is now preparing for the doctorate at Peabody. Meanwhile, he is dean of Sunflower Junior College at Moorhead, Miss. In 1929 he published "Myths and Legends of the Mississippi Indians." He is the patriarch among these Mississippi poets, being thirty years old.

It should be added that Miss James is responsible only in part for the selections. She submitted a large number of poems, including many by poets not here represented, and the final choice was made by the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, to whom all complaints and denunciations should be addressed.

Grant Leenhouts, author of "The Facts in the Case," gives the following account of himself:

> I was born in Los Angeles, Cal., on June 21, 1905. At the age of twelve I was forced to quit grammar-school and become the sole support of five people.
>
> My first job was catching hot rivets in the shipyards at San Pedro. From catching rivets I graduated to heating them, then to holding on, later to drilling, and finally became a riveter.
>
> When the shipyards closed I shipped on a steam schooner as an ordinary seaman. Later I shipped on freighters, tankers, and sea-going tugs. Faced with the necessity of earning more money, I came ashore and went to work for a stevedoring company pushing a truck on the dock. After two years as a dock wollaper I became a longshoreman. When the Wobbly strike was called in 1923, I couldn't afford to go out with the men, so I became a strike-breaker. I worked up through all the grades: dock worker, longshoreman, winch-driver, hatch-tender, gang boss, and ship's foreman.
>
> At present I am employed as a life guard at the Palos Verdes Estates Swimming Club in Southern California.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June will be "The Farmers See Red," by Walter W. Liggett; "The Fee Racket in the Courts," by Mitchell Dawson; and "How We Look to the English," by Frederic Nelson.

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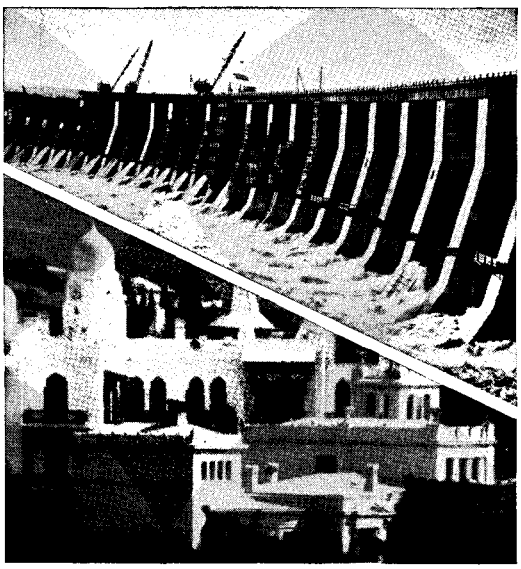

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xiv

THE FAMILY.
By F. C. Müller-Lyer. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$6 8⅝ x 5½; 406 pp. *New York*

The original German edition of this work was first published in 1912; Dr. Müller-Lyer died four years later. His aim is to arrive at a series of general laws from a study of the societal evolution of mankind. There are, he says, three stages in that evolution. The first is marked by the dominance of the clan or sept, *i.e.,* of the idea of common descent. The second is based upon the family, *i.e.,* upon a congeries of small groups bound together relatively loosely by a concept of the state. The third is marked by a high development of individualization, so that function prevails against both blood relationship and mere geographical propinquity. "The trend of culture," says the author, "is from the horde to the individual, from the animal to the mental personality." But he does not believe that this movement will ever quite eliminate the natural attachments. "So long as humanity survives," he says, "kindred ties of love will also survive." The translator is F. W. Stella Browne. There is no bibliography, but the argument is well documented, and at the end of the book is a good index.

PSYCHOLOGY

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO HUMAN STUPIDITY.
By Walter B. Pitkin. *Simon & Schuster*
$3.50 9¾ x 7; 575 pp. *New York*

Mr. Pitkin's book runs to more than 250,000 words, and yet its last words are "We are now ready to begin the history of human stupidity." The truth is that he might have spun it out to 2,500,000 words or even 25,000,000 words without exhausting the most obvious material. At least a dozen such volumes might have been made of the imbecilities of military men alone. Mr. Pitkin has gathered his facts from all sources, including current newspapers, and thrown them together without much order. His comments vary in appositeness and wisdom, being sometimes very shrewd and sometimes banal. He believes that the progress of civilization is augmenting the relative stupidity of mankind, if only because life increases in complexity faster than human beings can "enlarge, broaden and deepen . . . their sensitivities." The one hope lies in education. "Man will be saved from his own stupidities only by science; not by religion, nor by moral drill, nor—least of all—by laws." There is a short bibliography, confined to periodical literature and followed by an index.

THE ART OF BEING A WOMAN.
By Olga Knopf. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 296 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Knopf is a Viennese and one of Adler's pupils, but she is now in this country. "If the conclusions of this book are true," she says, "women can reach the highest development of all their possibilities by refusing to fight against their sexual rôle, or to make capital of it, and by going ahead courageously *in spite* of their disadvantages. . . . The physiological differences between the two sexes are by no means as great as they are commonly supposed to be; it is the subjective attitude of women toward these differences that gives them their influence. The psychological differences of the two sexes are entirely artificial. . . . The art of being a woman can never consist in being a bad imitation of a man. It can consist only in being equal, independent and coöperative; in understanding human nature and human capacities and in applying the knowledge first of all to oneself." The book is edited by Alan Porter. There is an index, but a bibliography is lacking.

HISTORY

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. *Vol. I. The Overthrow of Tzarism.*
By Leon Trotsky. *Simon & Schuster*
$4 9¼ x 5⅞; 522 pp. *New York*

Exiled from Russia by Stalin and company, Trotsky now devotes his leisure in Turkey to writing the story of the Russian revolution. Some time ago his house burned down and he lost most of his books, but he seems to have replaced them, for there are no gaps in the present narrative. Like most other Socialists he is a dry and tedious writer, but he has a very important story to tell, and so every American who is seriously interested in the Russian experiment will have to wade through this first volume, and the three or four that threaten to follow. Trotsky begins here with the social background of the revolution, going back to the Pugachev rebellion of 1774, and comes down to the electric Summer days of 1917, when Kerensky was tottering, and Bolsheviks and reactionaries were struggling for dominance. He tells the story in immense detail, and with a degree of impartiality not common in so violent a partisan. There is no for-

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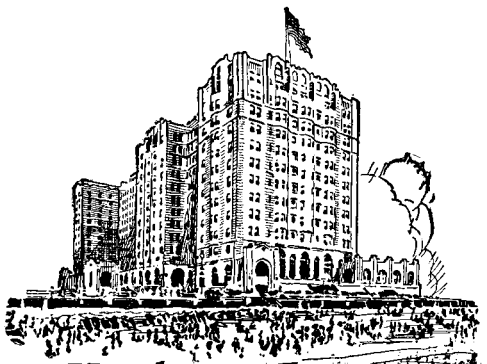

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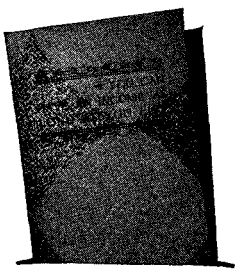

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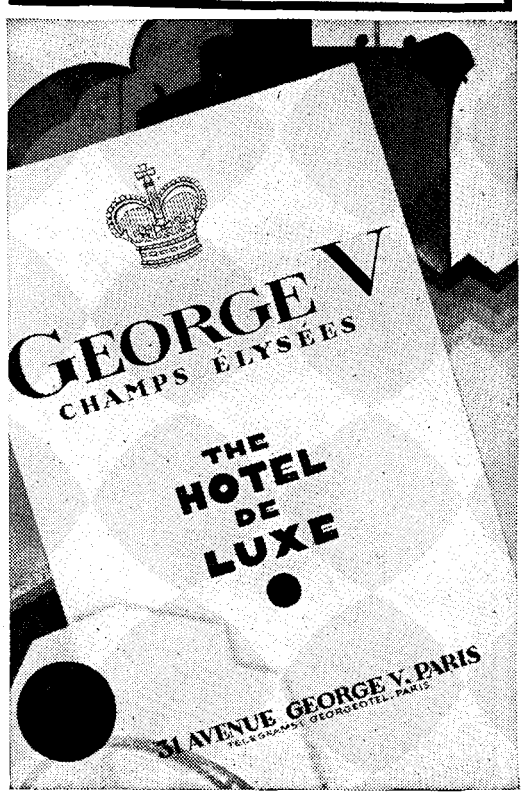

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

mal documentation, but at the end are some useful appendices, followed by a chronology, lists of the principal persons and places mentioned in the narrative, a glossary of Russian words, a list of the multitudinous Russian parties, and a good index. Volume II will be devoted to the events and manœuvres which brought Trotsky and Lenin into power. The translation is by Max Eastman.

GERMANY NOT GUILTY IN 1914.
By M. H. Cochran. *The Stratford Company*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 233 pp. *Boston*

It is one of the ironies of history that the American historian most sedulous in defending the official theory of German wickedness in 1914 bears the ancient and distinguished German name of Schmitt. His chief work, "The Coming of the War, 1914," was awarded both the George Louis Beer Prize of the American Historical Association and the Pulitzer Prize, and has been greatly praised by many of his colleagues. But in the present book, one of them, an associate professor of history in the University of Missouri, undertakes to refute it. The business is done with great vigor. Dr. Schmitt is accused of misunderstanding and misrepresenting the documentary record, and of yielding constantly to a highly unscientific bias. " 'The Coming of the War,' " says Dr. Cochran, "is an indigestible concoction of Entente propaganda and garbled documents." Dr. Cochran has not hitherto aligned himself with the Revisionist school of American historians, but has kept to a middle-of-the-road course. His own book is heavily documented, but it lacks an index. There is a preface by Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes.

EMOTIONAL CURRENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.
By J. H. Denison. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 420 pp. *New York*

"Without impugning in any way the importance of other agencies upon the progress of America," says Mr. Denison, "it is the object of this book to suggest that emotion has played a part even more fundamental." Thus he says that it was not so much the theory of democracy that moved the Americans of Revolutionary times "as the emotional charge in such phrases as 'Give me liberty or give me death!' "; and that it was not the divergent economic views of the North and South that brought about the Civil War "so much as the terrific emotional charge that had gathered upon the slavery question and which made rational discussion impossible." These two quotations are a fair measure of the thinking in the book, which is a strangely naïve performance. Occasionally, in his attempt to find "psychological significance" in everything, Mr. Denison falls into sheer absurdity, as when he says that both "the bigoted Irish politician [and] the intolerant Klansman . . . have something to contribute toward the progress of America." There is an index.

THE CIVILIZATION OF FRANCE.
By Ernst Robert Curtius. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅝; 247 pp. *New York*

Dr. Curtius has here achieved what has hitherto seemed to be almost impossible. Within the space of 90,000 words he has managed to write a survey that is at the same time a profound critique of French civilization. He begins with an excellent discussion of the concept of civilization, and then deals with the politics, literature, music, philosophy, and religion of France. He does not merely report; he correlates, dissects, and evaluates. He ranges all over history in search of apt similes, and frequently he achieves some very brilliant ones. He admires the French greatly, but he is not blind to their defects. He points out, for example, that they have not produced a single man of world stature in poetry, music, or philosophy. Their prose, as sheer prose, is superb, but it is generally hollow in content. Their philosophy is incapable of "moving the spirit in its ultimate depths." The much-touted clarity of French thinking is, at bottom, only obtuse naïveté. There is an index. The translation is by Olive Wyon.

FRENCH POLITICAL THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
By Roger Soltau. *The Yale University Press*
$5 8¾ x 5⅝; 500 pp. *New Haven*

The period covered in this survey is roughly 1814-1914. Dr. Soltau, who is acting associate professor of European history in the American University of Beyrouth, begins with a brief chapter on French public opinion in 1813, and then discusses in detail the various dogmas of Authoritarianism and Liberalism. This he follows with an analysis of the church-state struggle, after which come chapters on the rise of Republicanism, Socialism, and Syndicalism. The chief stress throughout is given to basic political theories with little regard to individual theorists, but considerable space is given to the ideas of such men as Guizot, de Tocqueville, Lammenais, Saint-Simon, Comte, Renan, Taine, Mauras, and Jaurès. Dr. Soltau has written a straightforward but pedestrian history.

Continued on page xxvi

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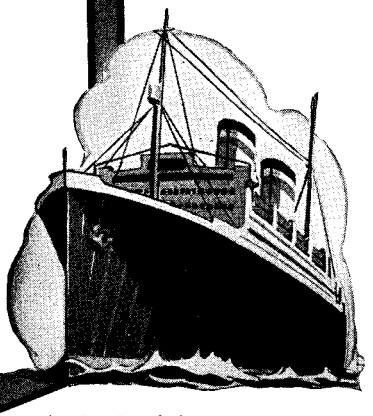

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Continued from page xxiv

He makes no attempt at bold generalizations, but he has brought together a mass of material, and his volume has its uses. It is well documented, and has an index.

TRAVEL

MY JUNGLE BOOK.
By Herbert Spencer Dickey. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 298 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Dickey, who is a medical man, has spent all but thirty months of the last thirty-one years in the wilder parts of South America. He has served as surgeon for various railways and estates, and has also done some exploring. On July 14, 1931, after two failures, he penetrated to the sources of the Orinoco—the first white man to do so. His book is racily written, and presents some unconventional views. He believes that most exploring expeditions to South America are futile, and that not a few are fraudulent. He says that the dangers they involve are much less than is commonly believed. The Indians, if not maltreated, are friendly, and there are very few snakes. The only really formidable creature of the jungles is the crocodile. But life is made uncomfortable by the black fly, and there is risk, of course, of malaria and dysentery. Dr. Dickey makes an appalling report of political conditions in Venezuela, where a dictator, Gomez, rules with savage ferocity. The book has nineteen full-page illustrations.

CONGORILLA.
By Martin Johnson. *Brewer, Warren & Putnam*
$3.50 9¼ x 6; 281 pp. *New York*

Mr. Johnson has probably seen more gorillas in their native wilds than any other white man. In the Parc National Albert, in the Belgian Congo, he encountered hundreds of them, and got reliable reports of thousands more. He captured a few and brought them home, but he says that he regrets it, and will never capture another. He believes that the gorilla is in no danger of extinction. It is hunted by the blacks of the Congo, but, as Mr. Johnson shows with humor, their traps and other devices are most ineffective, and so it is seldom taken. The animal is formidable in a fight, but seldom takes the offensive. The common belief that it sometimes kidnaps native women he denounces as a ridiculous superstition. Mr. Johnson also has chapters on the Pigmies, among whom he lived for some time. They are very timorous, and run away at the sight of a white man. The volume has forty-two full-page illustrations from photographs, all of them good.

NONSUCH: *Land of Water.*
By William Beebe. *Brewer, Warren & Putnam*
$3.50 8⅞ x 6; 259 pp. *New York*

Nonsuch is a beautiful island in the northeastern part of the Bermuda archipelago. Its land and waters are rich in strange zoölogical and botanical life, and Dr. Beebe, the celebrated director of the department of tropical research of the New York Zoölogical Society, recently spent three seasons exploring them. In the present book he describes in a popular manner the nature of his major finds. He gives over a whole chapter to the cedar trees with which the island is filled, and then takes up in detail the birds, paying particular attention to the cahows and longtails, and then the local varieties of shark, flying-fish, snail, and crab. Finally, he has many interesting things to say about Almost Island, which is south of Nonsuch and northeast of Gurnets Rock. There are fifty-five illustrations, and an index.

BIOGRAPHY

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.
By Clarence Darrow. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 457 pp. *New York*

This autobiography of the celebrated criminal lawyer is written in a pleasant colloquial style, and makes very interesting reading. Mr. Darrow has left his mark upon American legal history in the last twenty-five years, and can look with pride upon his career as a trial lawyer. Since about 1920 he has widened his interests to include religion, philosophy, and politics, and in the present volume he gives considerable space to his ideas about these subjects. What he has to say is far from profound, but it is nearly always sensible. He is against the revenge theory of punishment, he is against Prohibition, he is against the excesses of organized religion, and he is against all the spiritualistic philosophies. He is an agnostic and a materialist, and he is in favor of liberty pushed to its furthest rational limits. "It is senseless to talk about order and system and design in the universe. . . . Nature . . . is at war with life. . . . The best we can do is to be kindly and helpful toward our friends . . . who are clinging to the same speck of dirt while we are drifting side by side to our common doom." There are many illustrations and an index.

Continued on page xxviii

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Continued from page xxvi

HINDENBURG.
By Gerhard Schultze-Pfaelzer. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$5 9¼ x 5⅞; 386 pp. *New York*

HINDENBURG: *The Man with Three Lives.*
By T. R. Ybarra. *Duffield & Green*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 317 pp. *New York*

Both of these biographies of the second President of the German Republic leave much to be desired. They are fragmentary, ineffectively written, and lacking in insight. But of the two the Schultze-Pfaelzer is easily the better. It is more mature than the Ybarra volume, and betrays a fuller grasp of the military and political background. Hindenburg was born in Posen in 1847, became a second-lieutenant at the age of eighteen, and at fifty-five, more because of uncritical obedience than of brilliance, achieved the rank of commander of an army corps. His record during the World War is well known, but both authors agree that the greater part of the credit for his victories by right belongs to the erratic but supremely able Ludendorff. Hindenburg's career as President is that of a very conscientious but somewhat obtuse public servant. He has character but no boldness and little understanding. He has all the virtues and all the faults of the born soldier. "The nation," says Dr. Schultze-Pfaelzer, "has set him upon a pinnacle of fame, a fame that is not altogether due to his actual merits," yet this somewhat bogus fame has helped greatly to keep the nation together. The German biography is translated by Christopher R. Turner, and has an index. The Ybarra volume lacks an index, but has many illustrations.

THE ARENA.
By Shmarya Levin. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 305 pp. *New York*

The period covered in this third volume of Dr. Levin's autobiography is roughly 1894-1906. It was an epoch in modern Jewish history. For one thing, Yiddish supplanted Hebrew as the language of the intellectuals, and there came to the fore such celebrated literary artists as Mendele Mocher Sephorim, Sholom Aleichem, Peretz, Ravnitzky, Frischman, and Frug. For another, Dr. Theodore Herzl, aided by Max Nordau, founded Zionism, and in brief time made it an international movement. Finally, there was established in Vilna the General Jewish Workers' Bund of Lithuania, Poland, and Russia. Dr. Levin had a hand in all three of these developments, and he was a far greater force than he modestly admits. Next to his colleague Achad Ha-am, he did more than anybody else to add dignity, depth, and grandeur to the Great Awakening of modern European Jewry. The story he tells has few equals in recent world history, and he tells it in his usual vigorous manner. The book suffers greatly from the lack of an index. It is so loaded with facts that hunting up a reference is a dreadful labor. The translation is by Maurice Samuel.

ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS.
Edited by Devere Allen. *Farrar & Rinehart*
$3 8¾ x 5⅝; 346 pp. *New York*

Mr. Allen here presents brief biographies of twenty-four living Americans "who, by forthright struggles for principle, have built up loyal followings." He is not himself the author of the sketches; they come in every instance from "a close acquaintance of the person depicted." Thus they differ greatly in treatment, and even in approach. The persons dealt with differ almost as much, ranging, as they do, from former Justice Holmes to B. Charney Vladeck, general manager of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, and from John Dewey to Rabbi Judah L. Magnes. Among them are several men who are but little known to the general public, for example, Dr. John A. Lapp of Marquette University, one of the few Catholic Prohibitionists, and Dr. Paul Douglas, a radical economist at the University of Chicago. Each sketch is accompanied by a portrait of the subject, reproduced from an etching by Bernard Sanders. The volume lacks an index.

FICTION

LOADS OF LOVE.
By Anne Parrish. *Harper & Brothers*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 330 pp. *New York*

Four women, each with a special talent for being tiresome, influence the life of Edward Darnell, a young novelist whose career is snuffed out by drowning in a mountain lake at "Swan's Nest," the Summer home of his overwhelming Cousin Bessie. They are Claire Darnell, his mother, a beautiful martyred lady who suffocates him with kindness and makes him the amiable blob that he is; Katherine, a charming but affected girl who becomes engaged to him at Swan's Nest, and idealizes him as the love of her life; Jenny, a lovely moron, a mountain girl, the cook at "Swan's Nest," who nurses him through an illness after Katherine returns to the city, and then marries him; and sloppy, drooling, generous Cousin Bessie, with her good in-

Continued on page xxx

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H. L. MENCKEN

was born in Baltimore, Md., on September 12, 1880. He was graduated from the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute in 1896 and in 1899 first entered journalism as a reporter on The Baltimore Morning Herald. *Since that time he has been by turns literary critic, political correspondent, editor and author. In 1924 he founded and became editor of* The American Mercury. *Mr. Mencken continues to make his home in Baltimore.*

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Continued from page xxviii

tentions and "loads of love", her desire to "influence people," and her complete insensitivity to the fact that actually she has been the cause of two persons' deaths and of a dozen or more other catastrophes. Miss Parrish's writing is easy and effective; her women characters, particularly, are very well done.

HOSPITAL.
By Rhoda Truax. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 312 pp. *New York*

This novel has two subsidiary plots; one deals with the love-affair of Dr. Steele Gillespie, an ambitious young surgeon, and Delia Birkman, a charming, frank, clear-headed young woman with some talent as a pianist but a greater gift for generosity and courage; the other describes the marriage of Dr. Pete Doanes, a promising young interne in medicine, to Thelma Armitage, of Mallory, Ala., a pretty, shrewd, altogether loathsome female who gradually drags him away from hospitals and research and down to the level of a small-town practitioner. Both stories are, however, subordinated to the main theme: the true physician's dedication, regardless of personal sacrifice, to science, *i.e.*, to humanity. It is a distinguished first novel.

BLUEBERRY PIE.
By Thyra Samter Winslow. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 291 pp. *New York*

This volume suffers somewhat by comparison with Miss Winslow's excellent "Picture Frames" and "People Round the Corner," but it nevertheless shows some arresting characterizations—for example, those of the old lady in "Matt" who leaves her money to an animal refuge after her family sells her old dog Matt; Norma Barbour, the small town girl, and her three selfish banal wishes which, ironically enough, all come true; Harriet Perry, the smug dowdy wife, in "Possession"; and the doting near-sighted mother in "My Daughter in the City." "Blueberry Pie," the story of Stuart Dennison's conviction for a murder he did not commit, is less convincing than the rest.

SUMMER'S NIGHT.
By Sylvia Thompson. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 335 pp. *Boston*

Charles Bitterne, a young painter, son of the late Merrick Bitterne, of Melcombe, and of Theresa Bitterne, a charming, dowdy, extravagant lady, marries Jasmin Lengel, the daughter of Lord Whichford, a newly-rich Jew, and of his dreadful wife Rose, a social pusher who makes her way by buying up the homes, as well as the graces, of the late aristocracy. The usual misunderstandings, quarrels, dramatics, and recriminations arise between them, embittered by the fact that Lord Whichford purchases Melcombe when Theresa is obliged to sell it, and Rose does it over in a garishly offensive manner. But Charles and Jasmin, who are really in love, refuse to be separated in the end. A fairly interesting picture of changing England.

MEN IN DARKNESS.
By James Hanley. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 298 pp. *New York*

There are five stories in this collection, all of them dealing with the poverty-stricken Irish of Liverpool. The first, "Narrative", describes the sinking of a Liverpool freighter by a German submarine. The second, "Feud", is concerned with the enmity between the older and younger members of the crew of a ship. The third, "John Muck", is the grotesque romance of a garbage man. The fourth, "Rubbish", sets forth the melancholy end of an out-of-work old man who seems strange to ignorant beholders, and is thus driven to his death. The fifth, "Greaser Anderson", describes the finish of another old man who takes a letter of recommendation seriously. The stories show imagination, and are extremely realistic in detail.

MARIETTA.
By Anne Green. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 277 pp. *New York*

Miss Green has here written another mildly witty novel about Southerners in Paris. Marietta Malory, a detestable little trollop, pampered and spoiled by her adoring family, tries to steal her older sister's only lover, and later her husband, and failing, nurses a broken heart. Mercifully, an automobile accident puts her out of her misery.

TOBACCO ROAD.
By Erskine Caldwell. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 241 pp. *New York*

Here we have portraits of a poor white family in the bad lands of Georgia, and particularly one of Old Man Jeeter Lester, the father, a no-account moron who yet has a devouring love for the land of his forefathers. Mr. Caldwell has not spared details. The effect is horrifying, but sometimes curiously hollow.

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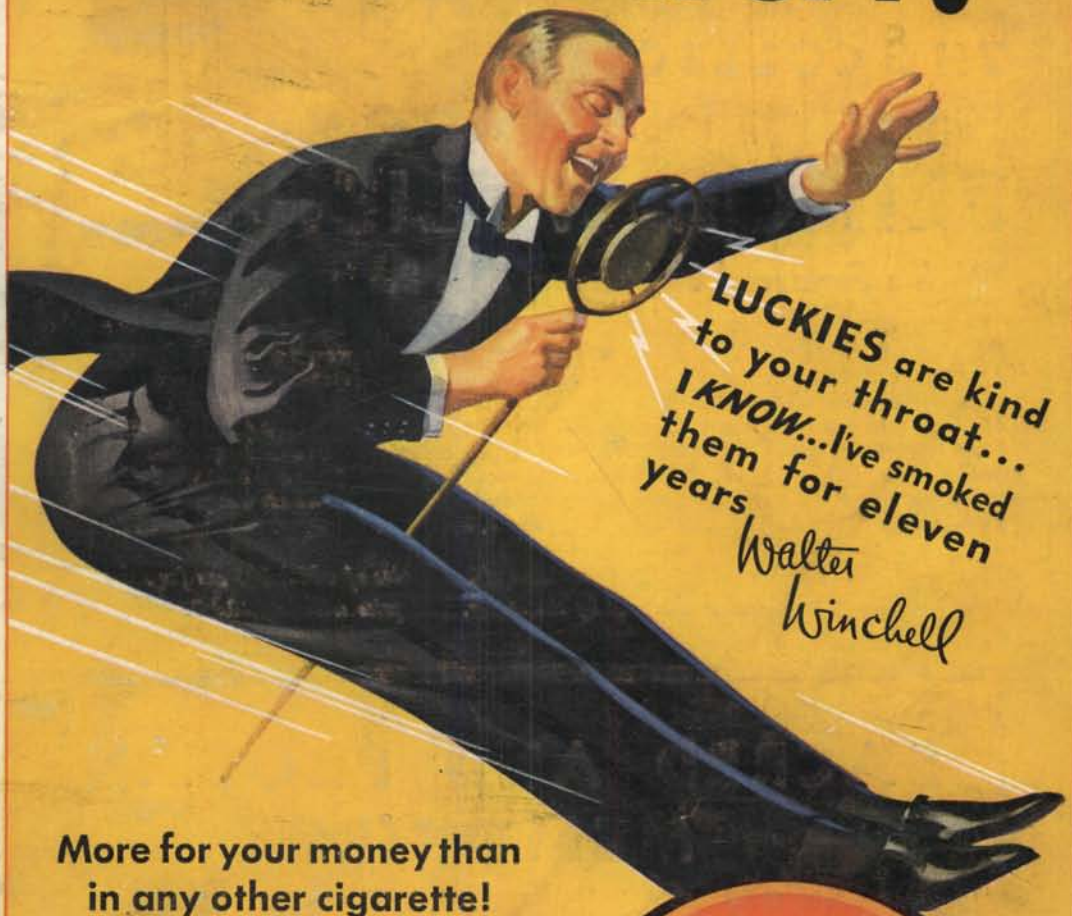

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